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MAY
1933

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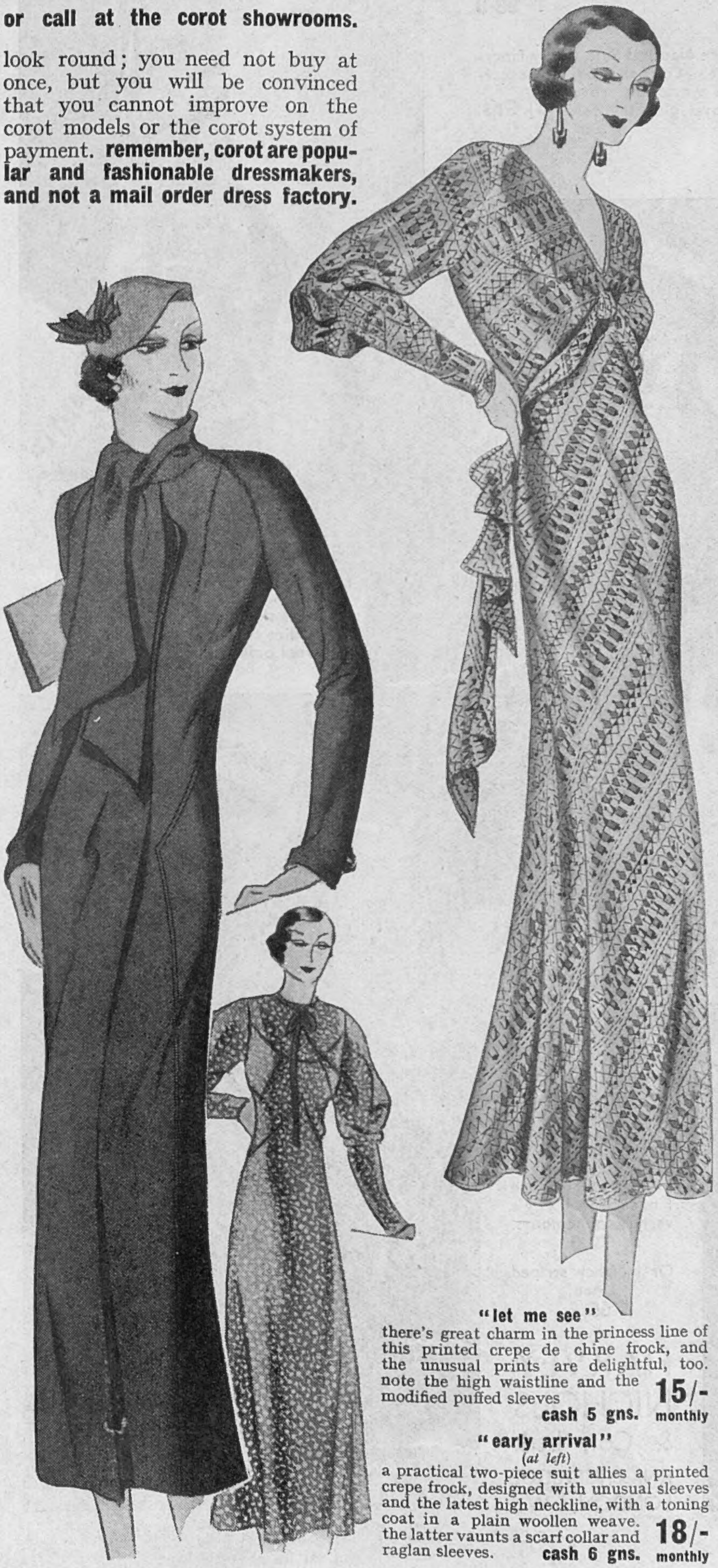

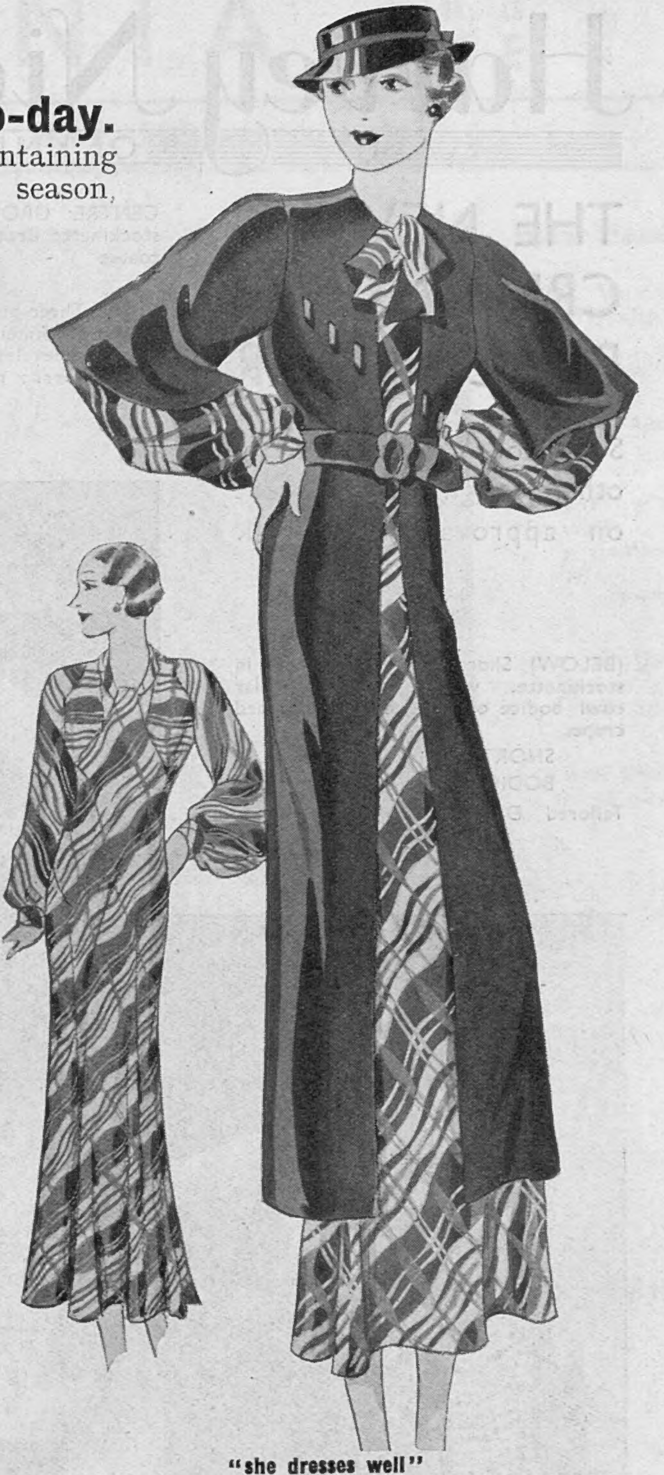

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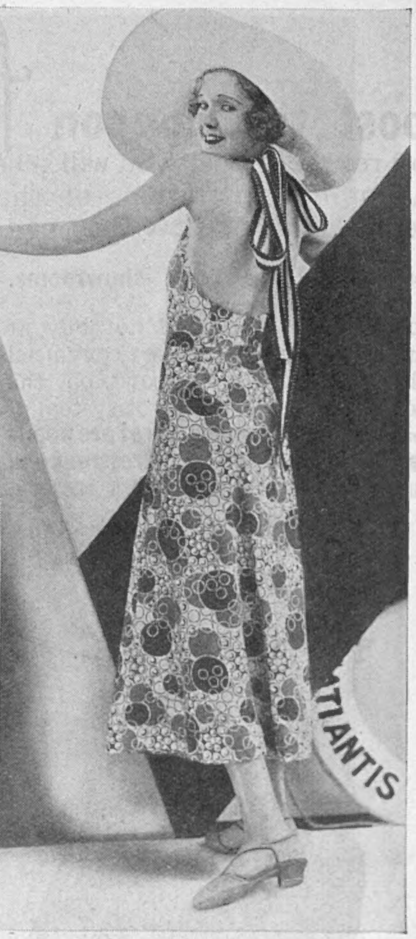
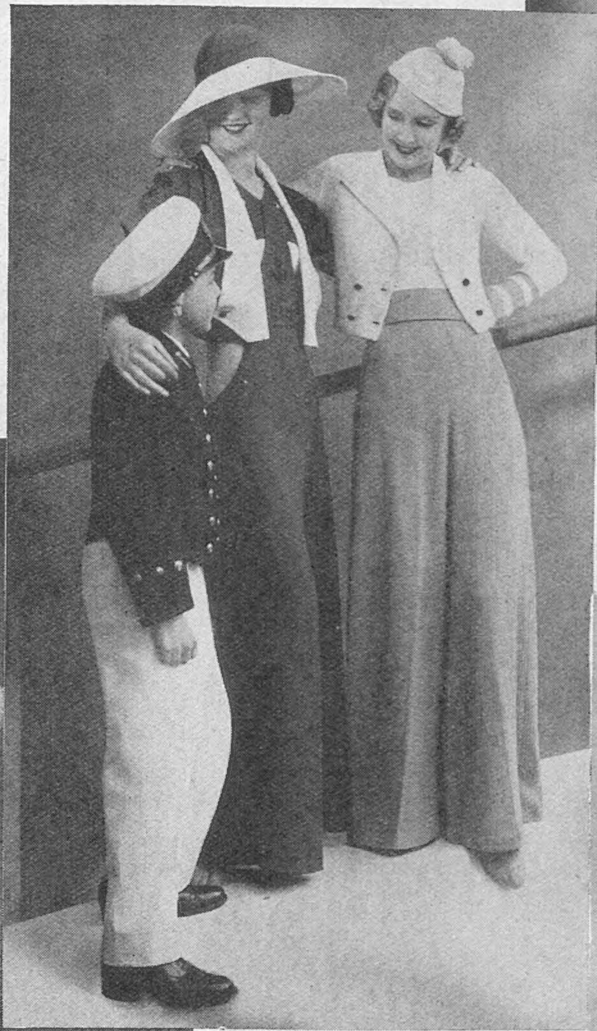
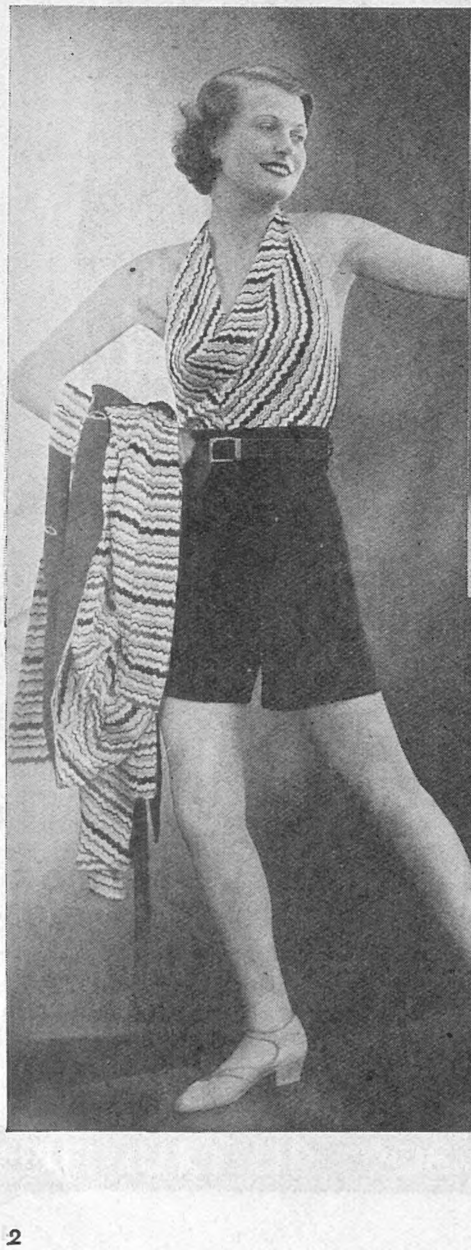
CENTRE GROUP (left) Navy and white stockinette Beach Suit, with matching coatee - - - - - - - **98/6**

(Right) Three-piece Nautical Suit, heavy fancy-woven stockinette. Long-sleeved white cardigan: sleeveless white and royal blue pullover: royal blue trousers **5½ Gns.**



Beach Dress in sponge cloth. Wide wrap skirt fastens with large buttons: bodice ties at neck with fancy wool braid. In gay colours. **49/6**





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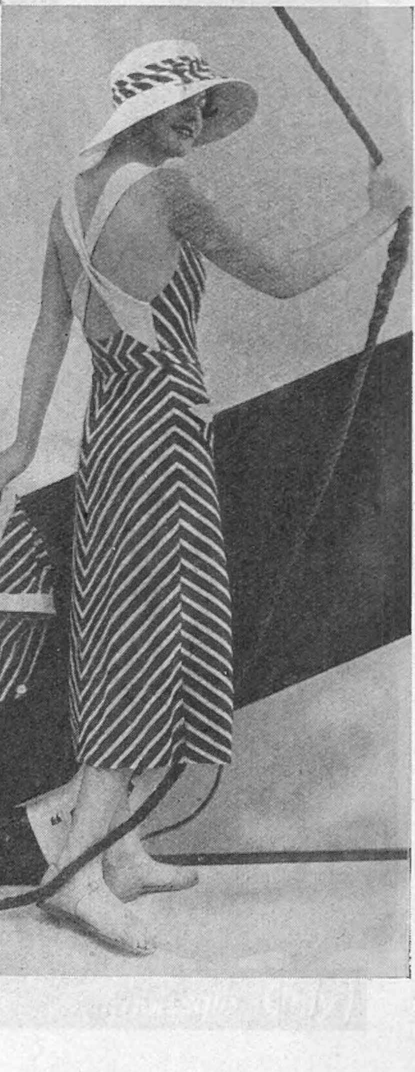

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 6, No. 5. MAY, 1933

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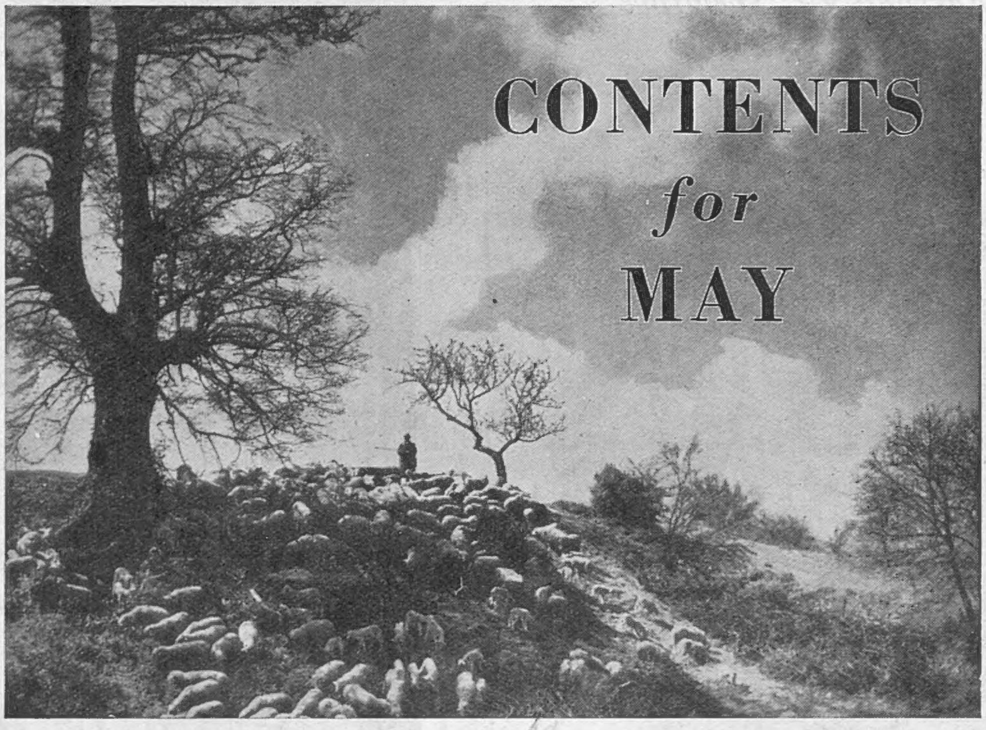

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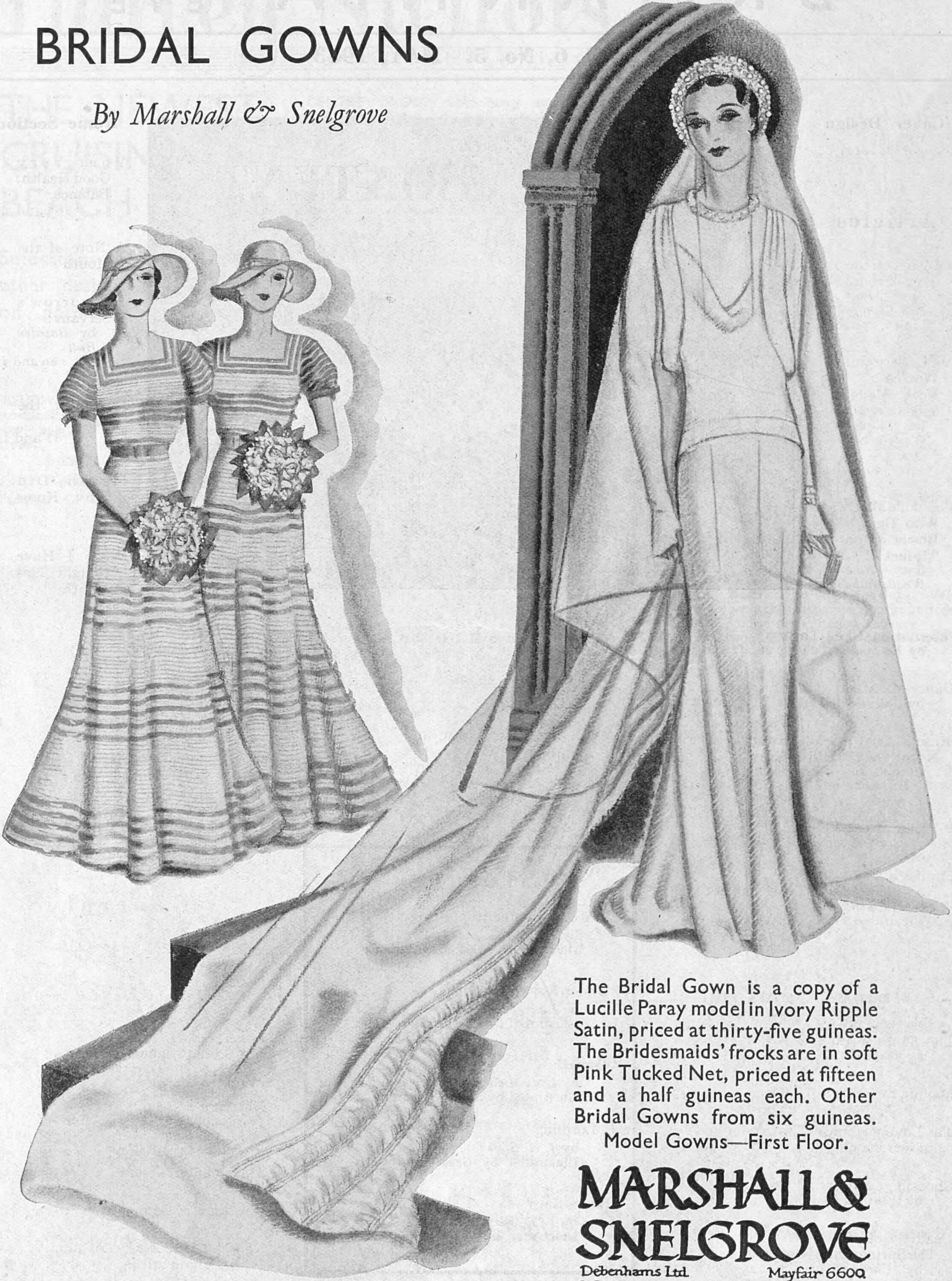

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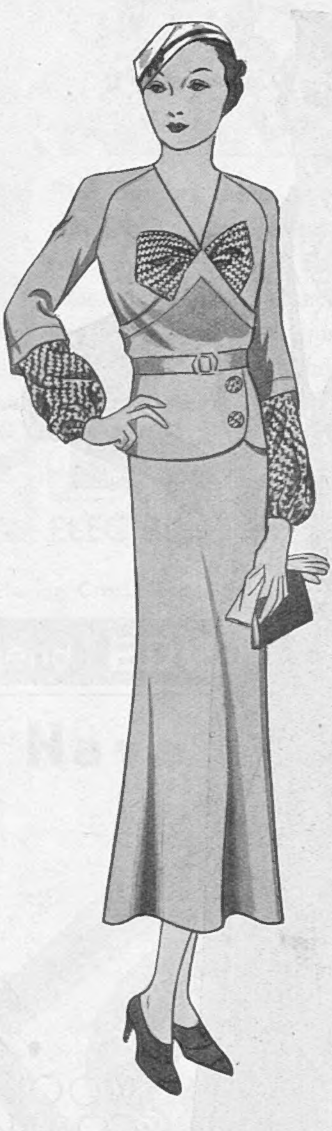

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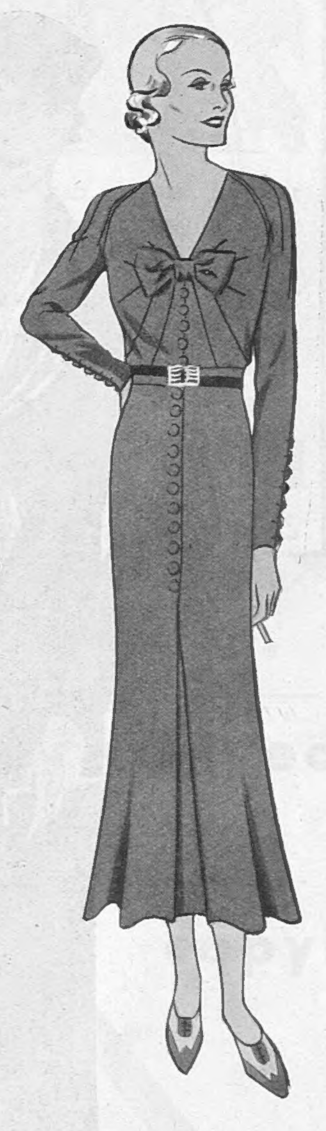

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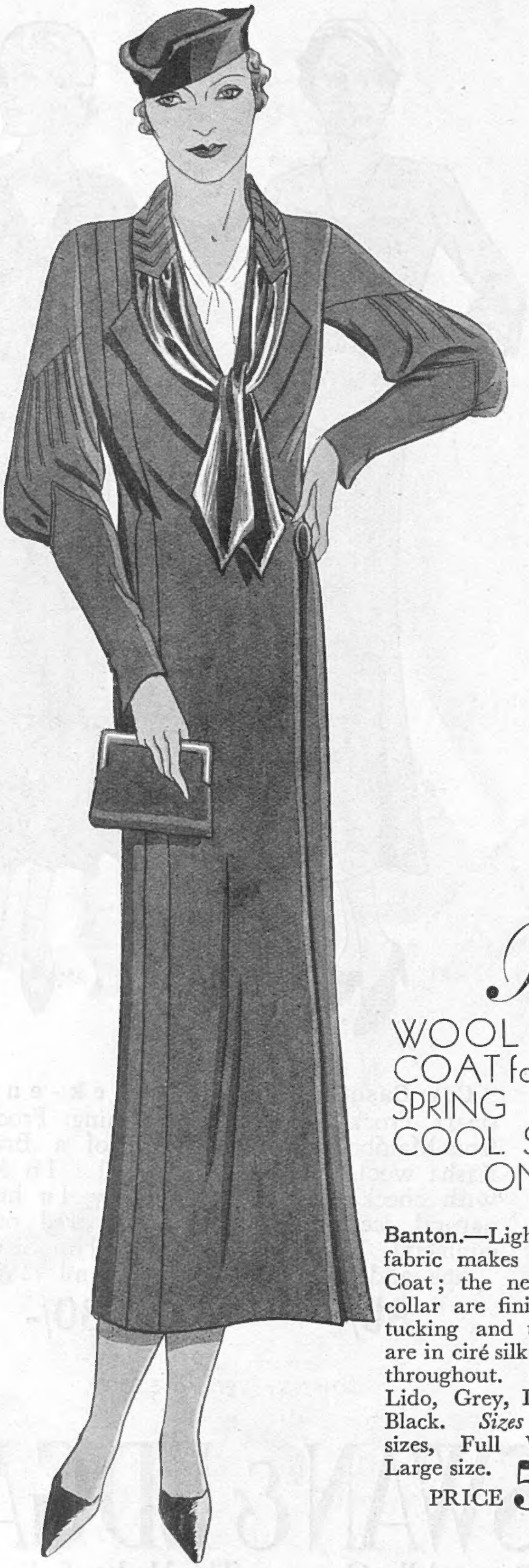

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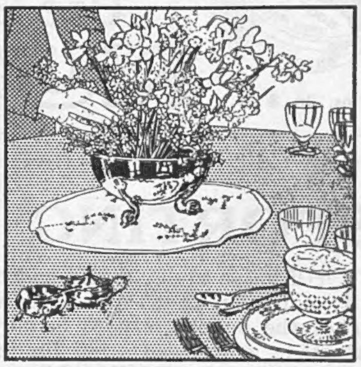

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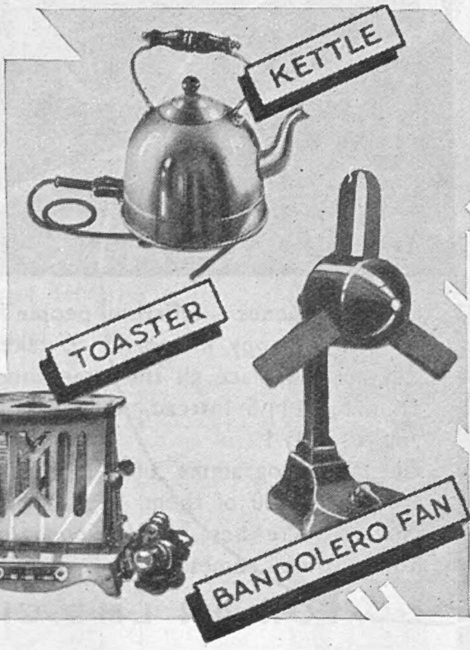

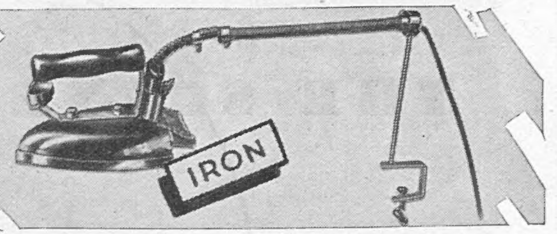

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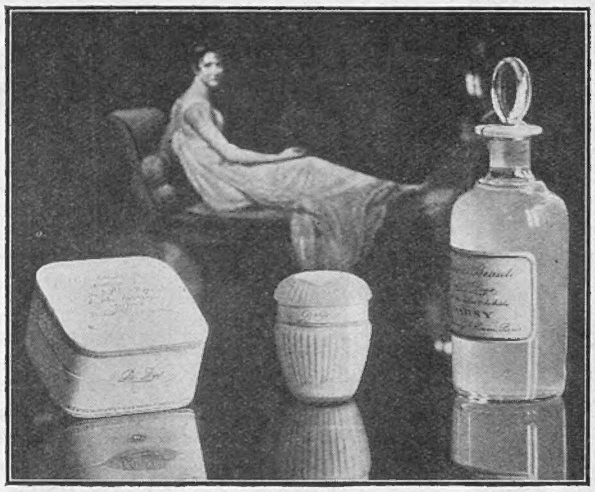

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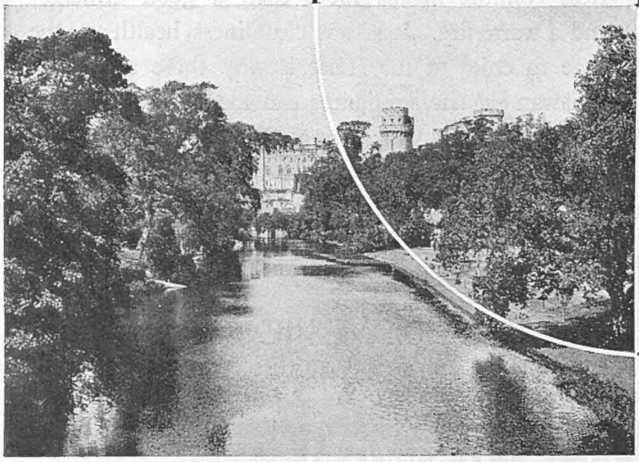

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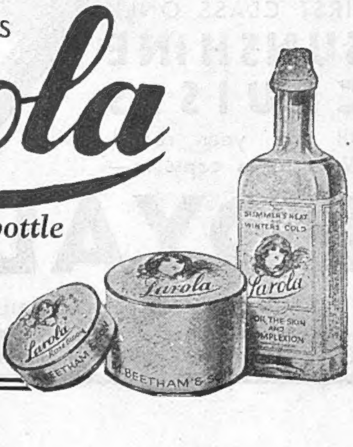

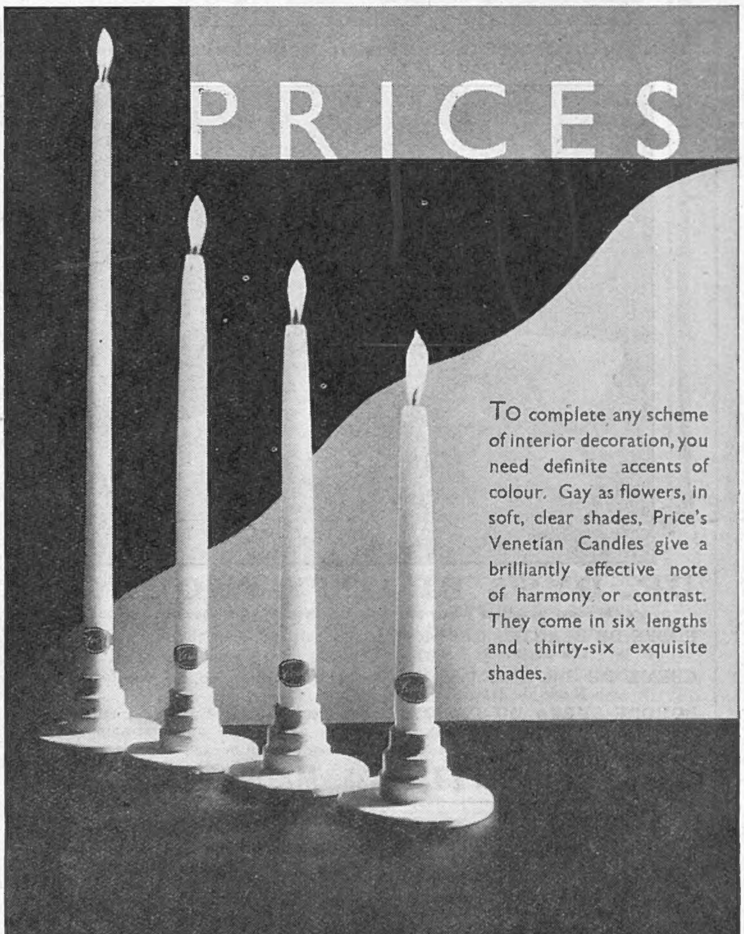

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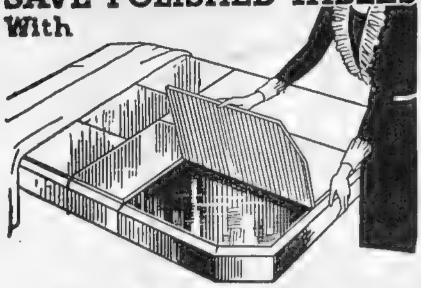

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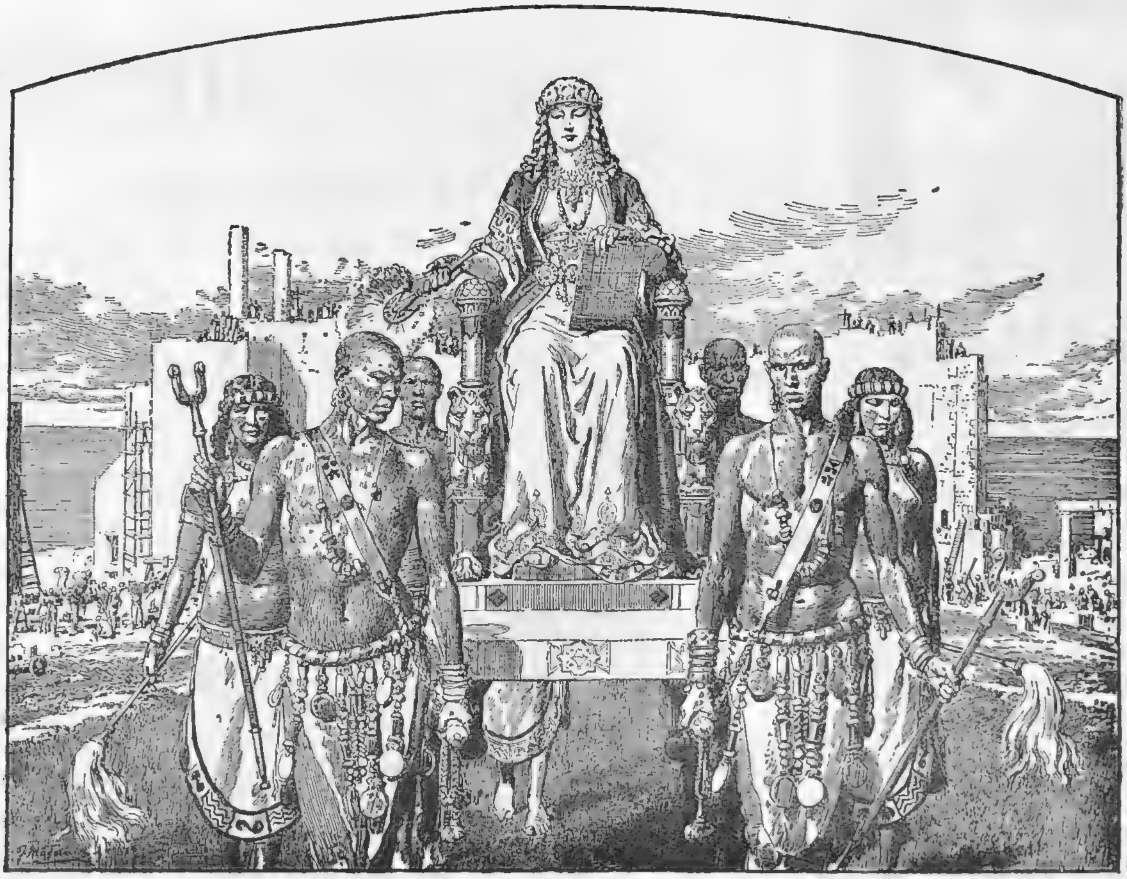

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1833 Calendar for May 1933

1st, MONDAY.—*The Day of St. Philip and St. James.*
On this day 83 years ago (1850) QUEEN VICTORIA gave birth to her seventh child, Arthur, who became the much-loved Duke of Connaught. He married Princess Louisa of Prussia, who died in 1917. The Duke is the present King's uncle.

2nd, TUESDAY.
The HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY celebrates the 263rd anniversary of the decision of Charles II to grant a Royal Charter. It made London fur-capital of the world—which it remains.
JACOB MEYERBEER, composer of flamboyant genius, died on this day, 1864.
In 1923 Germany offered the Allies 30,000,000,000 gold marks as reparations, to be paid by 1931; but France refused.

The opening of the Imperial Institute, 1893

3rd, WEDNESDAY.
TOM HOOD, poet and punster, died on this day, 1845. He wrote "The Song of the Shirt."
The General Strike, the world's largest experiment in economic sabotage, began in Great Britain, 1926.

4th, THURSDAY.
DAVID LIVINGSTONE ("I presume. . .?") died on this day in 1873, alone in Africa, attended only by his faithful boys. A missionary, and a great explorer. Some believe that he may have died three days earlier. His body was carried to Zanzibar and buried in the Abbey, April 18th, 1874. Young MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH produced the first copy of his *Daily Mail* in 1896.

5th, FRIDAY.
Thirteen years ago an old Spanish lady at Chislehurst celebrated her 94th, and last, birthday. She was MARIE-EUGENIE, wife of Napoleon III, Emperor of the French. Her mother was the daughter of a Scotsman, William Kirkpatrick. She was a great beauty.

6th SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 5.26. *Sun sets* 8.29. *Lighting-up time* 9.29. *B.S.T.*
KING GEORGE the Fifth's Accession, 1910.
Epping Forest was opened 1882.
The CZAR NICHOLAS, "last of the Romanoffs," was born in 1868.
COMMANDER PEARY, Arctic explorer, was born, 1856.

7th SUNDAY.—*The Third Sunday after Easter.*

7th, Sun.—At lunch time on May 7th, 1915, the Cunard liner *Lusitania* was steaming up the Irish Sea when a German torpedo struck her beneath the water line and she sank so swiftly that 1,134 lives were lost. It was one of the many stupidly savage acts of the Prussian military machine.

8th MONDAY.
Mount Pelé, in the French island of Martinique, erupted in 1902, burying the town of St. Pierre, and taking the lives of 40,000 people! One of the world's most terrible disasters.
On this day 1871 the tribunal sitting on the question of whether Great Britain was right in selling the *Alabama* to the Confederate States awarded the plaintiffs £3,229,166.

9th, TUESDAY.—*Half-quarter Day.*
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, great French "realistic" novelist, died on this day, 1880.
SIR JAMES BARRIE, great English "fanciful" writer, was born in 1860.

10th, WEDNESDAY.
The Indian Mutiny, most serious of all British imperial disorders, broke out at Meerut, 1857.
LORD BRYCE, great statesman and jurist, was born on this day, 1838. He died in 1922.
The Imperial Institute was opened in South Kensington in 1893, but has never lived up to its creators' dreams.

11th, THURSDAY.
SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, one of the greatest astronomers who ever lived, died on this day, 1871. He was also a great chemist.

12th, FRIDAY.
This day will be chiefly memorable for the collapse of the General Strike in 1926, which gave the world a colossal demonstration of the futility of striking as a bargaining weapon between labour and capital.

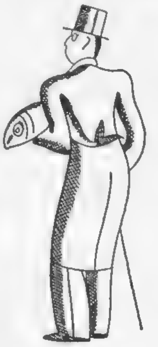
13th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 5.14. *Sun sets* 8.39. *Lighting up time* 9.39 *B.S.T.*
ARTHUR SULLIVAN was born in Lambeth on this day in 1842, the son of an Irish military bandmaster. He was destined to become one of Britain's few great composers, the master of a style distinctively his own—and just as distinctively British.
The present LORD LONDONDERRY was born in 1878.

14th, SUNDAY.—*The Fourth Sunday after Easter. Old May Day.*

14th, Sun.—SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT was born, 1842, dying in 1926. He retired from the stage fifty years ago.
The *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* produced its first issue in 1842.

15th, MONDAY.
EDMUND KEAN, great actor, died exactly one hundred years ago to-day.
It is also the anniversary of the death of DANIEL O'CONNELL, known as "the Liberator" to patriotic Irishmen. He died in 1847, after a lifetime of fighting in the Commons for justice for his compatriots.

16th, TUESDAY.
MRS. HEMANS, romantic poetess, died on this day in 1835.
The Fishmongers' Company of the City of London will celebrate its 649th anniversary.



17th, WEDNESDAY.
On this day 33 years ago the town of Mafeking was relieved after being besieged by the Boers. The details of the siege are petty in comparison with any one of a thousand incidents of note in the Great War. London went mad, and BADEN-POWELL became a national hero.

18th, THURSDAY.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, great American master of fantasy and romance, died on this day, 1864.
GEORGE MEREDITH, British novelist, died at Box Hill, 1909.

19th, FRIDAY.
GLADSTONE died 35 years ago to-day.
In 1918 the Germans carried out their last daylight air raid on London; five months later their air forces were to be wiped off, and not a single military aeroplane is to-day allowed in the German Reich.

20th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 5.4. *Sun sets* 8.50. *Lighting up time* 9.50. *B.S.T.*
DR. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, co-founder of the great publishing firm, was offered a baronetcy, but died 50 years ago to-day before it could be officially conferred upon him.

21st, SUNDAY.—*Rogation Sunday.*

21st, Sun.—Daylight Saving having been made law on the previous Wednesday, was put into force on Sunday, May 21st, 1916.
LORD ROSEBERY, after a long retirement from the political arena which he graced with his oratory, died on this day four years ago.
The Manchester Ship Canal opened 1894.

22nd, MONDAY.
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE was born 74 years ago.
It is the anniversary of the death of VICTOR HUGO in 1885.

23rd, TUESDAY.
MARK LEMON, author of 60 plays and first editor of *Punch*, died 1870.
Italy declared war on Austria 18 years ago to-day, which is the anniversary of the battle of Ramillies.

24th, WEDNESDAY.
QUEEN VICTORIA was born on this day in 1819. It is thus Empire Day. Flags will be flown on public buildings all over the British Empire.

25th, THURSDAY.—*Ascension Day.*
The Bank Holiday Act was passed in 1871.

26th, FRIDAY.
On this day in 1867 Her Serene Highness Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, QUEEN MARY, was born. It is Her Majesty's 66th birthday.
JOHN CURWEN, inventor of the tonic sol-fa system of music teaching, died 1880.

27th, SATURDAY. *Sun rises* 4.56. *Sun sets* 8.59. *Lighting up time* 9.59. *B.S.T.*
H.M.S. *Majestic* was torpedoed by *U.* 21 in the Dardanelles, 1915, another battleship, H.M.S. *Triumph* having been sunk two days before.
The fourth battle of the Aisne opened on this day in 1918.

28th, SUNDAY.—*Sunday after Ascension.*

28th, Sun.—Ionian Islands annexed to Greece, 1864.
The first EARL RUSSELL, great British statesman, died in 1878.

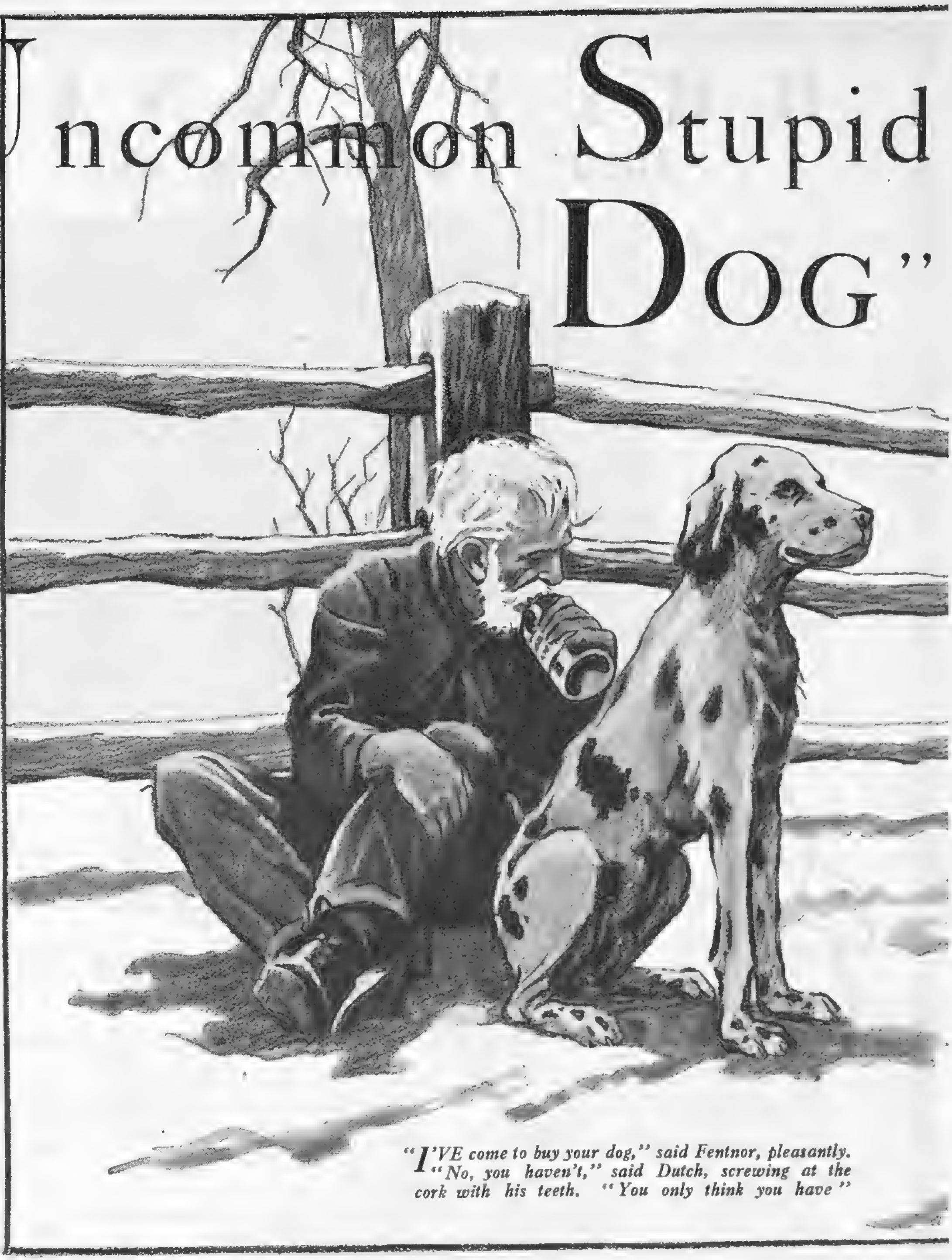
29th, MONDAY.
SIR WILLIAM GILBERT, the partner of Sullivan in writing the Savoy operas, was found drowned in an ornamental pond in a garden at Harrow Weald: a tragic death for a man of such wit. He was born in 1836 and died in 1911.

30th, TUESDAY.
Decoration Day in the United States, being a national holiday in memory of the soldiers killed in the American Civil War, and in later wars.
In 1835 was born, on this day, ALFRED AUSTIN, destined to become Poet Laureate.

31st, WEDNESDAY.
The Peace of Pretoria in 1902.
And Union Day in South Africa—since 1910.
The Battle of Jutland was fought in 1916.

"A Uncommon Stupid Dog"

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander



"I'VE come to buy your dog," said Fentnor, pleasantly. "No, you haven't," said Dutch, screwing at the cork with his teeth. "You only think you have"

YOUNG Fentnor resolved to own Tug the first time that he saw him ordering a bottle of over-proof rum in Connor's Bar.

Half an hour previously, he had seen the huge dog crouched upon the body of a prostrate man—but it had not been as murderous an affair as it seemed. Tug, so Fentnor learned, was taking care of Old Dutch, and while he spent his whole life taking care of him one way or another, to meet the increased responsibility when Old Dutch was drunk, he sat on him. Dutch was by no means a desirable chaise-longue, but sitting on him apparently eased Tug's mind.

Fentnor had stood and watched them with amusement.

Tug's great body lay pillowed upon the slumbering Dutch's abdomen, his big, short-haired, tan and white paws hung over Dutch's shoulder, his grizzled muzzle was between them, and his eye vigilant. At times he raised his great, scarred head, and looked down into Dutch's swollen, dirty and scarlet old face. It shouldn't be long now until Master woke, the glance seemed to say. And Tug would cock his best ear attentively to note if there was any change in the timbre of the august snore. Sometimes during these periodic inspections he was overcome by Dutch's beauty, and his great tongue travelled in a splathering kiss from Dutch's dirty, curly white beard up to his closed and rheumy eye.

Then he would resettle his head upon his paws. If anyone approached, he did not change his position, but, far down in his great throat, he began to rumble, and if the stranger still drew near, the rumble would change to a roar—after which the intruder usually went rapidly away. It was said that since Dutch had owned Tug no one had robbed him—and one man carried a severed arm-tendon for indiscreetly trying.

Suddenly, the form of the aged drunk was stirred by the glimmers of returning sobriety. Dutch was about to wake.

For most men the process would have taken hours, but Old Dutch had the remarkable capacity of coming out of a seemingly dead drunk of many days' duration much as an ordinary man comes out of innocent sleep. As Tug raised an attentive ear for perhaps the hundredth time, the rhythm of Dutch's snores paused, stopped, resumed, stopped. He threw his arms above his head and gave a stentorian yawn—drawing up his knees so that they smote Tug's rump. Then he rolled suddenly over, spilling the enraptured Tug to the ground.

Tug's dignity deserted him: he crouched low upon his fore-paws like a playing puppy. His tail actually managed to wag—which was difficult, as it had been bitten off in a street fight at about an inch and a half in length, so that it was slightly wider than it was long. Normally its hairs simply moved round and round in moments of pleasure as if someone was stirring them. He gambolled. He rolled on his back and tossed his great paws inanely in the air. He galloped round and round. Master was awake! All was well with the world

The fact that he never knew if Dutch's waking heralded a beating did not damp his delight.

Dutch stretched again, serenely careless of his head in the dust. Then he sat up and rubbed his eyes; ran his fingers through his iron-grey hair-mop: and spat.

Tug came to attention before him, sitting firmly in the dust; his great, broad head on one side, his tail settling to its stirring quiver. He didn't yet know how he would be received; he wanted to be all respectful attention. But, despite all this, his face broke into a lolling, blissful grin of pure joy. "My beautiful, you are mine!" it seemed to say, as he watched Dutch spitting and scratching his head.

Dutch fumbled in his pockets; brought forth some coins, and held them out in his shaky, dirty old palm. Tug's wet black muzzle plumped into it, and, tenderly as a dog mouthing an egg, picked the money up. Holding the coins carefully in his mouth, he waited further instructions.

The old man scribbled on a leaf from a dirty notebook, folded it, and placed it along with the money in Tug's mouth.

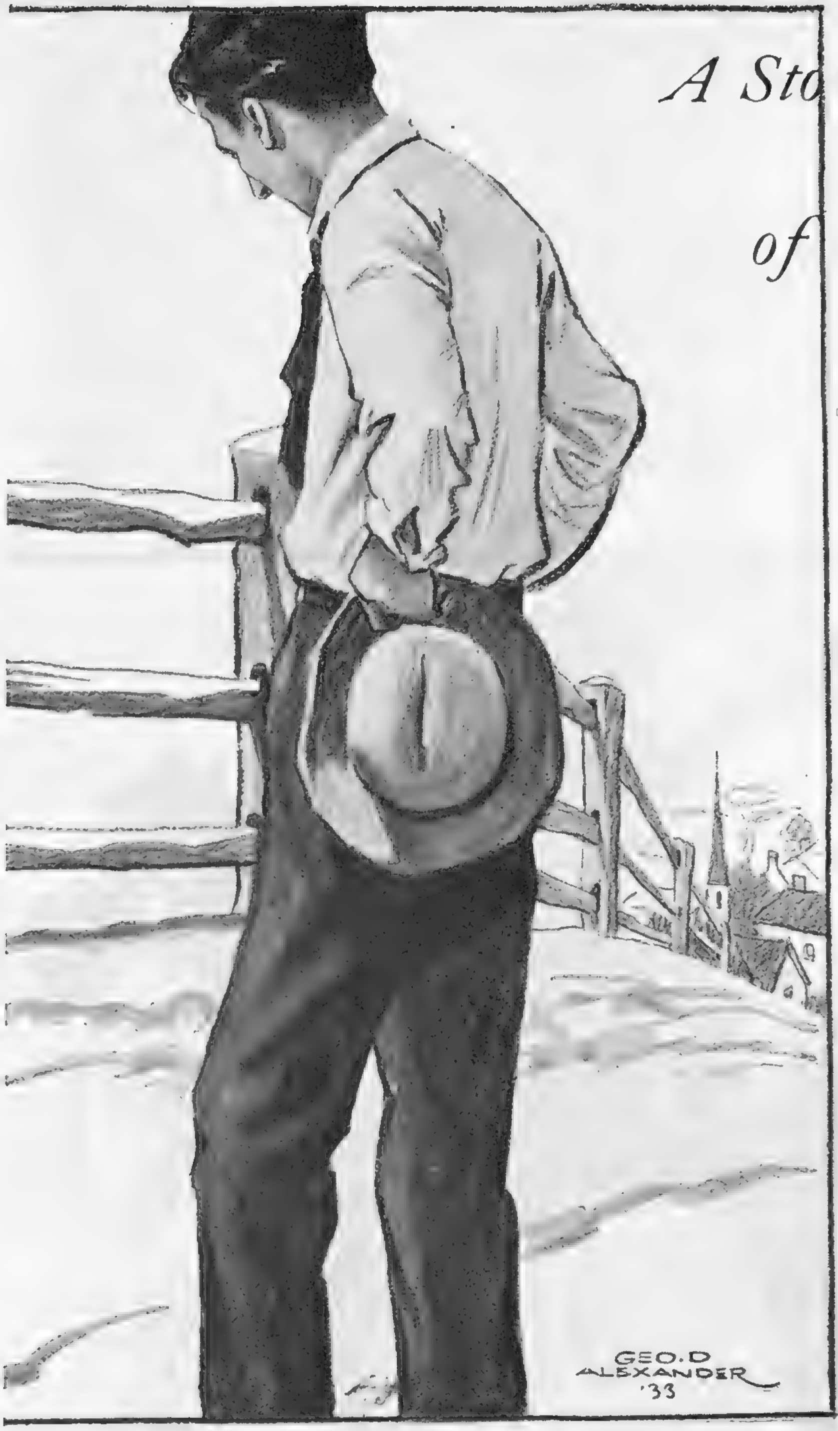
"Get—one—bottle," said Dutch. "*Get—one—bottle!*"

Tug knew all about bottles and where they came from. He turned promptly and trotted down the long, dusty street, lying desolately ugly in the glare of afternoon.

A Story for "Tailwaggers" and every lover of our "Bestest Friends"

By

Dorothy Cottrell



Fentnor followed.

The great dog was gaunt with privation and scarred with battle, yet he was nobly massive. A dozen breeds met in him, but met royally. He was an emperor of mongrels; part Dane, part mastiff, part savage, spotted cattle dog, and very completely himself.

Half-way to the hotel a dog ran out and tried to start a fight, but Tug's whole mind was fixed on looking after the money in his mouth. He roared and rumbled muffledly, but simply threw the dog off with his shoulder and quickened his great slouching trot.

The dog took a nip at his heels as he went. Tug roared again—but stuck to the money. One disgraceful day, long ago, so report had it, he had dropped the money into the dust to attend to a fight, and had been unable to find it again. He was taking no further chances.

He turned into the hotel, stepping between the sleeping drunks, trotted to the bar and reared up with his forepaws upon it.

The barman knew him, and, amidst the general laughter, he came forward to serve him. Tug dropped the money and the note between his paws and looked expectantly at the rows of bottles. The barman put out his hand and picked up the note. Tug's expression said that all was well. The barman winked at the assembled men and started to take the money before handing out the bottle. Instantly Tug's teeth clipped the air within a fraction of the jesting hand. He was not a vicious dog, but he was on his master's business, and was going to do it. The furrows of worry were in his brow.

The barman got down a bottle of overproof rum, and stood it before the dog. Tug smiled, and let him take the money.

"Once, long ago, a barman down at Ballon gave him a bottle of cold tea," said the barman. "But half an hour later Dutch brings Tug back, and Tug wrecks the place! No one don't carry their joking far with him these days!"

For one thing, no one wanted to, Fentnor surmised, watching that noble brow, creased by the problem of getting the cheap bottle of bad liquor. He was an old prince of dogs and, as such, men honoured him.

Now, he awkwardly twisted his great head until his jaws opened parallel to the bottle, and caught it carefully by the neck. It was a most difficult thing for him to hold, but he hung on to it and backed off from the counter, sinking to his haunches, turning, and running down the steps and out. Fentnor laughed with glowing eyes.

"Can you beat the whole performance? Jove, what a beauty!"

"He'll most likely get a licking for being slow when he gets back to Old Dutch," said the barman, wiping the counter. "Beats him up something cruel at times, the old rotter does."

Fentnor said: "He won't do it any more! I'm going to buy him!"

DUTCH and Tug were perhaps known across more of Australia than any other drifting swagman and his dog. Dutch was a wanderer, and, despite the time he spent intoxicated, they covered an astonishing amount of territory; warrior dog and the little, red-faced man, slouching along with the road and the world before them.

They usually wintered along the northern rivers of New South Wales, camping on some little grassy platform between a slow and lilied river and a bank of semi-tropical greenery; or in a rich field with a strong-pouring stream threading it and willow trees shutting out the world. Spring perhaps found them treading the pure and lofty peaks, crushing the little spring flowers that come up as the snows recede along Kosciusko's sides.

Then they would go north, all across New South Wales, into Queensland, and out into the savage heat until they saw the plains of the Central West rolling to the mirage, and camped by a little, muddy river-hole amongst the thorn bushes, where all day the hawks chased the little grey birds of the plains who flocked to the thorns to nest.

North, until they saw the galah parrots moving like grey pebble-floods across the seeded plains and breaking in rose and silver thousands on the sun. North, until they looked across the millions of tons of piled salt crystals to the heat-grey backwater of all the seas that is the Gulf of Carpentaria. Then they would turn again and plod southward—fifteen hundred miles or so—to the little river or the willow brook.

As they went they periodically drew each other's attention to the points of interest along the way—Dutch by muttered remarks such as "Lookit that old roo" or "The rabbits be thickening up in this country since we was here last," Tug by whining or faintly rumbling until the old man looked.

Tug guarded the old man from snakes and flies and lunatics and pickpockets who creep up to rob the drunken. When he was partly drunk, Dutch sometimes forgot what he had spent and accused the great dog of carelessness; occasionally he even beat him over it, but when he was quite recovered, he knew he had been mistaken.

As Tug made his way back to Dutch on the afternoon that Young Fentnor resolved to own him, more dogs tried to inveigle him into a fight, but he took no notice. When he got back he was berated for being so long.

"A uncommon stupid dog you are," said Dutch, ungratefully. "You been long enough to bring a blanky barrel instead of a bottle!"

Tug looked abashed. Then his ear cocked as Fentnor strode up. Dutch, sitting in the dust uncorking the bottle, surveyed the young man from a bleared, insolent eye.

"I've come to buy your dog," said Fentnor, pleasantly.

"No, you haven't," said Dutch, screwing at the cork with his teeth. "You only think you have."

And this proved to be the case, for after Fentnor had offered a price that he knew branded him as a sentimental fool, Dutch finished his pick-me-up and, rising, spoke to Tug. And together the royal dog and the aged human wastrel set out through the afternoon heat, across the bur-grey common, balled with dried tumble weeds. Fentnor swore as he watched them go.

MAN and dog trudged out along the red road as the shadows lengthened; until, in the rich, increasing gold of evening, they came to a little artesian drain, flowing merrily through the dusty, barren expanse of the wilderness.

They turned down it to the left, and in half a mile came to the place where the road had crossed it many years ago, before the new road was cleared. The remains of the old culvert were still in place, the water flowing through a huge, age-grey, hollow log, and then falling into a pebbly pool with swirl and rising of endless bubbles.

The banks were untrodden here, and for the distance that the water seeped back into the thirsty earth they were carpeted with soft couch grass in purple seed. A few yards back from the culvert was a white ant hill that a porcupine had once hollowed out, and which Dutch had improved upon previous visits, until it made a fine fireplace.

Dutch and Tug were both fond of this camp.

"Sticks," said Dutch, laconically. Tug collected them carefully, little ones first; then larger ones; then a branch that was so heavy that he had to back, dragging it in a series of jerks.

"That's 'nuff."

Dutch untangled the water billy—whistling melodiously as he worked—and rolled it towards Tug with a kick of his foot.

"Water."

The dog caught the wire-handle in his teeth and trotted to the pool. Here he met his usual difficulty. He could not make the billy sink, and the reasoning that this could be achieved by tipping it on its side was too complicated for him. He finally got a great paw on top of it and pushed it under. Then he carried it back proudly, dripping with its fullness.

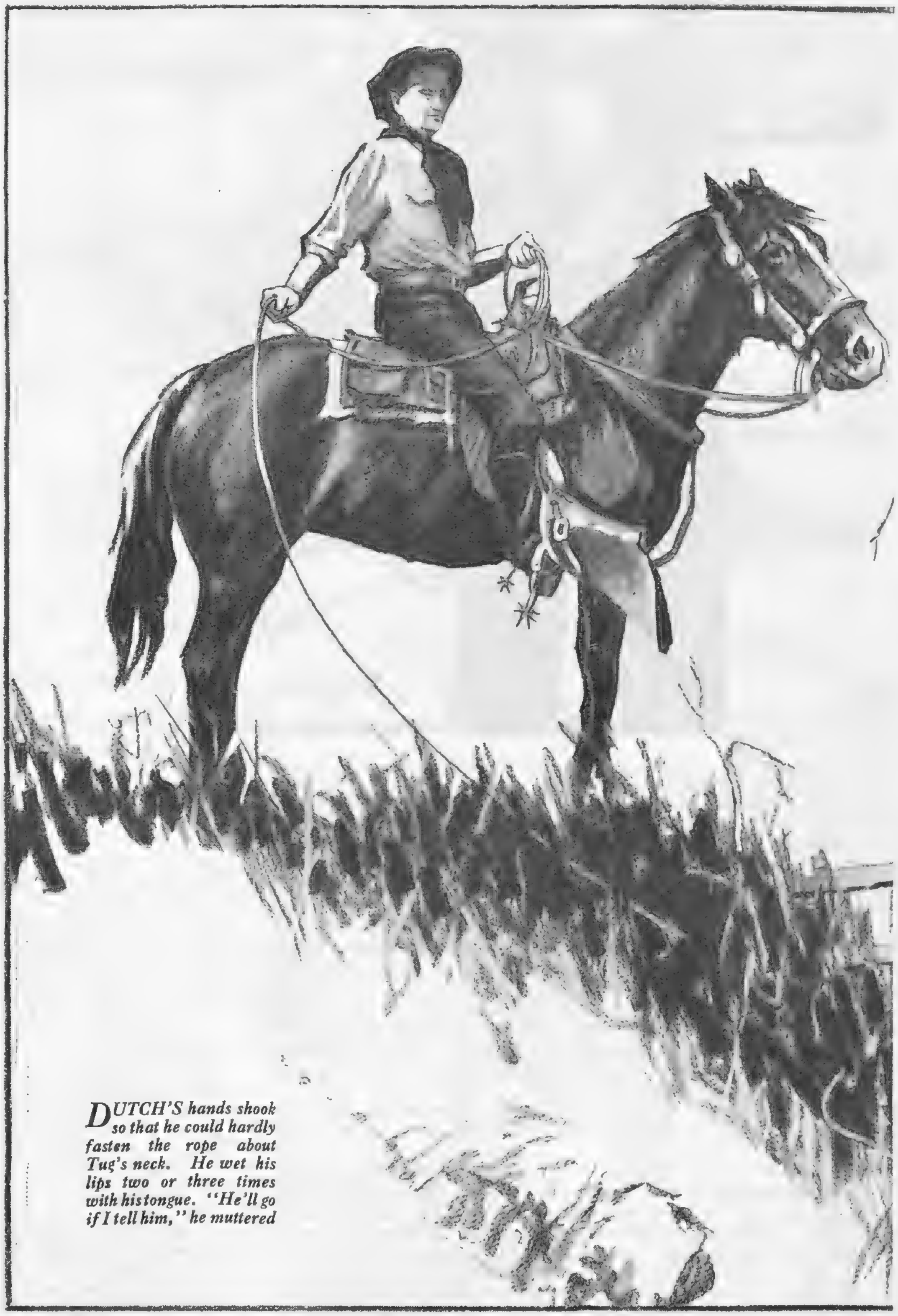
Odours of grilling and frying rose.

Then Dutch ate his meal of a thick steak, stolen from an unsuspecting butcher who had been slaughtering several steers near the common gate as Tug and Dutch passed by; onions, and Johnny cakes, baked in campfire ashes, jam and black, sweet tea. Tug also ate; as much steak as he could manage. There were many lean times when he fasted for days and suffered tortures of thirst while Dutch lay drunk; times when it was farther between stations than they had thought; times when Dutch forgot to take rations for the dog, and no game presented itself. But when occasionally Dutch remembered, he fed Tug quite well.

The sun went down while they ate. Gold on the tree-tops. No gold, but a great sheen of wine down the western sky. Soft-moving airs. Little owls calling. A kangaroo family coming in to drink. (Tug wanted to chase them, but dropped back at Dutch's command.) A scent of almond creeper down the dusk, and then the stars, brilliant and innumerable, against which the trees were black silhouettes.

Dutch heaped dry cow dung on the fire, so that the smoke would keep off the mosquitoes, and then rolled in his blankets. Tug lay with his head on his paws, his ears cocking. When he thought it was safe, he moved over and put his great head on Dutch's breast. They slept at peace with the world.

Once Tug growled faintly—not that there was anything to growl about, but apparently expressing the hope that someone would come and try to murder Dutch, so that he,



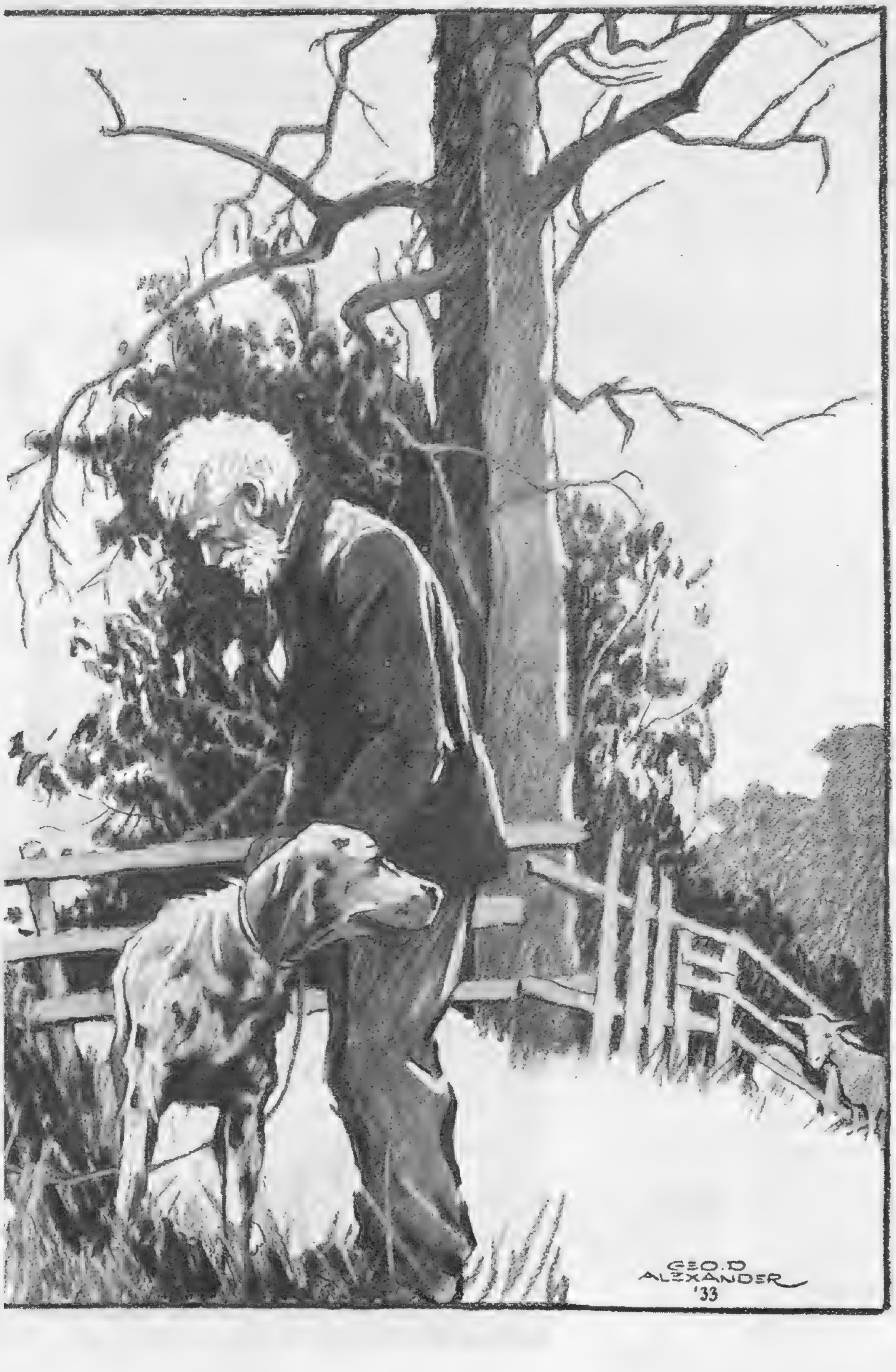
DUTCH'S hands shook so that he could hardly fasten the rope about Tug's neck. He wet his lips two or three times with his tongue. "He'll go if I tell him," he muttered

Tug, could show them how that sort of thing would end. They rose while the bush was still sharp and mysterious with dawn, and all the grass virginally wet with dew. Birds began to sing to the sun in trills and runs and liquid meltings of song.

"Have to get some meat to-day," said Dutch. He was particular about his meat and seldom cared for that given out by the station butchers as "swagman's rations"—although for form's sake he occasionally accepted some. As a rule they killed for themselves, round, young weaners, or perhaps a plump wether; which was highly illegal, for while there is an Australian law that no man need starve while he can kill a sheep or a beast, he is not supposed to do this unless he has been unable to obtain his legal rations or has lost his way.

Dutch and Tug plodded along through the early morning freshness, and presently, across a little plain, they sighted many sheep feeding and moving tranquilly.

Dutch turned from the red road, and made for the dark, rich green secrecy of a sandalwood scrub at the far end of the open grass reach. They circled through the green, sweet gloom of the little trees, until they reached a point of vantage where sheep fed within a hundred yards of the scrub.



Tug was all a-quiver.

Dutch said:—

"*Get* one!"

Tug shot out, running rather low and silently, and keeping a little windfall between himself and the feeding sheep. Reaching the windfall, he rose cautiously, with his forepaws upon it, and looked over.

There was still a stretch of twenty yards between himself and the sheep. Quite silently, he rounded the dead tree and charged—and should have been into the huddle of woolly sheep before they realised what had happened. But he stumbled in a hidden rabbit hole, and yelped involuntarily because of the sharp hurt to his paw. The sheep bunched in alarm and then fled.

Tug was terribly embarrassed, and thus did not use his normal, housewifely good judgment. As the sheep sprang away with their frantic scatter, he indiscriminately seized at a woolly neck and sat back. The sheep checked, bleated, and turned neatly over on to its back.

Tug stood panting with his paws upon it so that it could not rise. His tail worked, his jaws laughed and his best ear went up and down asking if he had not done well after all?

The rest of the flock bolted for a hundred feet, paused, looked stupidly about, saw that the dog was not following them, and, forgetting the whole affair, began to feed again. The sheep on the ground lay still, its yellow, stupid eye impassive and expressionless.

Dutch lumbered up. He investigated the sheep, a rather worn old ewe. He poked her contemptuously with his foot.

Tug's face had fallen.

"You'm a uncommon stupid dog!" said Dutch.

Tug looked miserable.

"Getting a sheep what's fit for the crows!"

Tug cowered.

"Fool! Old fool, you are!"

Tug turned meekly on to his back, exposing his appealing and mottled stomach. He had never shown defeat in any of a hundred street-fights with sometimes six clannish town dogs ravening against him. He was scornful of thunder and fire and flood, but to the little old man whom he could have killed in one swift moment, he was abject. He lay on his back, asking not to be beaten for his fault—grievous though it was. Dutch kicked him.

"*Get up!*"

The sheep, suddenly realising that it was liberated, got up also, and fled boundingly to join its fellows, each bouncing jump punctuated by a "baa."

And then there was a little jingle and both Dutch and Tug whirled, to see a young man riding towards them across the plain. On his lips was an unpleasant smile. His face was red with flock-owner's wrath.

"Good morning," said Dutch. "A pleasant day."

Young Fentnor—who happened to own this particular five hundred square miles of Australia and the sheep upon which Tug and Dutch had intended lunching—said never a word, but rode round them looking for the dead sheep he expected to find.

"Lose something?" asked Dutch. The young man stopped and looked at him unpleasantly.

"Seems not. But if I hadn't happened to be passing just when I was, I would have!" he said. "And will you now explain to me what you

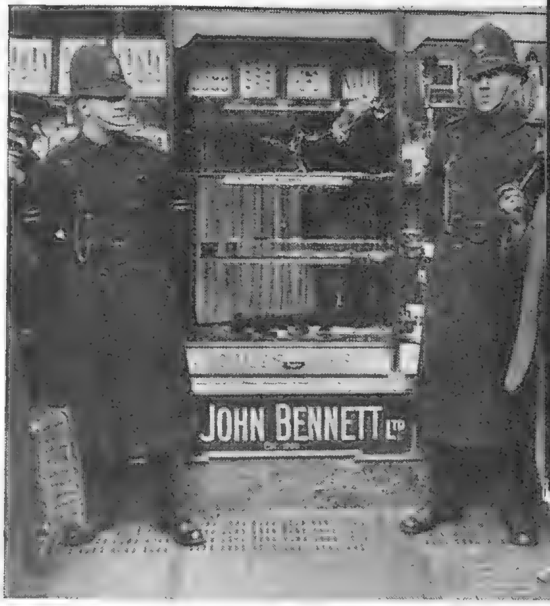
(*Continued on page* 98)

By C.

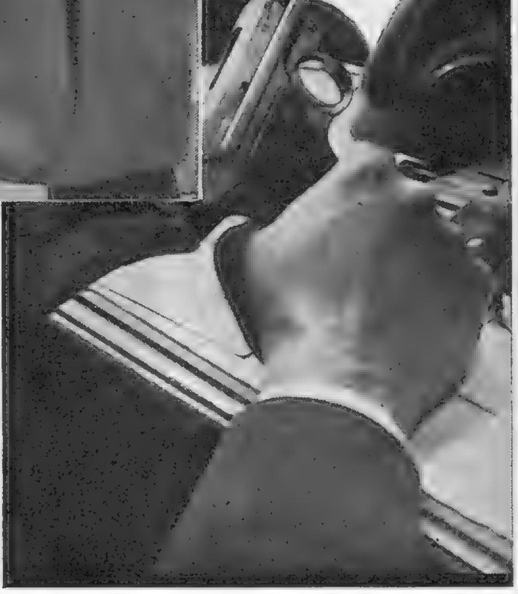
All on the

Right:
A MIDNIGHT view of Scotland Yard

A KENSINGTON jeweller's shop window being guarded by police, after a smash-and-grab raid had taken place during the lunch hour



LORD TRENCHARD, Chief Commissioner of Police



BERLIN Bank guards loading automatic pistols prior to convoying large sums of money from one bank to another

"BANK Robbery in the Strand. Machine-guns In Action. Police Return Fire. Two Dead." The story, obviously rushed to make the lunch edition, was fairly coherent. The gangsters had arrived in two saloon cars. One held the outer door attendant apparently in conversation, but with a gun pressed against his side. In the bank, two of the bandits whipped sub-machine-guns from under their overcoats and held the bank staff covered, while the other three, with automatics out, jumped the counter and rapidly cleaned out the cashiers' drawers. It was a shot fired in the get-away which attracted the attention of the police across the road at the Law Courts. Two came running as the cars pulled away. The nearest car emitted a blast of bullets, killing one policeman and a bystander and wounding the other policeman. And an editorial on the scandal of police unpreparedness was on page 8 . . .

The recipe for this pipe dream is contemplation of current crime phenomena, with a subsequent indulgence in imaginative reverie. The most striking crime phenomenon of the moment indeed is the growing gun-mindedness of the underworld. The last two years have seen a long series of crimes in which guns have been used. Browne, the murderer of Constable Gutteridge, had five or six revolvers. A raid the other day on a suspect's house disclosed a regular arsenal. The man was not himself using the guns; he was in the new underworld business of gun trafficking. When Furnace wanted to kill, he sent a bullet crashing into the back of Spatchett—he had the gun and ammunition by him for the job. The police now are continually pulling in men with guns in the pockets of their coats or cars. Criminals who either shirk the gun, or cannot get hold of one, have been buying "dummy" pistols, and, by boring a hole in the muzzle, turning them into weapons capable of inflicting serious injury; and, the judges having raised a row, the Home Secretary proposes to take action to hamper their sale.

One may add to these facts the observation of the Home Office criminologists, based upon the statistics, that young men between 21 and 30 are showing "an increasing tendency to commit crimes of adventurous lawlessness and violence," and that crimes against property, with "violence," have risen 40 per cent. in the last ten years, while a representative group of crimes, including currency offences, requiring exceptional skill, cunning and daring, show a 68 per cent. rise.

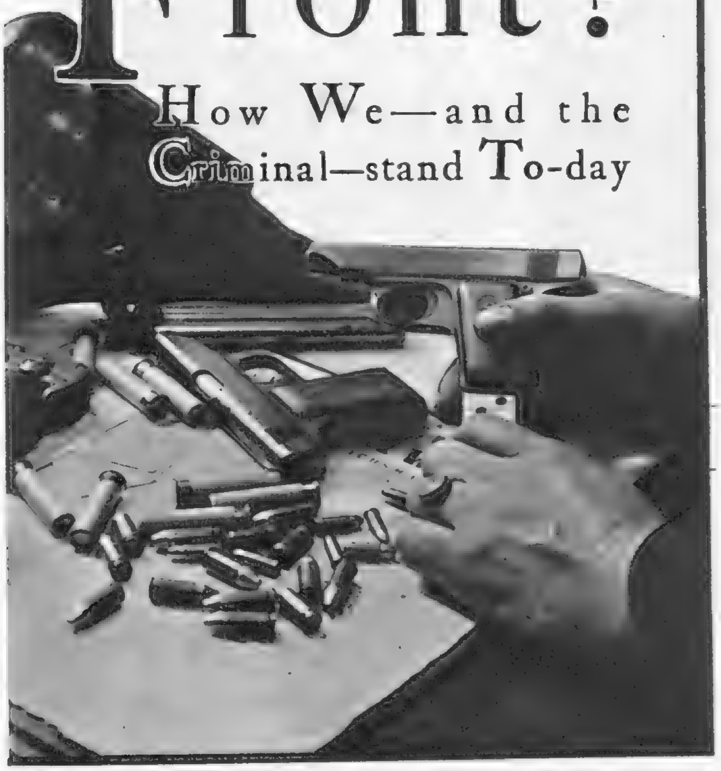
Admittedly, imaginative reveries are liable to produce fantasies. Possibly it was after one that "Boom" Trenchard decided it was about time a proportion of his men learned to shoot fast and straight (also first,

Patrick Thompson

A TEST rehearsal of an anti-bandit automatic alarm signal. The shop assistant is being held up, but the device has been flashing the word "Police" and ringing an alarm bell

Quiet CRIME Front?

How We—and the Criminal—stand To-day



if it came to that point), and gave orders in January for the formation of a sharp-shooting squad. He certainly is not having twenty men from each of the twenty-eight divisions of the Metropolitan Police put through the gun school merely so they can stand a better chance of winning packets of cigarettes at the local fun fair.

The bank robbery pictured is so much a commonplace of American crime that big American banks guard themselves with machine-gun nests and armed attendants, while cash and securities are moved about big cities in armoured trucks manned by guards armed with rifles, automatics, and sawed-off shot-guns. Against the huge and smoky glare of American crime the British picture looks anæmic, and the British criminal slow, timid, and unenterprising.

For instance, there is not yet an open-and-close shooting season for specific classes of citizens in this island. In the States, however, police chiefs now expect to find dentists shot in their salons in February, department store cashiers and meat-truck drivers bumped off in November and December, post-office officials drilled on holiday mornings, chain-store managers perforated on Saturday evenings, and so on. A tribute, this, to the shrewd and close observation which the American professional criminal keeps on the pulse of the city's life.

Take the "snatch" racket. It is unknown here. But across the water it has been developed in four brief years into one of the most lucrative of all rackets outside of the liquor traffic; and ransoms have been pushed up from £100 to as high as £30,000. So adroitly do the "snatchers" work that only 65 were arrested last year out of 2000 known to be "actively and gainfully employed" in the kidnapping industry. The new technique of the Purple gang of Detroit deserves the attention of all artists in crime. That gang "picks up" its "packages" (pardon the technical terms) in the underworld itself, among gamblers, bootleggers, racketeers, receivers and suchlike persons. The wives and sons of these folk also find their way into the "snatch" gang's "castles" (prisons); for (queer thought) there is a family feeling even among the lawless.

A graduated torture system, ranging from eyelash plucking to searing with hot irons and burning with matches and glowing cigar-ends, plays an effective part in inducing a "package," or the wife, father, mother, husband, or brother of a "package" to pay ransom without undue fuss. Grilled by detectives of the Secret Six, Chicago's private anti-crime organisation, a ransom collector (known as a "pay-off man") for the Purples explained the preference of his gang for kidnapping in the underworld: "Dey got de dough, dose guys, and dey know better'n squark to de cops."

(*Continued on page 94*)

A Gallery *of* WOMEN

No. 1

Madeleine Carroll—*in* 3 *Acts*

ACT I.

DOWNSTAIRS in Rule's Restaurant in Maiden Lane. About nine o'clock on a late winter evening—that between-seasons period in a London restaurant when dejected waiters have a moment to regret their past and reflect on the futility of all human endeavour.

I am discovered in the far alcove of the room, staring bleakly at the table-cloth. I am alone. My appointment with MADELEINE CARROLL was for eight-fifteen. I know now what men feel who live without hope.

I am deciding that my rule, unbroken until this night, of never waiting more than ten minutes for any *person, is right—as I have always known it to be right. I am embarking upon a fine, lonely argument with myself that inconsiderateness is the lowest form of intellectual dishonesty, when the door opens, and MADELEINE CARROLL comes quickly down the room toward me. She wears neither coat nor hat, and her fine blue eyes are searching the place in quest of me.*

I rise, my theories about dilatory people forgotten. She stares at me, for a moment uncertain, as well she might be, since we have never before met; then she smiles to my smile and holds out her hand.

MADELEINE (*in what I can only describe as an "embracing" voice*) : I'm frightfully sorry. I'm awfully late. Do forgive me.

I (*who was there at ten minutes past eight*) : As a matter of fact, I wasn't sure whether you said eight- or nine-fifteen.

MADELEINE (*accepting my lie, I think, bitterly, as her due*) : Been out at Elstree filming. You know what it is. Got tied up with a lot of re-takes. Phew! (*She relaxes against the red plush back of the sofa.*)

I : Have a glass of sherry ?

MADELEINE : Love it.

The sherry is brought, and when we have ordered food we talk, as two strangers do, of the weather of the new shows, tentatively of people we know. And suddenly I discover that she is nervous. She is nervous, this beautiful girl with the golden hair and the blue eyes, and the wide, expressive mouth. I am startled into silence. I have been prepared not to like this person whose loveliness is so disarming. Silently I wonder if, after all, she might be human in spite of her natural disadvantages. Madeleine, who has been avoiding the subject that brought us together, thinks I am waiting for her to broach it.

MADELEINE (*with amazing diffidence*) : I like your play.

I : Good.

MADELEINE : Very much.

I (*who can listen to this sort of thing for ever*) : I'm glad. Tell me what you think of . . .

SHE tells me. The play is a dramatised version of a novel dealing with the surplus women of this country who will never be able to marry. Someone has suggested that it is a play for Madeleine Carroll. Madeleine had telephoned me that afternoon saying she had read it, and would like to talk to me about it. She is talking now. I sit listening, watching the expressive face in front of me, guessing at the ambition and determination behind the eager words. She is not a bit the beautiful but dumb wench I had expected.

MADELEINE (*fifteen minutes later, when the food has grown cold, and she is no longer nervous, but bright-eyed with young enthusiasm*) : It's the kind of serious modern part I've always wanted to do. I feel it would give me a chance to get away from these lovely-young-thing parts that people *will* give me. I'm tired of being just beautiful on the stage. (*Her eyes flash, and I have the conviction that she means it.*) I want to show people that I can really act. But I never seem to get a play that lets me do that. I'd love to play Fay. I feel the subtlety of her and the pathos against that background of the girls' club. I know these girls'

Contemporary Portraits: A New Series

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

TRANSFORMATION SCENE—IN 2 ACTS

These two portraits of Madeleine Carroll are eloquent of those subtle but distinctive changes by which Fashion and the hairdresser conspire to make a beautiful woman look utterly different. On the right—Act 1: on the left—Act 2. The parting has changed sides in the interval!

MADELEINE CARROLL in her latest role. She is playing the part of June in a new film "Love and Let Love," Ivor Novello takes the part of Gaston, a sleeping-car attendant who has a sweetheart in every capital from London to Bucharest, and Kay Hammond the role of Simone, one of his girl friends

clubs! (*And, with a complete humbleness*) Don't *you* think I could play the part?

I (*hardening my heart*): I'm inclined to think you're too beautiful for it.

MADELEINE (*with an expressive shudder*): Oh—h! (*She looks as if she would like to shake me.*)

I (*seriously*): But I mean it. The part—as you know—is the part of a girl who *can't* get her man. She's quite good-looking, of course, like thousands of girls. But not anything like you in looks. One's got to feel about her that she might have a really difficult time in bagging a husband. When *you* walk on a stage you look as if you could get any man!

MADELEINE (*almost fiercely*): Oh, but I know that woman Fay! I *can* play her. I can make myself look just as she looks. I can wear my hair straight back—this way! (*She puts her hands to her head and draws her hair back tightly from the forehead. It completely changes her appearance.*) And like this. Look!

I (*surprised in spite of myself*): I say!

MADELEINE (*in soft triumph*): You men! You don't know what a woman can do with her looks.

SHE sweeps the plate of almost untasted food out of her way, and leans forward eagerly.

I: You'd better have something to eat. You looked fagged when you came in.

MADELEINE (*vaguely, her thoughts on work*): Oh—ah—a salad, or something.

The salad is ordered, brought, remains untouched. We talk of the play. She knows it better than I do. In her first reading of it she has got its shades and depths and significance in an uncanny way. I begin to think that her beauty can't be such a drawback after all. It's more than offset by her intelligence and understanding. She feels the resistance going, and all at once, intimately, unaccountably, makes me her friend. I do not know how it is done. But it is done.

She shows me something of the driving ambition in her. Not in this first conversation, but long afterwards, she told me of how she left home with £5 and the resolve to make good. On this evening she talks of films and plays, directors and producers, actors and play "backers"—the men who risk their money on a show. She is torn—as she has always been torn—between the stage and the screen, and she asks my advice—as she always asks the advice of all her friends. I remember that this eager, emphatic, yet curiously shy young woman with the most discussed face in England, is a B.A. of the University of Birmingham. And I reflect inwardly that she must be one of the strangest actresses on our stage to-day. We talk and talk, and in our talk we reach a complete understanding of each other.

In this mood we drink coffee, and look into each other's eyes, and tell one another silently that the world isn't such a big thing to conquer anyhow, and wander out into the night to sit in another restaurant, drinking more coffee, and look down on the silly dancers, and talk—work, work, work—half-way toward morning.

ACT II.

THERE are three scenes in this Act. The first is played out over the telephone, some time after the First Act, on a warm day in Spring.

I (*into the mouthpiece*): Madeleine, what do you think? It's happened! I've got a man interested in the play.

MADELEINE: Yes; but what about——

I: It's all right. He's got money. Lots of money. He wants to back it.

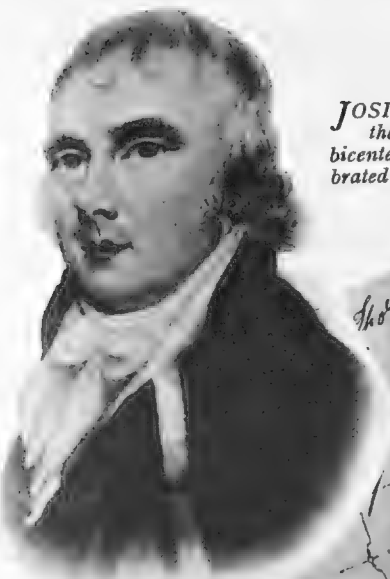
MADELEINE: Hooray! Who is he?

I tell her.

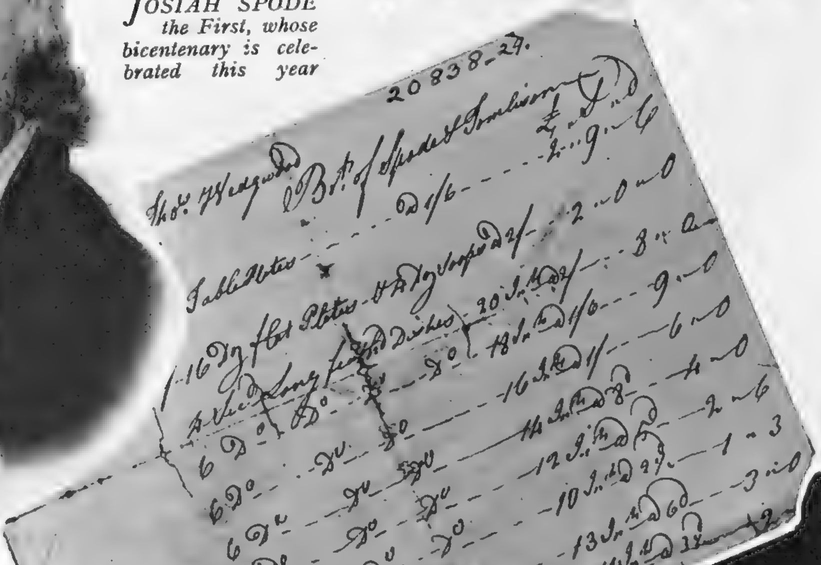
MADELEINE: Never heard of him.

I: Neither have I. But he 'phoned me yesterday, and I saw him last (*Continued on page 92*)

The "MILD Man" who Built a Business on "BONES"



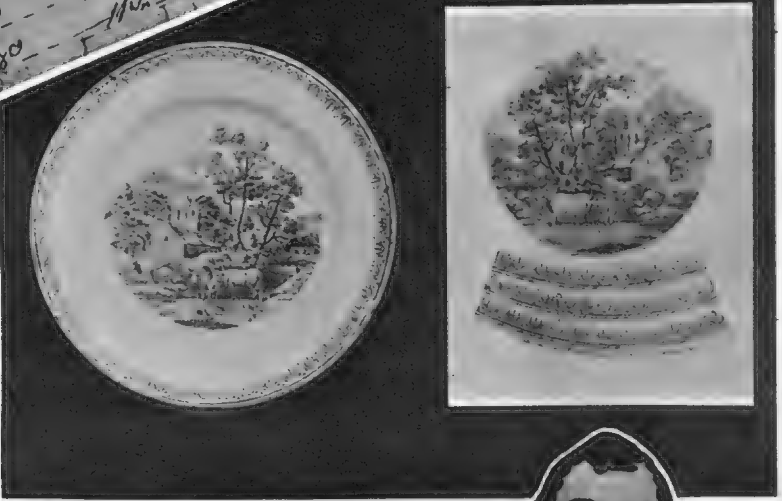
JOSIAH SPODE the First, whose bicentenary is celebrated this year



20838-24.

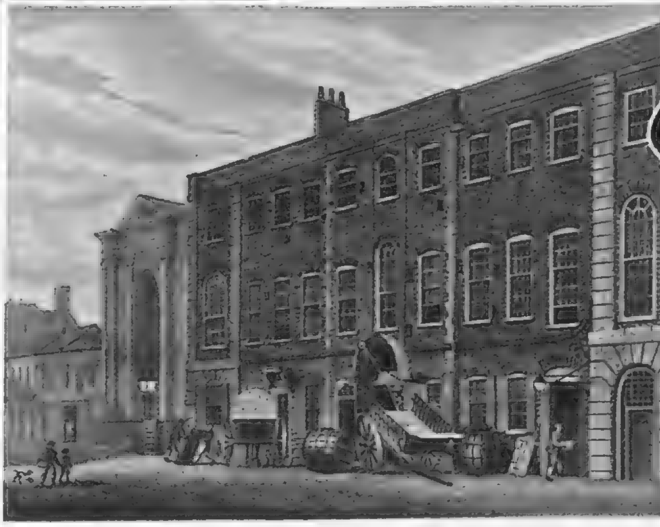
Thos. Wedgwood
Bt. of Spode & Tomlinson
£ s d

AN invoice for goods supplied to Wedgwood from Spode



HOW it is actually done: a reproduction of an early Spode copper plate—and plate

MAKING to-day the Chelsea Figures of which the Copelands acquired the moulds. A skilled workman, artist—copartner and inheritor of tradition



THE London warehouse of Josiah the First, who occupied these premises in Portugal Street in 1795—the site later became the Theatre Royal in 1827

JOSIAH SPODE the Second, who was born when his father was 21, founded the wealth of the Spodes and established the connection with the Copelands

TWO pictures—" stills " from the astounding film of an Unbeatable Britain—two hundred years between them, and each showing a crisis of our history; between them the film of English hand-craftsmen runs placidly on and the potters of Staffordshire go on potting, though the world around them is boiling and heaving.

The first, not two centuries back and in the strange world of our great-great-great-grandfathers, a world that is rocking on its foundations. Revolution abroad (for this is in the seventeen-seventies)—not merely the spectre of revolution but the extremely blood-stained substance. England is toppling over the brink of peace into an earlier world war—the press gangs harry the countryside; there are riots; and the King himself is pelted by his infuriated subjects as he goes to open Parliament. Over the country the sinister, terrible cry for " Bread " is heard, the cry that has so often been a prelude to the cry for " Blood ! "

It was precisely at this moment in his career that a Staffordshire business man chose to open a new and expensive warehouse in Portugal Street, London. He is described as a " mild man " with a fondness for music—he is remembered as a relentlessly shrewd man who founded a dynasty—who

The Bicentenary *of* J*osiah* Spode

THE real wealth of the Copeland-Spode estate. A workman loading a truck of the precious clay, weathering in the yard of the works—the best material bought as an investment by all the owners from the first Spode to the present Copelands

STACKING the "saggers," the vessels in which the earthenware is packed, with infinite skill, for firing. A view showing the inside of the oven before the entrance is bricked up for firing

Left:

THE Ranelagh figures return after a century

By Joan Woollcombe

established himself and the prosperity of his craft by two master strokes of technical achievement; his name was Josiah—Josiah Spode the First—and he was building his business in the centre of an economic and political typhoon and building it on a foundation (among other things) of the Very Best Bones obtainable!

In this wild and lusty time Josiah Spode the First found and standardised his Formula for Fine Porcelain to be made of calcined bones, china stone and china clay—he set a standard for porcelain for modernity, and he made the fortunes of himself, his son and his successors and of his Staffordshire potteries.

Crisis succeeded crisis, crash succeeded crash, and expedient succeeded expedient. With their civilisation heaving and boiling around them the potters of Spode's works went on potting—*as they are doing in the same works and in the same way now, to-day!*

AND this is how it all began. Go back just two hundred years, to 1733. The grimy silhouette of the Potteries to-day fades out, and in its place, filming at a slower tempo and set in green fields, is a pot works that consists of a few thatched cottages. This is England, sparsely populated, knit together by stage coaches and "flying" canal barges that can (and only later) "make" London from Stoke in three breathless days. No one has yet heard of slogans, of go-getters, of quick turnovers; and the idea of cheap materials is a shameful thing—the idea of cheap labour, child labour, not so shameful!

Against this background the adventure begins, when, to a man and his wife called Spode, a small son is born who is named after his father Josiah. These were barbarous days, and the child Josiah was put to work in a pot works when he was about nine. In the same works was another Josiah—Josiah Wedgwood. The two boys were to grow up among "the giants of those days"—the Adam brothers, Gainsborough, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan . . . and the tremendous thunder of the formidable Doctor Johnson and the beauty of Edmund Burke's English were to be "news" to them.

Young Spode was apprenticed at sixteen to a master potter, Thomas Whieldon; and here Fate was surely good to him. Whieldon ranks high among the aristocrats of his craft, and has deserved well of his country. The hiring entry is enlightening; it reads:—

> *Hired, 'Siah Spode to give him from this time to Martinmas next 2s. 3d. a week or, if he deserves it, 2s. 6d.*

Apparently he did. For some three years later we find the Industrious Apprentice is receiving a princely seven shillings a week. Actually young Josiah was not too badly off as things went in those days, for several years later there is a record of an operative asking whether after some *twenty years'* service he may remain at work at 12s. instead of 11s. 6d. weekly—in fact, "*he says he has worked twenty years with you, and it is very hard that you should now differ about sixpence a week.*"

But young Spode was an apprentice, and as such subject to the strict rules and customs that demanded (and obtained) a tremendously high standard of personal achievement and integrity from the embryo master potters. And—the adventure had begun! Everything was most exciting in Josiah's profession, and the young master potter could hardly help imbibing the atmosphere of experiment and opportunity. They tell us that Spode was essentially an Englishman, typically dogged under the "mild" exterior, wrapped up in his work. He must have been possessed with that restless experimental outlook on his life, and with a flair for design and a business acumen that were to build him a heritage and Stoke a prosperity that remains still. *This was a lusty, thrusting age.* And in the matter of pottery a rapid evolution—revolution—was taking place. From the earlier (*Continued on page 111*)

“Under Royal

The Epilogue *to a* Romance *in* Soho where *many* “ Wait ” *but* few *are* called *to* Rule

IT was after nine o'clock at the “ Poulet D'Or,” and the smell of cheap cigarettes struggled with the heavy odours of past food. For half a crown you dined well at the “ Poulet D'Or,” in that little side street in Soho, and the helpings were so generous that one dish served two diners.

The same people came night after night.

The two Spanish gentlemen, the Italian tenor from the opera, the shabby young man at the corner table who looked so long at the menu you would have thought he was going to order a banquet and then ate scarcely anything, the bearded Russian who looked like a portrait of Trotsky but had lived in London most of his life, the French family parties who understood where to get the value of every penny.

They all knew Monsieur Jacques Broget, the immense proprietor, with his gleaming black eyes and his gouty foot in a broad felt slipper.

They knew Miss Rosa, too, his half-English, half-French niece, who sat behind the *caisse*, adding up the bills, and sometimes helped Franz, the overworked waiter, in the rush-hour.

About this time she would leave the *caisse*, and walk round the two small, hot rooms, with her gay soubrette airs, her white teeth flashing in smiles in her small vivid face.

She was doing this now, stopping at various tables which lay between her and her real objective.

She stopped at one table to bandy words with the two Spaniards. They were in a bad temper this evening, complaining of the dinner, praising the cooking of their own country, throwing Miss Rosa into one of her charming rages as she argued with them, with that pretty foreign accent, and those quick gestures which made it difficult to believe her father had been an Englishman, so completely was she the child of her French mother.

“ What *do* you know, if you do not know there is nothing like the cooking of France ? ” she demanded. “ Italian dishes ! Bah ! All grease and spaghetti ! But, you shall have it, the dish you want.”

Suddenly her rage passed. She smiled divinely.

“ To-morrow you will find it. I shall tell the cook to spill a bottle of oil on it.”

Next moment she was accepting a glass of wine from a young Frenchman at the next table, smacking her lips over it.

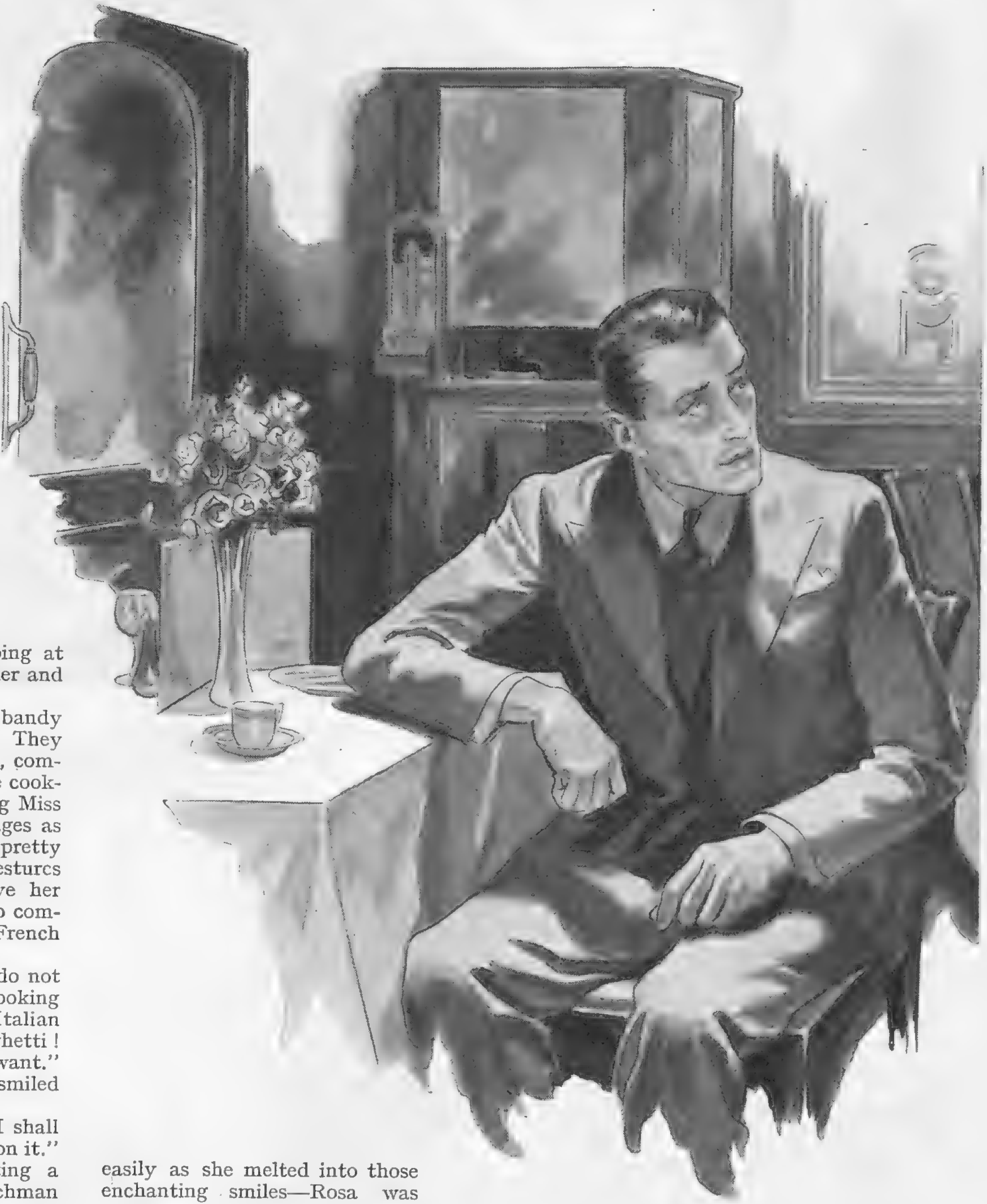
“ C'est bon, ça ! It makes me feel all jolly inside. Oh, yes, I talk English. I *am* English. Why, pray, do you laugh ? My uncle, he is French all right, but it's the papa who counts.”

He raised his glass.

“ A la belle Anglaise ! ” he laughed.

She blew him a kiss and passed on, to where her dark eyes had turned more than once.

For weeks he had been coming every night, this Nikolas Feodor, and Rosa, who scattered her favours with careless impartiality and flew into tantrums as easily as she melted into those enchanting smiles—Rosa was different to him. He never suffered from her tempers or her changing moods. With him she was always gay, kind, even a little humble. As she sat down by the shabbily dressed young man with the long pale face, the flexible mouth and melancholy eyes, her voice sank to a caressing murmur.



“ Nikki, you have eaten nothing. Why ? Didn't you like what they brought you ? ”

He pushed his hand through his hair, and smiled at her.

“ Yes, Rosa.”

“ Then eat ! Eat ! You are as thin as the cat over the way. I don't like to see your bones like that, Nikki. These last two days I watched you, and I know that you do not order anything except coffee, or a glass of beer.”

“ People who can't pay, can't eat, Rosa,” said the young man gravely.

Rosa nodded slowly.

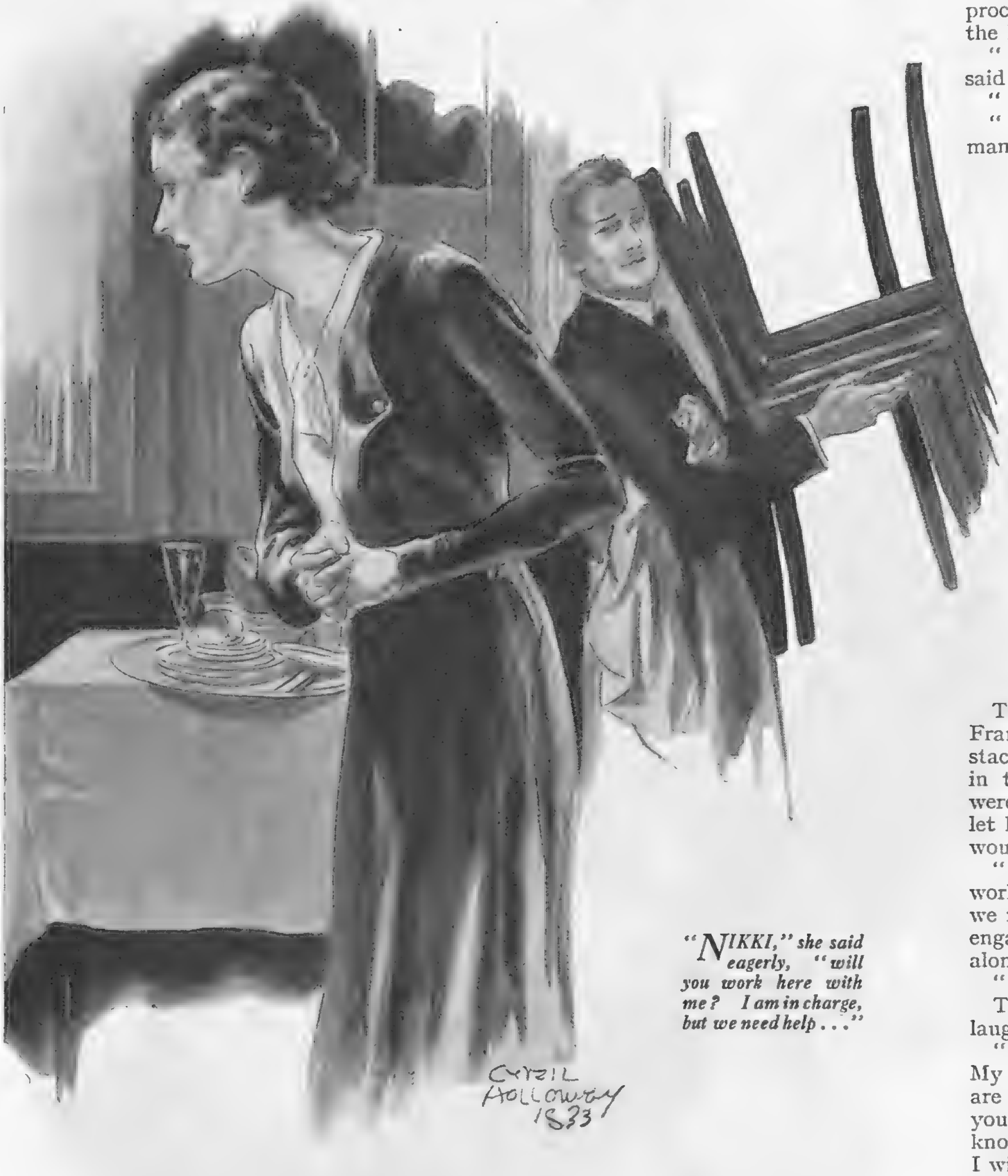
“ So that's it, Nikki ? ”

“ Yes, that's it, Rosa.”

She drummed with her fingers on the coarse linen table-cloth. She could generally solve any problem presented to her in about five seconds, but this one baffled her.

Patronage...”

By *Lady* Troubridge



“*N*IKKI,” *she said eagerly,* “*will you work here with me? I am in charge, but we need help . . .*”

The problem of Nikki's poverty. The problem of his pride. The problem of why these things hurt her so terribly.

For a moment she hesitated. Nikki was so gentle, yet she feared him. It was not an ordinary fear, like she had sometimes of her uncle, when the pain in his bad leg made him rage with impotent fury. Nikki would never rage, he would grow suddenly remote and look at Rosa as if he did not see her. She meant to choose her words carefully, but a gust of painful pity shook her.

“ You *shall* eat,” she said, leaning forward so that only Nikki could hear her. “ My uncle is ill upstairs ; the doctor says he will never be able to work as he used. I am to manage everything. It will be easily arranged. You take the whole dinner next time, my little Nikki.”

But Nikki was staring at her haughtily. “ You mean to cheat your uncle because he is a sick man ? I did not expect you to say these things, Rosa.”

Rosa giggled, unabashed.

“ I could not cheat him if I tried. Franz has to carry the big books up to his bedroom. My uncle puts on his spectacles and looks like a great owl while he draws his finger down the figures. Then he sends for the money and counts it. Oh, he is not easy to cheat, that one ! ”

Nikolas Feodor looked at Rosa very steadily.

The two rooms were thinning, men were shrugging into their overcoats, turning up the collars, nodding to the broad-faced Franz, the Austrian waiter.

“ Then, if no one cheats, who pays ? ” asked the shabby young man of Rosa.

“ I make you a little loan, Nikki.”

He shook his head.

“ Just till the weekly letter comes, with your money in it. You take it, because you are my friend, and you would not hurt me.”

Nikolas swept the room with his glance. Then he, too, bent forward.

“ Rosa, I think that the letter will never come again,” he said in his slow, careful English. “ You remember, I told you there had been a revolution in my country of Slavonia. They have seized the banks, the post office. They scrutinise everything that comes through. No one knows what will happen. They may proclaim a Republic, or they may recall the King, but that is unlikely.”

“ Where is he, this King of yours ? ” said Rosa.

“ No one knows that, Rosa.”

“ Well, wherever he is, he is a stupid man. If he doesn't look after his own affairs they must go wrong. Where would this business be if my uncle and I were to hide ? We have our own troubles. The brokers came once, but I faced them all right ; I found a way out. There is always a way out, Nikki.”

He shook his head. He was getting that funny look in his eyes again. She hardly dared say the thing that was in her mind. Yet, it *had* to be said. Something told Rosa that if Nikki once passed through that glass-topped door and out into the street she would never see him again.

He would starve.

Very slowly, very silently, very proudly. No one would know anything about it till they found him in his room. . . .

No, no, that must not be. Rosa passed a hand across her eyes.

The tables were all empty now. Franz was turning out some of the lights, stacking the chairs together. He passed in to the other room, and the sounds were more distant. Presently he would let himself out of a side door, and Rosa would shut up the place.

“ Nikki,” she said eagerly, “ will you work here with me ? I am in charge, but we need help. My uncle has told me to engage a waiter. Franz cannot manage alone, too many people come.”

“ A waiter ? ” said Nikolas.

The idea seemed to amuse him. He laughed.

“ Franz would show you ; it is not hard. My uncle does not give much, but there are the—the tips, and he will pay for your dress-suit, of course. Oh, Nikki, I know it is not good enough for you, but I will make it so easy.”

He looked at her, considering what she had said. There was little to consider. It was that, or starvation.

“ I'll come,” he said.

Rosa seized his hand and kissed it.

This extraordinary action did not seem to surprise him, though he drew his hand away.

“ Oh, I'm so happy. I feel a little mad ! Dear Nikki, there is only one thing. Have you a little piece of paper we could show my uncle ? Some good friend in your town or village who recommends you. Just a little line to say you are honest, ‘ de confiance.’ A reference, Nikki.”

“ I have no references,” said Nikolas Feodor, “ and no one would give me any. I am,” he said slowly, “ a man under a cloud.”

“ Then,” said Rosa cheerfully, “ I will procure one. I have a friend who will•

write all I ask her, for you. I shall tell her you are my fiancé. What does a lie matter, for a good purpose ? "

" I hate crowds," he said ungratefully. " I like to be unobserved."

" Who notices a waiter, Nikki ? He is the man who brings you what you want."

" That's true, Rosa."

" Then you will come to-morrow ? "

" I will come," he said, " the day after to-morrow. That will give you time to prepare your—your forgery."

" That word does not frighten me at all, Nikki."

She stood up, stretched herself and yawned.

" Nothing frightens me," she said. " Not even my uncle, but I must go to him now."

Nikolas Feodor stood up too. He did not possess an overcoat. His hat lay on the chair beside him. He picked it up. Then he stretched out his hand to her.

" Why do you care what becomes of me, Rosa ? "

She was dumb. She turned her head away.

" Good-night, Rosa."

" Nikki, good-night."

There was a cold rush of air from the street. The door closed behind him.

" But he will come back," said Rosa to herself as she closed it after him.

FRANZ was not happy in his mind.

Things were not as they had been at the " Poulet D'Or," in Monsieur Jacques's active days.

That poor Monsieur Jacques, who never left his room now, but whose sharp eyes seemed as if they longed to peer through the ceiling of the room below to his old haunts, to reassure himself things went well. For Rosa was in full command, and there was really no fault Monsieur Broget could find.

The takings swelled and the money was banked regularly. The " Poulet D'Or " flourished. Franz was not anxious on that score, any more than his patron. His trouble was one that he must keep to himself, unless he wished Miss Rosa to throw him out.

It centred around the new waiter.

Was there ever such a choice ? Why, the man did not know a dish from a plate. He dropped things, he mislaid them, he was slow when he should have been quick, quick when he should have taken his time. He was, in fact, a fool.

His appearance was in his favour. Tall, slight, aristocratic-looking. Franz allowed him all these things, and bitterly he knew they were the reason of his having been engaged.

With a woman in charge it was bound to happen that a fine figure counted more than experience. Yet Franz was surprised. He knew Rosa. She was a shrewd one. Never till now had she let her fancies interfere with business, and here a dull pain knocked at his heart.

He did not deceive himself.

Miss Rosa loved this foreigner, loved him as Franz had always guessed she could love, as, in wild dreams induced by much beer he had fancied she might have loved him, Franz.

That dream was over ; it was the reality which troubled him. What did they know of this Slavonian, from one of those turbulent Balkan countries ?

Slavonia, the most turbulent of them all, so his friend, Stefan Grotz, late footman at the Slavonian Legation, told him over their beer sometimes. The revolution was ended, he said, the Republic in power, but Slavonia was seething with smothered discontent. The left wing was frankly communistic, and the monarchists, harried, driven from place to place, had the secret support of many in the country. Franz shook his head.

To what faction had this fellow belonged, and why had he been skulking here, in London, never looking for a job, living heaven knows how, till Miss Rosa took pity on him ?

Franz thought he knew.

He was one of those anarchists who work everywhere underground. Possibly he was wanted by the police, or lying in wait to accomplish a daring robbery, perhaps even place a bomb.

As Franz dwelt on these things he sweated with fear, till he thought of Stefan Grotz.

He could not give Rosa away to her uncle, his deep loyalty forbade that, but he could consult Stefan, Stefan who knew the wild doings in Slavonia and read their newspapers. Perhaps he could tell him something of this young man.

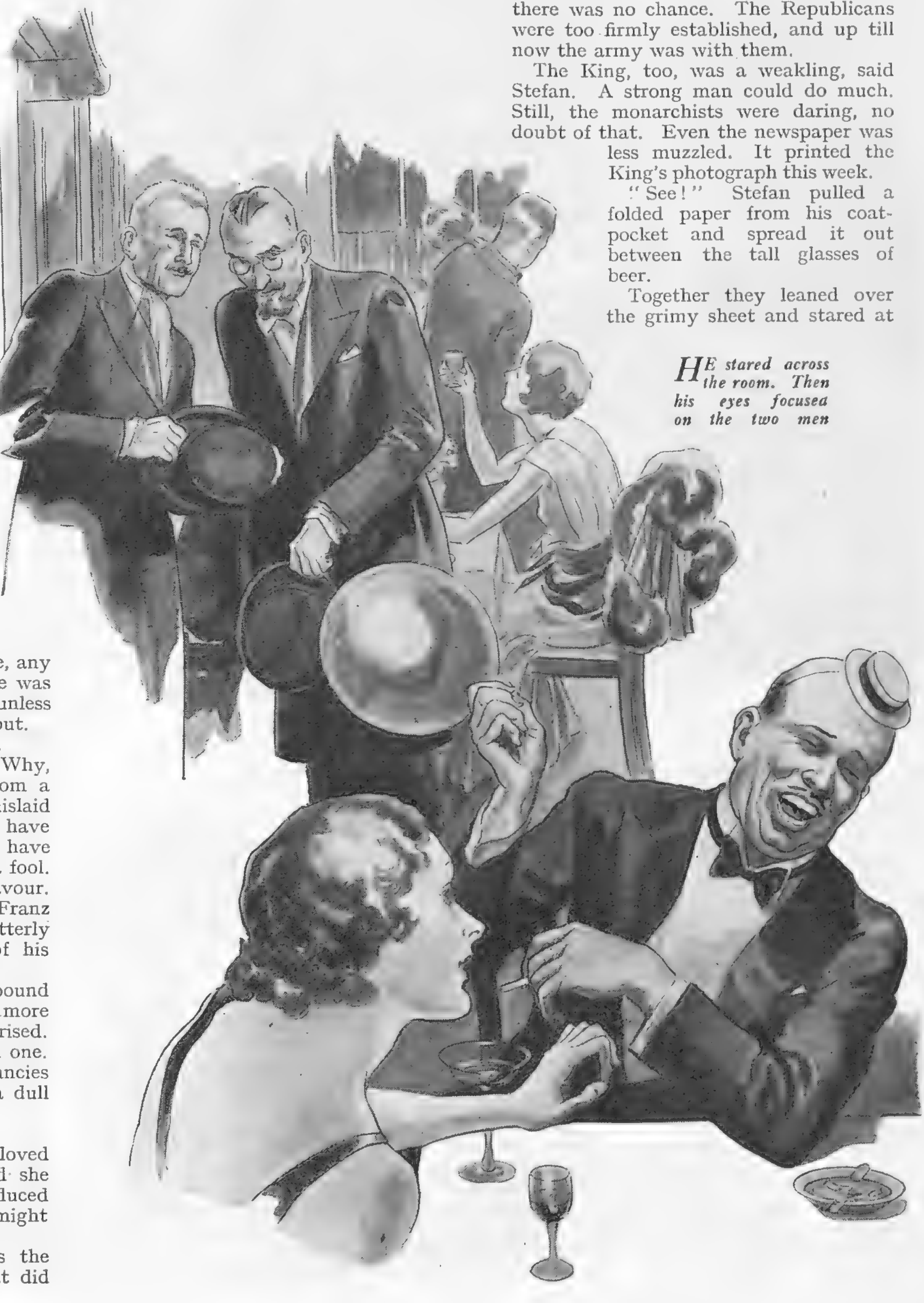
That evening he was free, and he sat with Stefan in the latter's favourite café bar, the Berliner, where the dark Munich beer filled the long glasses before them. And Stefan, led on by Franz, talked of Slavonia.

It looked as if the Republic would have trouble. The monarchists were gaining ground. There was talk of recalling the King, of striking a sudden blow and rousing the country. Stefan only wished it could succeed, but of that there was no chance. The Republicans were too firmly established, and up till now the army was with them.

The King, too, was a weakling, said Stefan. A strong man could do much. Still, the monarchists were daring, no doubt of that. Even the newspaper was less muzzled. It printed the King's photograph this week.

" See ! " Stefan pulled a folded paper from his coat-pocket and spread it out between the tall glasses of beer.

Together they leaned over the grimy sheet and stared at



HE stared across the room. Then his eyes focused on the two men the printed photograph of the man who, since he had not abdicated, was still King of Slavonia.

A young man in an elaborate uniform, with a long face, a flexible mouth and melancholy, heavy lidded eyes.

It was the same photograph at which they looked, but while Stefan saw Nikolas Feodor Anton of Menningen Alsburg, King of Slavonia, Franz looked into the face of Nikki, the new waiter at the "Poulet D'Or." Incredibly, his question was answered.

He glanced round him carefully, laid his hand on the arm of his old friend and began to talk to him in a hushed voice.

"NIKKI," said Rosa, "are you happy ?"

Her voice was soft, yet firm. They were together in the little back sitting-room in which there was seldom time to sit, even for a moment, but Nikolas slept in the house now he was not obliged to hurry away.

Nikolas was in the big armchair, smoking one of the Russian cigarettes with which Rosa had presented him.

He was less thin, though still lean enough, and the expression in his eyes was less remote. He looked tired, but alert.

"Happiness is a big word," he said. "I am content."

"I am glad, oh, so glad, Nikki, for I have so much to say, and it is no use to say it if you are not content."

She pulled a low stool close to him and sat so that she could look up at him, with her hands clasped on the arm of his chair.

Over her head Nikolas stared at the room. It was quiet and snug and safe, a strange little backwater in the roaring river of life. He laid his long hand on her clasped ones.

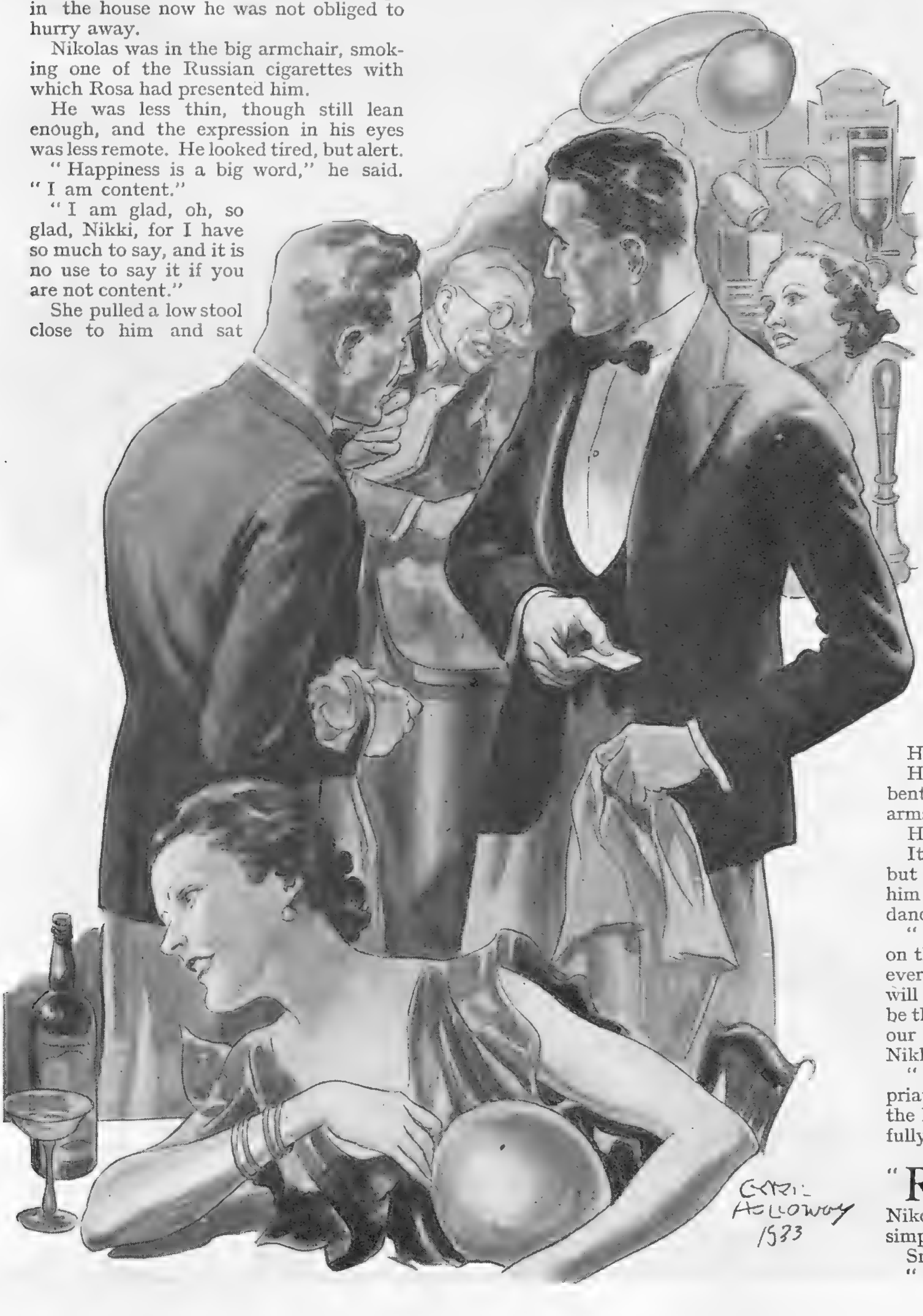
"What do you wish to say, Rosa ?"

"The doctor has been to see my uncle. He is to be moved, to live in the country with his old sister, my aunt. He will retire, and I shall take his place. I shall make changes, improvements. My uncle is willing for all this. He will hand me over my dot, on one condition, that I find a good husband, and, oh, Nikki, I have found him !"

The long hand lying on her own moved away. He looked surprised, a little sad.

"You are going to be married, Rosa ?"

She captured his hand again, laid her cheek upon it.



"Yes, Nikki—to you."

Again Nikolas looked over her head, and the walls of the room in which he sat changed. He was in quite another room, gilded, tapestried, and old. He heard his own voice speaking, saying, "Then you will marry me, Olga ?" and a girl's voice answering, "Yes, Nikolas, I will marry you."

But that was in another world. A vast, terrible world where dangers threatened you at every turn; a world of dangers and delights and the glory that goes with these things.

A world where you had to think, and plan, and be wary, where you could not trust many people, and could only love where you were allowed to love. A world where you had to meet sudden emergencies, and call on reserves of strength which perhaps were not there . . .

You might be happy in that world, if you were fitted for it; you could never be at peace.

In this strange little out-of-the-way corner, there was peace. Peace, and love.

The kind of love which adores and protects, which kneels and shelters. The love a tired man needs. To marry Rosa. To live here for ever. Absurd, unthinkable—yet pleasant. No more dream-haunted nights and days of ghastly loneliness . . .

But there was Rosa to be thought of, Rosa, who just took him on trust, in utter ignorance.

"But you know nothing about me, Rosa."

"I will never marry anyone but you, Nikki. If you refuse me, I will die as I am . . . I need you terribly, and oh, Nikki, my poor Nikki, you need me."

"But, Rosa, I am . . ."

The words died on his lips. They were too ridiculous, too incongruous, to say here, in this room, to this girl. How could he say :

"Rosa, I am a King—hunted, hated, threatened, but still a King."

He could not say it.

He said nothing, but his dark head bent over Rosa till it was easy for her arms to clasp his neck.

He kissed her gently.

It was not exactly a lover's kiss, but it transported Rosa. She kissed him on both cheeks, and sprang up to dance round the room.

"Oh, Nikki, I'm so happy, I'm not on the ground at all ! We will change everything, repaint, repaper. We will change even the name. It shall be the "Couronne D'Or," the crown of our happiness. Is it not appropriate, Nikki ?"

"A crown . . . ? Very appropriate, my little Rosa," said Nikolas the Fourth, King of Slavonia, thoughtfully.

"ROSA, examine this bill. I cannot make the figures come right." Nikolas furrowed his brow over the simple addition.

Smiling, Rosa took it from him.

"Count (*Continued on page* 128)

International

A SCENE from the German film "Kuhle Wampe." This picture deals with all kinds of sport, and the theme of it is "Conquer at all costs"

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a dreadful thing happened in international sport. At the Olympic Games at the White City Lieut. Hallswell, of the Royal Navy, was bored by an American in the 800 metres. One had to go back to the Prince of Wales's intervention over Venezuela, a dozen years earlier, for a parallel to the bitterness in Anglo-American relations that ensued. "If this," said the detached ones, "is what international rivalry in sport is going to lead to, better that it should be cut short right away."

Sport between the nations was not cut short; rather did it steadily extend. Came the War break. And after. All the time the rhythm of international endeavour grew and grew. There were "incidents." Perhaps not such acid flare-ups as the case of 1908—nevertheless revived voices were heard suggesting that, really, if these affairs led to such bad blood, hadn't they better, etc. Yet these new voices were isolated and soon lost, even as were the incidents. These hardly lingered. One turned to future contest gladly enough after each fresh regrettableness. After all, it was only sport, only a game. Mustn't take things too seriously! One turned to future contest essentially unaware of any connecting link or refrain running through these gone incidents, unroused to anything new, strange, altering, transforming, in the international sporting air. Probably there wasn't anything: only something as yet invisible, in gestation.

There is a German film called *Kuhle Wampe*: I saw it in Berlin. It is about a cool and pleasant colony of demi-employed ten miles off. But, starting from hutments by a lakeside, green and lush retreat of the senses, the colony in the climax has monstrously swelled into a seething hub of juvenile Berlin "sportifs" (to use the just French term), sportifs of both sexes revelling in fitness and nature who pursue before your eyes rowing, swimming, running, wrestling, football, tennis—anything, everything that's going, but with a fevered wroughtness, an ecstatic eye, a wild breast-heaving which demanded some swelling, resounding orchestration. It came. It came mightily, almost frighteningly, from the courageous new world ahead.

SIEGEN! CONQUER!

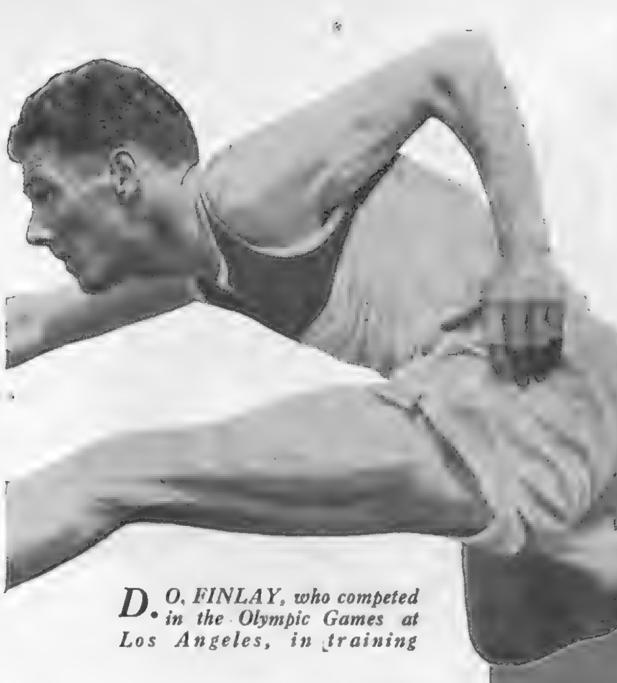
Muscle and beauty, arm-linked, thrilled to the marrow, roared and roared that song of SIEGEN, that lung-filling anthem of surhuman striving to be first. Conquer at all costs! Make it your life, give your life's blood, to—CONQUER!

Finally, all tumbled off back to Berlin together, thousands of them, still roaring "SIEGEN!" Down the underground they swarmed; one would

JARDINE, captain of the English team, batting

LEG-Theory

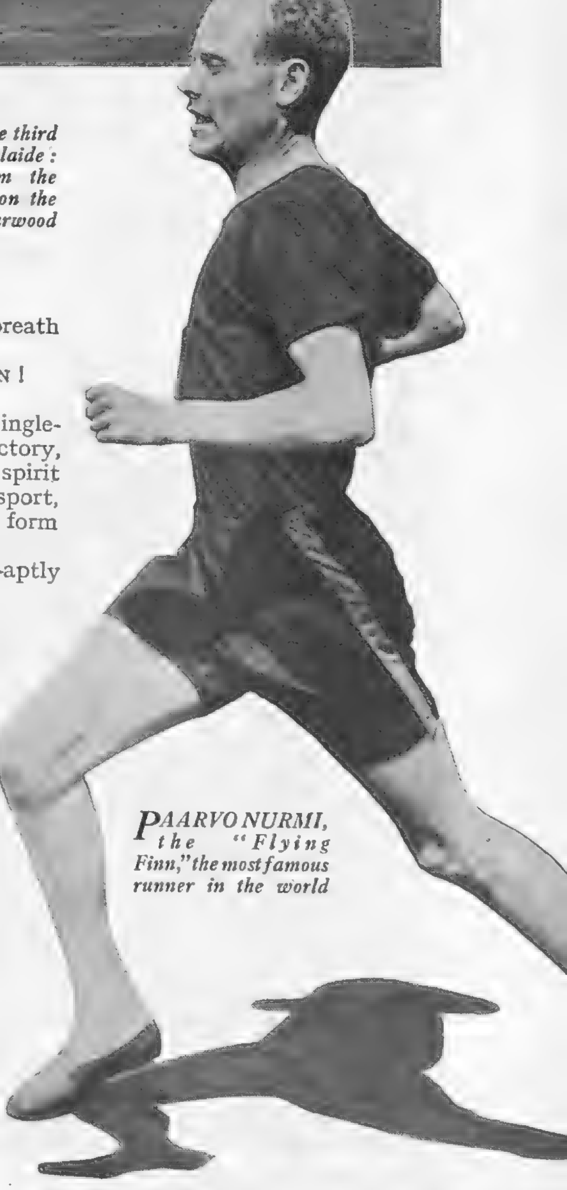
By Ferdinand Tuohy



D. O. FINLAY, who competed in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles, in training

GETTING fit in the open air: Members of a French physical culture club near Paris doing their daily dozen

AN incident from the third Test match at Adelaide: Oldfield staggers from the wicket after being hit on the head by a ball from Larwood



PAARVO NURMI, the "Flying Finn," the most famous runner in the world

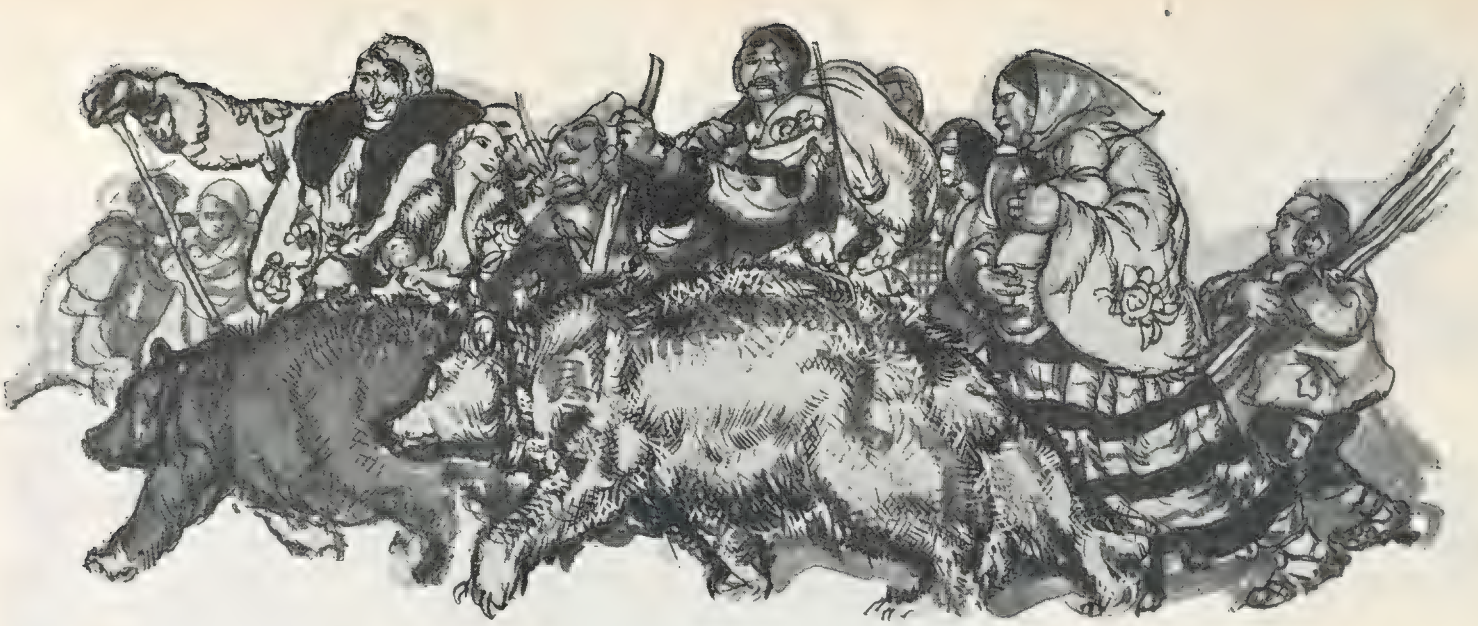
have said nigh transfixed, roaring it. For them that was sport. (Perhaps life itself—certainly the future of Germany.) CONQUER! The victory's the thing. And that alone. There was an earnestness, a giving-of-all, about that curtain which sent one rather startlingly back to the playing fields one had idly dodged in dulcet Edwardian days.

Since *Kuhle Wampe* something rather more concrete has happened to illumine the new sporting gospel that has o'ertaken us. Jardine has won the Ashes. Soon he'll be back in England with the apocryphal things. But why, why did they burn, blaze up so after nearly fifty years? Why did the cables tingle under half the seven seas with hasty unfriendliness; why was there an explosion between two of the Commonwealth calling almost for Geneva intervention; what happened to the flannelled fools that Englishmen were called unsportsmanlike by their own blood-brethren; and in this of all quiet and polished games, exclusive to the race, what transpired that the relations of two members of the British Empire became impaired by the flinging of a five-ounce piece of leather; that boos displaced applause; that high Government officials had to be approached with a view to soothing matters; that in countless homes a new Imperial mix-up came to be debated far more ardently than the one next door in Erin; that Down-Under such anti-English feeling fumed as must have warmed the heart of a certain prelate; that such as the Aussies, they who were reserved as spearhead of the crash-through which spelt Ludendorff's end, came to be mentioned in the same breath as the word "funk"?

I think you have your answer: SIEGEN!

JARDINE did just that; with a grim single-mindedness, oblivious to all else save victory, which is wholly symptomatic of the new spirit that has come over nearly all forms of sport, that, in fact, is fast promoting a veritable form of international leg-theory.

Of the ill-omened Test matches—aptly dubbed by Tom Webster "Pest Matches"—all has been said save the verdict. Plainly leg-theory should go. Plainly it is a rotten influence. Plainly the batsman is caught idiotically, hurt, or bowled by an almost blue-print trap that also robs cricket considerably of its style, relish. Plainly bodily self-defence enters inadmissibly into body-line bowling. Plainly leg-theory should go. But will it? That is not at all so sure. You see, it wins matches. And what we have got to realise is this: that a profound change is coming over the English attitude to sport of all kinds. Too long we've been told we took things too easily. We are going professional, if not yet in open pocket, in open mind. We say we taught the world to play. Following up, the Americans have since then taught the world to win, and we, at long last, are falling for that rearing of sport upon high as a piece of grim earnestness. (*Continued on p. 122*)



TAMAR

The *Strange* Story of a *Gipsy* Girl and the *Prince* of Darkness

By Lady Eleanor Smith

TAMAR, the gipsy, was left alone in the camping-place. This was by her own desire; had she wished she could have accompanied members of her tribe, who were known as the Bear People, to the Christmas fair held in a village not ten miles distant from the camp. But she had not wished; she was in a bad mood, and preferred to brood in solitude. She had watched the others depart with their huge lumbering Carpathian bears, their tambourines, their violins and guitars, and the sleepy pythons that they would afterwards charm in the market-place while the peasants stood by to gape in awe. They had gone trailing away down the hill, singing and whooping and fiddling, their ragged rainbow clothes very bright against the snow that lay spread white and smooth as icing sugar.

It was bitterly cold in the camp. There the snow had been heaped into a sheltering wall; it was frozen and looked like thick green glass. The tents and wagons were huddled together to form a barrier, but the wind whistled between them, and the donkeys stood about dejectedly, with hanging heads. Behind the tents, hollowed like a low tunnel into a huge flank of rock, was hidden a cave, the dwelling-place of the Bar, or chief of the tribe. This cave was empty, since the chief had gone with his bear and his entire family to the *fiesta*, and Tamar had every intention of sleeping inside it.

She stood for an instant near her tent, scowling at the bleak and desolate scene around her. The ravine was a sheet of ice; the mountains lay buried deep in snow and against a sky like hard blue steel a grove of black fir trees appeared more sinister than a group of witches. Far away in the mountains a wolf howled faintly and the donkeys pricked their ears, suddenly nervous. And then the east wind struck the ravine like a sword of ice, and the gipsy, shrugging her shoulders in disgust, went inside the cave.

In the darkness burned a crimson glow of fire, and, groping, she found a candle, which she lit, then knelt to warm her hands. It was still dark, and she did not hesitate to light another candle. Then she stood up and looked around her, contemptuous, her arms folded. The cave was big and roomy. She noticed a heap of firewood piled on the hearth, near to the kettle and pot; on the floor were spread blankets and cured skins and soft rugs. In a corner she observed, with some satisfaction, a basket of bottles containing *swika*, a fiery spirit of which she was exceedingly fond. And from the ceiling hung a fine ham. She smiled; she could make herself comfortable for one night in the Bar's cave, and before dawn she would be on the road for Braila. She was tired to death of the Bear People, and in Braila there was a café where she could dance whenever she pleased, for the proprietor of the café was in love with her.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier R.O.I.

She rolled herself a cigarette, sat down cross-legged before the fire, and began to tell her fortune with a pack of greasy cards produced from the pocket of her dress. The first card shuffled was the King of Spades.

THE gipsy was a young woman of not more than twenty, but she appeared at least ten years older. She would have seemed handsome had she been less sullen. She was as tawny as a tigress, with coal-black hair that hung in snaky locks about her face and brilliant, oblique, wicked eyes. She wore baggy Turkish trousers of raspberry-pink, a yellow sash, and a ragged Roumanian bodice that left her bosom half-naked. She wore silver rings on all her fingers, gold coins in her ears, and gilt anklets. She was barbaric, insolent, and gaunt. She cared for no one, and submitted to no laws, not even to those laws imposed by the chief of her tribe. Whenever she quarrelled with him, which was often, she tramped away from the Bear People to Braila or Kustendje or Galatz or Jassy, and remained away sometimes for many months. No one knew what she did or how she lived during these periods, but it was considered probable that on more than one occasion she had found herself in gaol.

When she wished she was expert both at telling fortunes and at dancing the wild, wicked, leaping *tanana* of the Roumanian gipsy people, but if she did not feel inclined for sorcery or for dancing she would remain obstinately idle. Therefore she was more often poor than prosperous.

But every day she told her own fortune.

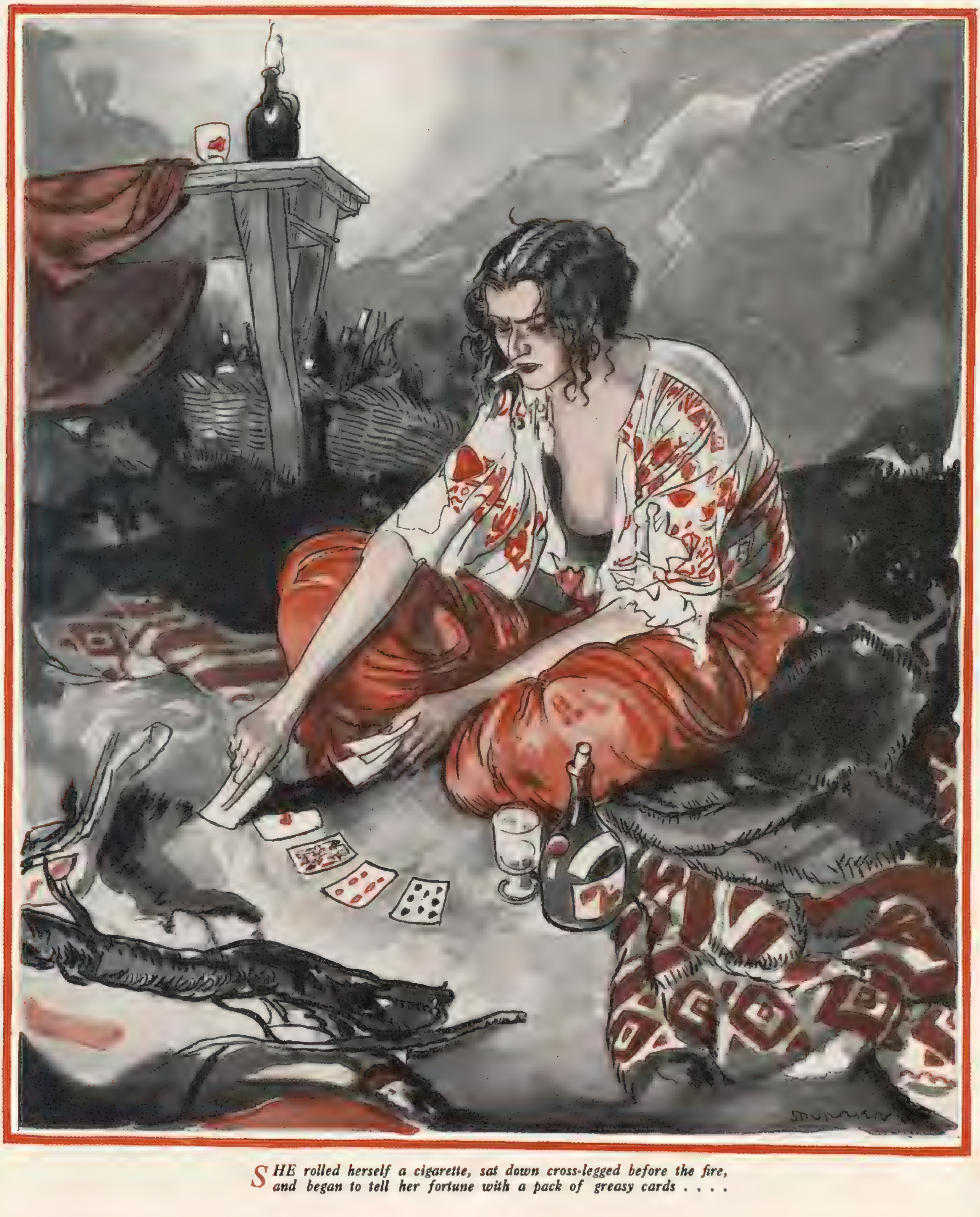
Squatting before the fire, absorbed, reflective, she now considered the King of Spades. He had appeared during the last few days with a strange significance in her *dukkeripen*, or fortune, and she had as yet no idea what part he was destined to play in her life. That he was a lover seemed improbable. A lover was usually represented by the King of Hearts. No. The King of Spades, she thought resentfully, was far more likely to appear to her in the guise of a spying, insolent policeman, or some revengeful farmer determined to punish her for having filched away his wife's savings.

" What do I care ? " she thought, but her ill humour increased, and she spat at the image of the King of Spades.

She then decided, for it was still bitterly cold in the cave, to refresh herself at the Bar's expense. It is uncommon for gipsies to thieve from other gipsies, but Tamar did so whenever she felt inclined. She went across to the farthest corner of the cave, opened a bottle, and poured herself out a glass of *swika*. The drink ran down her throat like fire.

" That's better."

She wiped her mouth with her hand, and was about to put down the glass when suddenly she started, stood for a moment as though transfixed, then slipped away like a ghost into the shadows by the entrance of the cave. Outside she had heard something move ; for a moment she



SHE rolled herself a cigarette, sat down cross-legged before the fire, and began to tell her fortune with a pack of greasy cards . . . .

was not quite sure, and then, as she listened, she became perfectly sure. What she had heard was the crunch of footsteps on the frozen ground outside. Someone was approaching the cave.

"Why don't the dogs bark?" she wondered, and then one of them howled, and she was still uncertain. The visitor could be nobody they knew, no gipsy, that is, and yet they were strangely apathetic. She crept closer, peering forth unseen. Outside the cave, very dark against the snow-blanched desolation of the ravine, stood the figure of a man. She had never seen this man before; he was no doubt the King of Spades. He called out:

"Is there anybody there?"

She did not hesitate. This was no policeman, no stupid, furious peasant. She strolled slowly forward, arms akimbo, flaunting herself, insolent and assured, typical daughter of Egypt.

"What do you want?"

"I am cold," he said, "and lost in the mountains. Can I take shelter?"

She lit a cigarette, looking him up and down, puffing the smoke into his face. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes. You can come in."

He followed her towards the fire, and she noticed that he limped.

"A fine night," she said, "for a lame man to lose himself in the mountains."

"A fine night," he agreed, adding "but a confoundedly cold one."

The gipsy flung some more wood on the fire. As the flames blazed up she glanced curiously at the stranger. He was tall, and was wrapped in a dark cape. He was young, with a white, beautiful face, a vivid mouth that looked as though it had been painted, and eyes that seemed immense and black, perhaps because they were so deeply shadowed. His face was like a mask; he was unlike any man she had ever before seen.

"You have been telling your fortune?" and he looked at the cards scattered on the floor.

"Yes." And she laughed. "*You* are in my fortune. You are the King of Spades."

"I know," said he, and sighed.

"Are you going to drink with me?" asked the gipsy.

"I don't drink," said the stranger.

"Then you miss more than you know," she retorted. She poured out a glass of *swika*.

"You were lucky," she said when she had finished drinking, "to find this encampment. More lucky than you know."

"But I was looking for you," said the stranger.

She became immediately suspicious; her eyes narrowed and grew watchful, like the eyes of a snake. She told him positively:

"I have never seen you before."

"But I have seen you," he said gently, almost in a deprecating tone of voice.

"Where?"

"Many times, in many different places."

"That's a lie," the gipsy said roughly.

The stranger was silent.

"Well?" she challenged him.

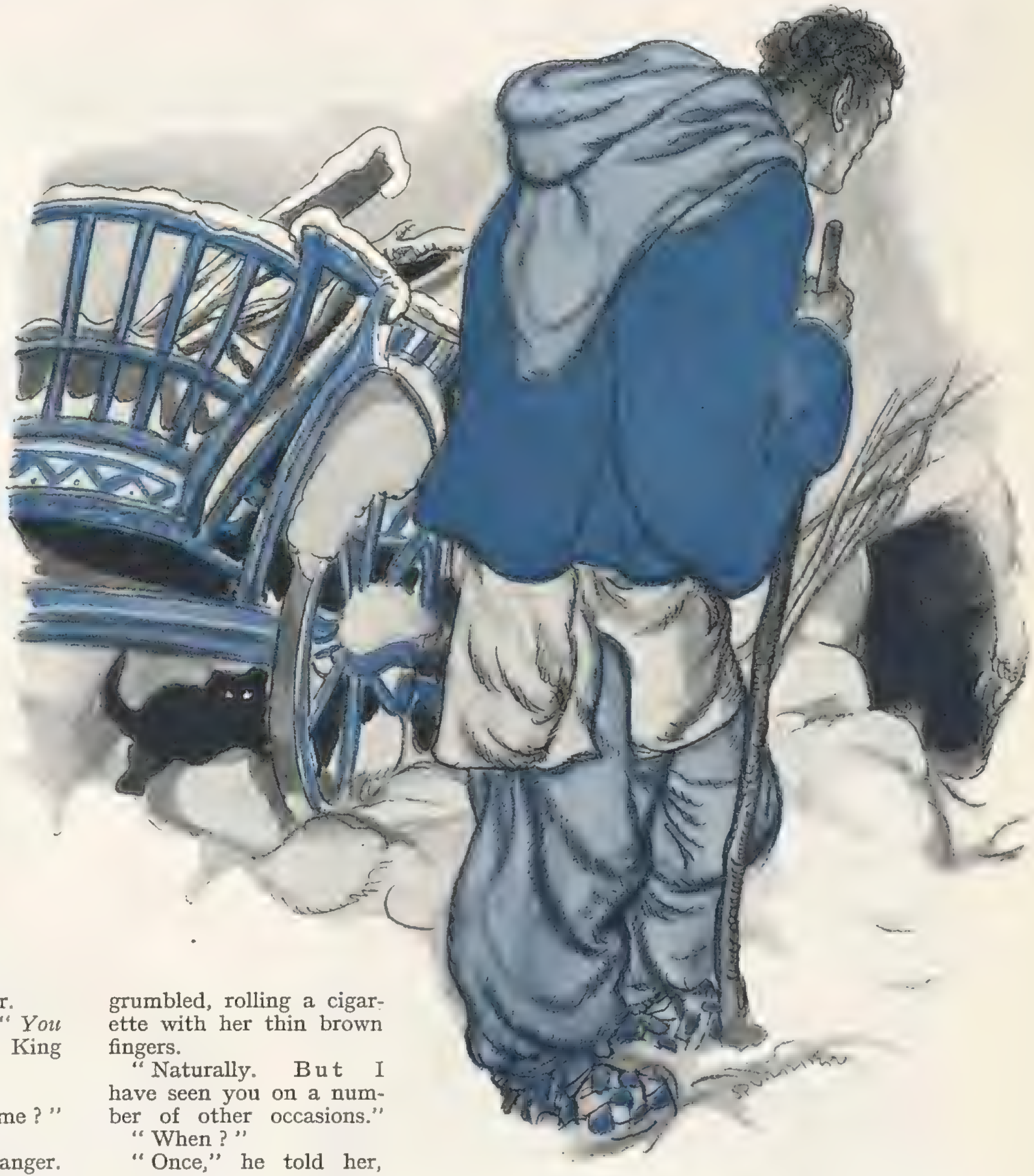
"The last time, if you really want to know," he confided, "was in Jassy, where you were telling fortunes and picking pockets. You stole, that evening, if I remember aright, two purses, three watches, a gold cigarette-case, and a five-hundred *lei* banknote."

"You're a police spy," she cried, her voice shaking with anger.

"No. Only an observer."

There was a pause.

"One must live," the gipsy at length grumbled, rolling a cigarette with her thin brown fingers.



"Naturally. But I have seen you on a number of other occasions."

"When?"

"Once," he told her, "was in Galatz. Outside a church, just before dawn. There was a man with you who loved you. You made him break into the church and steal for you an ikon of gold, studded with precious stones. You sold the ikon the next day to a Jew, but your lover was put in prison. I expect that he is still in prison."

"He was not my lover!" she protested furiously. "I'm a gipsy—do you suppose I mix with *gajo* men?"

The stranger shrugged his shoulders.

"What about the young officer you used to drive with in Bucharest? Do you remember—the one who always filled your carriage with flowers? The one you drugged one evening—and robbed. Have you forgotten him?"

"I had," she said sulkily. "How do you know all this?"

"I know much more," he told her, smiling. "I know, for instance, that you were never faithful to your gipsy husband."

"My *rom*? What do you mean? He's dead, my *rom*."

"Yes, he was hanged at Braila, wasn't he, for stabbing another man in the back. The man he stabbed was your lover, and it was you who screamed for the police. But when the police came you were gone. You hid yourself in the forest, then, for months. Until your child was born."

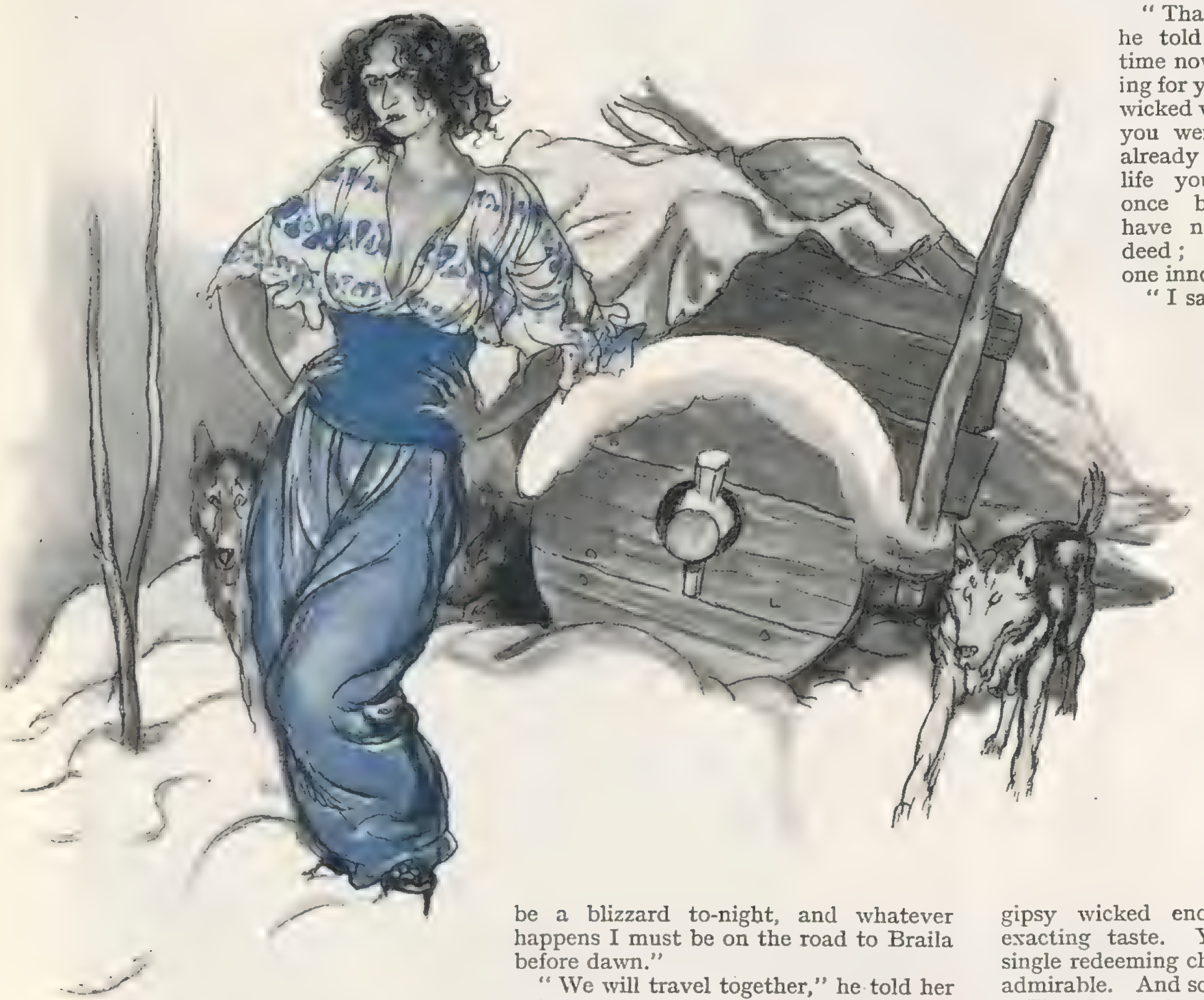
The gipsy's face turned grey beneath its olive tan. Her cigarette fell from her fingers.

"Oh I know all about that," the stranger informed her easily. "You abandoned the child, which is now dead, and went as wet-nurse to the family of a great Boyar in Transylvania. You put a spell about the Boyar so that he could not forget you. He gave you his wife's jewels and then cut his throat because of your cruelty. You ran away, but that time you were caught, the jewels were taken from you, and you went to prison. When you came out you had no money, and so you sold yourself, in the streets. And then a man became too fond of you. You grew tired of him, and you gave him gipsy poison. When he was dying, he still cried out for you. But you were far away, and very drunk, dancing the *tanana* for some young officers in a café not far from Bucharest."

The gipsy pulled herself together and tried to smile.

She said, defiantly:

"All those matters, my fine gentleman, are what we call 'affairs of Egypt,' and as such don't concern you at all. You have found out, somehow, things that are not good for you to know. You had better go, before I turn you out."



THIS was no policeman, no stupid, furious peasant. She strolled slowly forward, arms akimbo, flaunting herself, insolent and assured, typical daughter of Egypt

But the stranger drew nearer, and thrust the white beautiful mask of his face close to hers.

"You can't," he said, "be rid of me so easily. I told you just now that I came here in search of you. Now that I have found you, do you really suppose that I shall let you go?"

The gipsy, who had very frequently had occasion to find herself in more desperate situations, remained perfectly silent and composed. But her mind worked quickly. She was alone with one who knew all her dark and shameful secrets, one as sinister as he was beautiful. She thought that he must hate her and had come to kill her, and yet of this she was not sure, for the Ace of Spades had not appeared in her fortune, and the Ace of Spades, not the King, meant death. Perhaps, then, since she was not to die herself, she was destined to kill her companion before the night was over. She threw away her cigarette.

"Let me tell your fortune?" she suggested in a wheedling tone of voice.

He laughed.

"What use would that be? I know my fortune, and yours too. They are bound together."

"Who says so?"

"The Fates say so."

"Listen to the wind!" she cried suddenly, and shivered; "there will be a blizzard to-night, and whatever happens I must be on the road to Braila before dawn."

"We will travel together," he told her calmly.

"Not I," she retorted. "I don't saddle myself with cripples when I must travel fast."

She glanced at him suddenly, curiously.

"Why are you lame? What's the matter with your feet?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing much. A slight malformation. It's no handicap to me."

At that moment a terrible thought occurred to the gipsy, and she shuddered once more, although she was now crouched close to the fire.

"Who are you?" she cried suddenly.

He laughed.

"I thought you had guessed," he said. "I am the Devil, my dear."

She trembled once more, but she said, trying to laugh:

"The Devil's old and ugly. I should know him anywhere. You aren't the Devil."

"The Devil is a fallen angel, don't forget that. Angels are beautiful, even when they are fallen."

Fascinated, the gipsy held a candle above her head and stared at her companion as though for the first time. His hair was coal-black and curled thickly; the denseness of the curls could not altogether conceal the sprouting of two hard-looking conical lumps that gave to him rather the air of a dissipated faun. He was the Devil; she could see his horns. He watched her ironically.

"Are you convinced, or would you care to see my cloven feet?"

She shook her head.

"No. You are certainly the Devil."

And quite suddenly her angry terror left her; she merely felt dejected and indifferent to her danger.

"What do you want of me?" she asked.

"That's easily explained," he told her. "For a long time now I have been searching for you. You are the most wicked woman I know. When you were a child you were already corrupt. In all your life your heart has never once been touched; you have never done one kind deed; you have never had one innocent thought."

"I said, what do you want of me?"

"Hell," explained the Devil, "is incomplete without your presence, and I have come for you. I shall marry you. I have always wanted a wife."

"Have you known me a long time?" the gipsy enquired.

"Yes, a very long time," replied the Devil. "I have followed you everywhere and been near to you more often than you know. I have always realised that the queen of Hell would probably be a gipsy, but I assure you that you are the only existing gipsy wicked enough to satisfy my exacting taste. You are without one single redeeming characteristic. You are admirable. And so I have come for you."

The gipsy got up from the floor. Her bangles tinkled as she walked across to the farthest corner of the cave.

"What are you looking for?" he asked her.

"The *swika*," she replied over her shoulder. "After what you have told me don't you imagine I have need of a drink?"

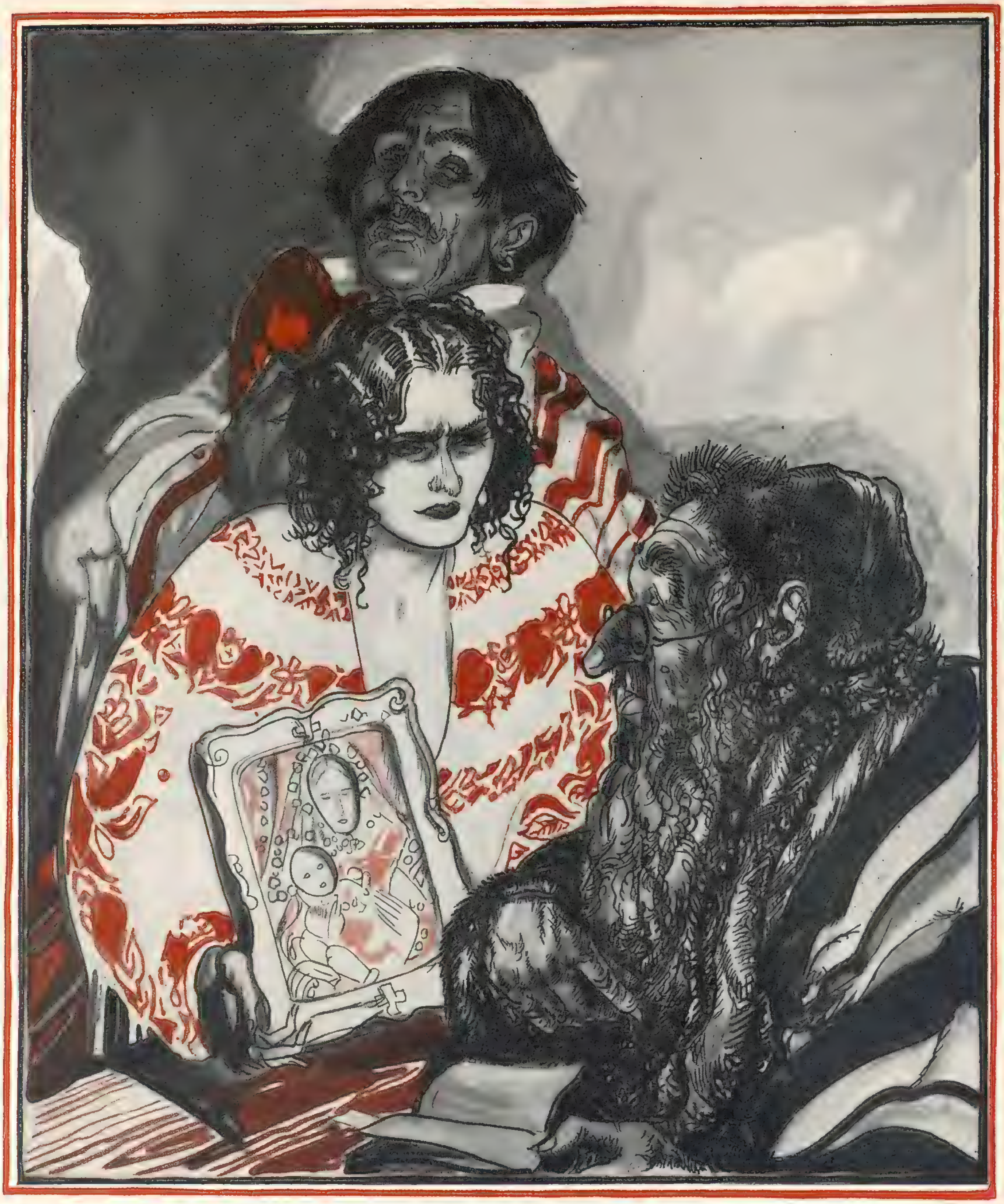
She returned with a new bottle and two clean glasses.

"It's a pity, isn't it," observed the Devil agreeably, "that drink should be one of the few pleasures which hold for me no temptation whatsoever?"

"A great pity," she agreed, but all the same she filled two brimming glasses, and a curious insinuating smile curled her lips as she looked across at her companion.

"Tell me about Hell," she entreated.

"You will soon see it for yourself," the Devil replied. "There are some beautiful women there, but their names would mean nothing to you, and you are more interesting than any of them, so let us not waste time talking about such matters."



"*YOU sold the ikon the next day to a Jew, but your lover was put in prison*"

"Very well, as you wish," agreed the gipsy.

She remained intent upon her glass for a moment, and then suddenly asked in a humble tone of voice:

"Will you do me a favour?"

"Perhaps," replied the Devil cautiously. "What is it?"

"Oh, nothing of any importance . . only, you must understand that it is not every day the Fiend comes for one . . . it is something of an occasion, something that will only happen once in the life of a poor gipsy like myself . . ."

"Well?"

The Devil's voice seemed to have grown harder.

"It's nothing of importance," repeated the gipsy, smiling upon him and still speaking in a cajoling voice, "but at the same time something that would give me great pleasure. . . Prince, I know you do not drink, but I ask you as a favour to raise your glass just once, to wish your bride good fortune. If you are taking me to Hell with you, you can do no less than grant that one small request."

The Devil appeared to consider.

"One toast in Romany," begged the gipsy, insinuatingly. She glided closer, offering him the glass. Her great eyes, fixed full upon him, seemed to blaze with an unholy light, brighter even than his own. They were like cat's eyes, in the darkness of the cave.

The Devil felt quite at home, and smiled back at her, showing his teeth.

"Please . ." whispered the gipsy, pressing the glass against his hand. Her eyes became suddenly cozening and innocent, like the eyes of a very young girl.

"You are more wicked even than I thought," said the Devil softly.

"Then that should enchant you! Please will you drink to me?"

The Devil burst out laughing.

"Very well! To please my future wife! Give me the glass."

She handed it to him.

"To the bride of Satan," said he, draining it off.

"*Aukka tu pios adrey Romanĕs,*" replied the gipsy dreamily, in her own language. She smiled at him again.

The Devil made a wry face and threw his glass away. It crashed to pieces against the wall.

"Your *swika* is very bad," he observed.

"It's not mine," the gipsy answered indifferently, "the *swika* I drink is always paid for by others."

"And very strong," the Devil added, still grimacing.

She laughed.

"That's as it should be."

She stretched out her hand to pick up a guitar that was lying near the fireplace.

"As a reward for having drunk my health," she said, "I'll play you a gipsy song."

The Devil had risen slowly to his feet and now stood facing her, his face pale as death itself in the dusky glow of the firelight. He opened his mouth to speak, but she at once began to strum the guitar. She burst out laughing.

"Here's a song for you, my gipsy husband, my dear husband, my beautiful husband from Hell . . ."

And she chanted:

Two horns has my Ro;
Two hoofs for prancing;
I gave him drao
To set him dancing . . .

The Devil seemed to stagger, as though he had stumbled in his lameness, and he flung his hand against the wall to steady himself, and cried out gasping:

"*Drao?* What do you mean? What have you given me?"

The gipsy laughed so much that she almost dropped her guitar.

"Oh, my poor husband! You are not so clever as I thought! How can you expect to marry a gipsy woman when you don't know what *drao* means? . . . Yes, I've given you *drao*, Prince, and *drao* is gipsy poison that will gripe your entrails until I'm far away from you—far away on the road to Braila!"

And she continued to laugh immoderately, while the Devil, cursing, fell upon his knees before her to writhe and groan as though he were himself suffering the torments of those damned spirits he ruled in his own kingdom. She picked up a candle the better to observe him and saw with delight that the white mask of his face was distorted now, no longer beautiful, but frankly hideous in its agony. He had ceased to look like Lucifer, the fallen angel, and was now the Fiend, most frightful to behold.

Yet the gipsy, when she had once recovered from her mirth, appeared more inquisitive than terrified. She bent over her companion with an air of the greatest interest, clapped her hands, as though well pleased with her ruse, and poured herself out another glass of *swika*.

The Romany *drao*, a coarse white powder contained in a tiny bag of leather, she replaced at once in the pocket of her dress. There was plenty left for another time, and she was a woman of frugal habits wherever her own possessions were concerned. She was by this time a little drunk, and she once more began to play the guitar. Her voice rang out, wild and strange, amid the deepest shadows of the cave:

Two horns has my Ro;
Two hoofs for prancing;
I gave him drao
To set him dancing . . .

The guitar, throbbing beneath her fingers, seemed to chuckle with an impish glee.

"Do you hear what I said to you, my dear husband? I told you to dance."

And she continued to sing, with a false and mocking tenderness:

Dance, then, my chavĕ,
Thy limbs are lazy!
Dilo, dilo, the world's gone crazy!

She threw away her guitar and advanced once more to examine the writhing, semi-conscious form of her companion.

"The world has indeed gone crazy," she jeered, "when the Prince of Darkness allows himself to be outwitted by a poor strolling gipsy with scarcely a rag to her back! Yes, Prince, you were right to call me the most wicked woman in the world. I am so wicked that I can even make a fool of the Devil himself. Another time beware of me and of my spells!"

The Devil groaned, but the gipsy had turned her head towards the mouth of the cave, through which a pale shaft of light crept like a ghost to glimmer faintly upon her bangles and her sequins.

"Ah-ha!" she cried, "the dawn at last! Farewell, Prince, until our next meeting—in a few hours from now you will no doubt have recovered from my *drao* . . ."

She picked up her bundle from the ground and laughed once more, dragging it behind her, shaking her wild locks over her eyes.

"Farewell," she called again, "I leave you my cave and my *swika*—at least let us call them mine—but not my soul, for, between you and me, I don't believe that I possess such a thing."

And without one backward glance she walked out of the cave and down the snowy hillside, past the tents and the wagons, until she found herself upon the frozen road. And then she slung her bundle over her shoulder, and began to stride out swiftly, for she was in a hurry to reach Braila before dusk.

As she walked she occasionally laughed out loud, and hummed once more the words of her song:

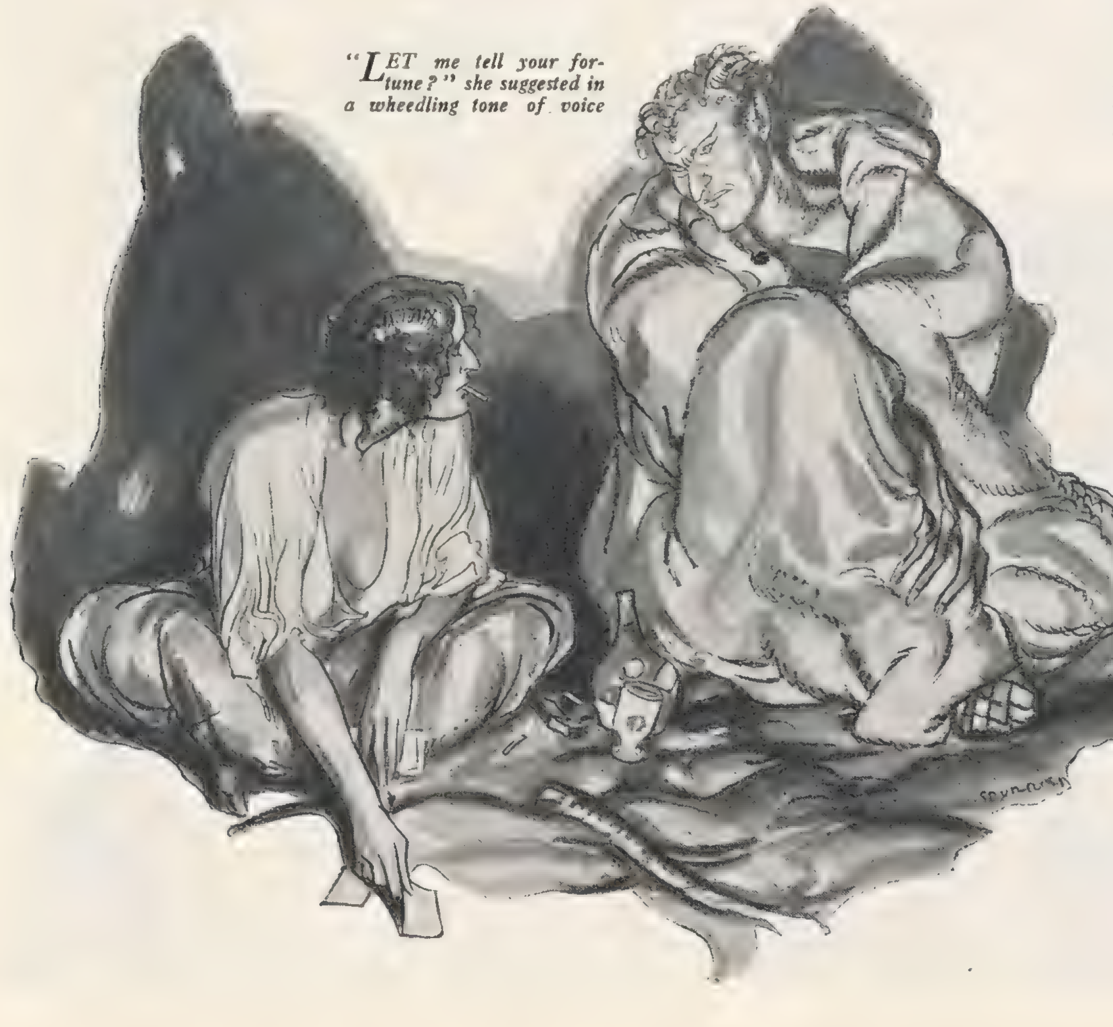
Two horns has my Ro;
Two hoofs for prancing . . .

"It seems to me," she reflected, "that men can always be deceived by the gipsies—yes, all men, even the Devil himself . . . What a fool he is, to be sure!"

She increased her pace, gliding like a bright shadow along the frost-blanched mountain road, and when peasants passed her, on their way to the next village, they drew back fearfully and crossed themselves. It was not the wildness of her aspect that disconcerted these simple people so much as the fact that she seemed to them accompanied by a swift, dark, limping shape that, gaining on her, drew ever closer to her shoulder.

But Tamar the gipsy saw nothing unusual.

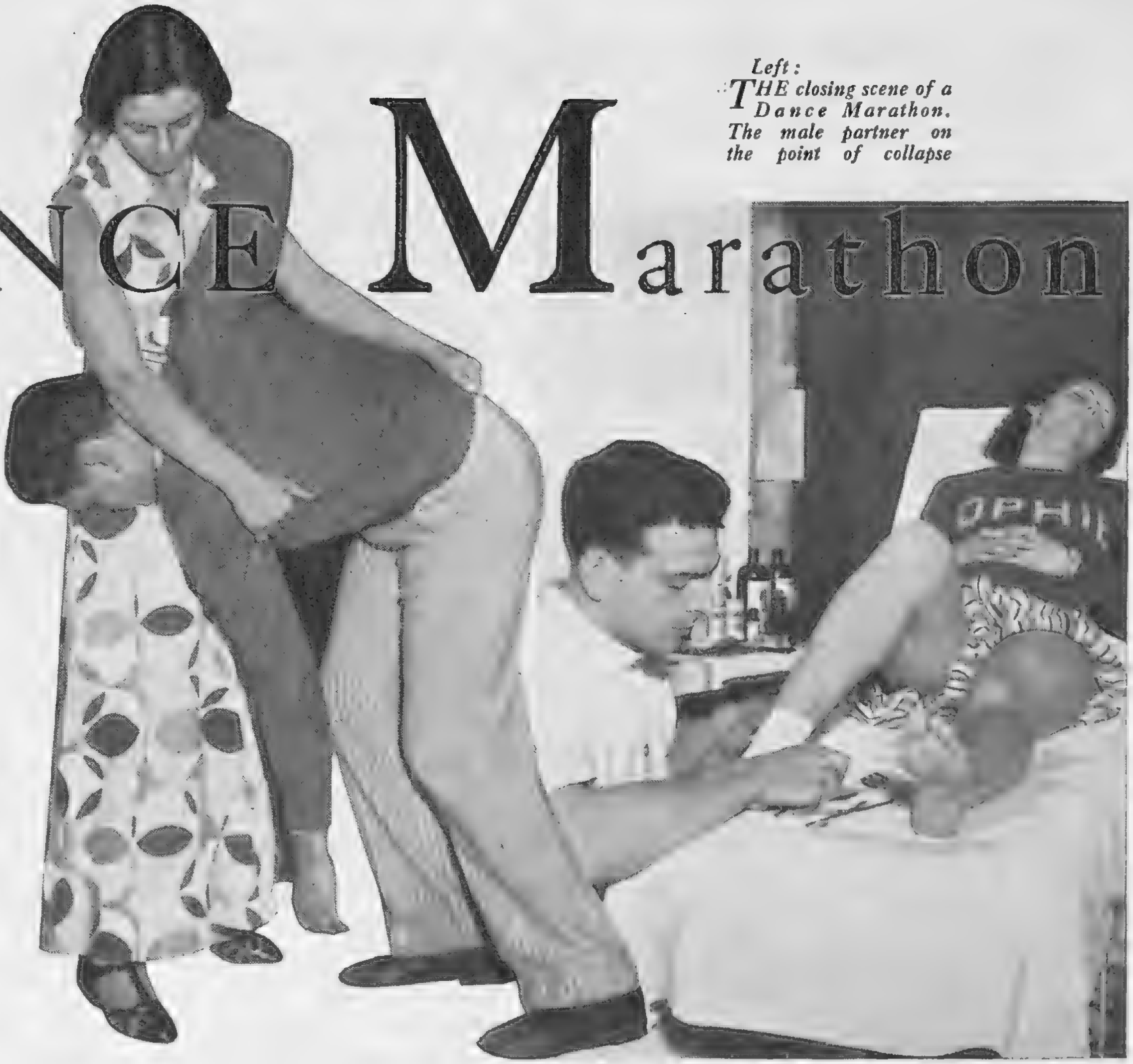
She thought only of reaching Braila before dusk.



"LET me tell your fortune?" she suggested in a wheedling tone of voice

Dance Marathon

Left: *THE closing scene of a Dance Marathon. The male partner on the point of collapse*



A LOW-ROOFED pavilion packed to the ceiling with tiers of eager, excited faces; an orchestra thumping out a fox trot with the mechanical indifference of a circus band; a master of ceremonies, glib and oh, so jocular, at a microphone on the musicians' platform; and on the dance floor, in the glare of the spotlights, twelve couples shambling aimlessly round and round in the veriest travesty of even the gentle amble which constitutes modern ballroom dancing.

It is the sixty-second day of the form of endurance test known to modern America as a Dance Marathon. For sixty-two days and sixty-two nights the twelve men and the twelve girls have performed their bored and automatic gyrations in the restricted dance pen, survivors of the original sixty-odd couples who entered the fray more than two months since. Their faces are drawn and pallid, their eyes red-rimmed, from exhaustion and want of sleep, and their dragging gait speaks of feet cruelly swollen. Most, particularly the women, have a curiously bloated look about their bodies—someone says it comes from the enormous quantities of water they imbibe. Some of them, men or girls, have collapsed in a deathlike slumber in their partners' arms or across their partners' shoulder, and are being hauled along, heads drooping, arms pendulous, like puppets or drunks. The master of ceremonies, indefatigably facetious, cracks jokes with those who are still awake as they shuffle by; the mob yells encouragement and chaff, and from time to time a shower of small change rains down at the feet of one of the more favoured competitors. A clown in grotesque motley dodges in and out among the dancers, indulging in a variety of tricks to arouse the sleepers, such as blowing in their faces, snapping his fingers under their noses, pinching or slapping them or even, on occasion, firing off a revolver in their ears.

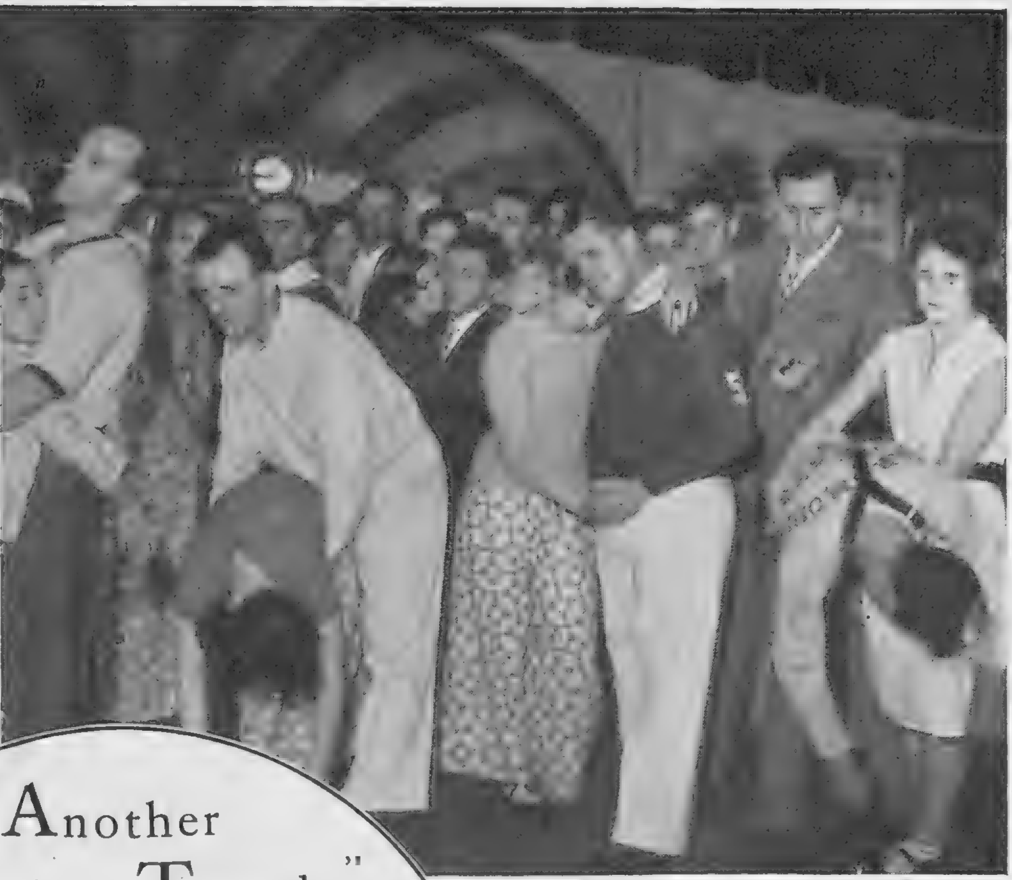
ON a wailing note from a saxophone the orchestra breaks off. It is the signal for a respite from dancing. But the contestants may not stand still. Hand in hand they stumble blindly round the dance arena. In a full, rich voice the master of ceremonies is addressing the audience through his microphone. "Well, folks," he says breezily, "I'm sure glad we got another good house for the boys an' girls to-night. Get a load of those kids, willya? Pretty snappy, eh? I'll say they're snappy. An' just to show you how full o' pep the kids are I'm goin' to ask Eddie to favour us with a li'l song. Eddie's from Cincinadder, folks, just a Western boy, an' they tell me he sings real sweet. How about it, Ed?"

If Eddie is a boy, it is probable that adolescence will find him with greying hair, for he has the set features and respectable paunch of a man of forty. Grinning wanly, he leaves his partner and, after a whispered conference with the orchestra leader, clambers wearily to the microphone and in a strident voice, well off key, delivers himself of a syrupy ballad. Below on the floor, listless and footsore, his partner hobbles round alone behind the rest. A smart rattle of coins rewards Eddie's effort; then the clown indulges in a little primitive badinage with the M.C., after which the band resumes and the "dancing" (save the mark!) gets under way again.

If there exist anywhere in the civilised world to-day a more degrading (and, I would add, a more pathetic) spectacle than one of these Dance Marathons, I have yet to witness it. It is degrading because its sole attraction to the public lies in the opportunity it presents for viewing and gloating over the physical and mental effects of extreme fatigue upon the human organism: pathetic by reason of the abject specimens of humanity which take part in these contests. The age of the competitors varies from the late 'teens to, in rare instances, the early forties; but in their physical characteristics they are strangely similar—sloping foreheads, foolish mouths, weak chins and, for the most part, weedy, undernourished bodies. Their pitiable mien brings to mind the ex-Kaiser's bitter phrase about "hunger candidates," and, indeed, they must be in desperate economic straits to wager their health, and I would even say their reason, such as it is, upon the slender chance of winning a first prize of one thousand dollars for a grim ordeal extending over a period averaging from two to four months. The standard of their mentality is probably indicated by the fact that on a contract which I was permitted to see, drawn up between the organisers of one of these contests and the entrants, several of the latter had proudly signed themselves "Mr." X or "Miss" Y.

Marathon dancing, it appears, is a profession. The competitors enter again and again, and many of them spend their lives travelling from one part of the American Continent to the other to participate in these lamentable exhibitions. Some of the couples are married: others, on the other hand, remain on a strictly business footing and, I am assured, are scarcely on speaking terms off the floor.

Dance Marathons have been going on in different parts of the United States for the past six years. San Antonio, Texas, staged the first: the longest on record was held in



DANCE Marathons are conducted in accordance with a series of drastic rules. Judges are on the floor to see that no infringement of them takes place

Below:
MASSAGE and medical attention are provided free. Swollen feet is one of the worst troubles experienced by the competitors

Another "American Tragedy" set to music—the Story of the "Dancing" Automatons, weary, degrading, pathetic . . .

By Valentine Williams

Chicago a few years back, when the contest lasted for more than six months — actually 4,800 hours, or 200 days. Certain States have banned them—Pennsylvania, for example, and some time ago the curious sight was observed of the contestants in a Marathon which the Philadelphia police had closed down being transported, still dancing, in a series of motor buses across the State line into New Jersey. Elsewhere a little "fixing" (anglicé, bribery) overcomes the objections of the local authorities.

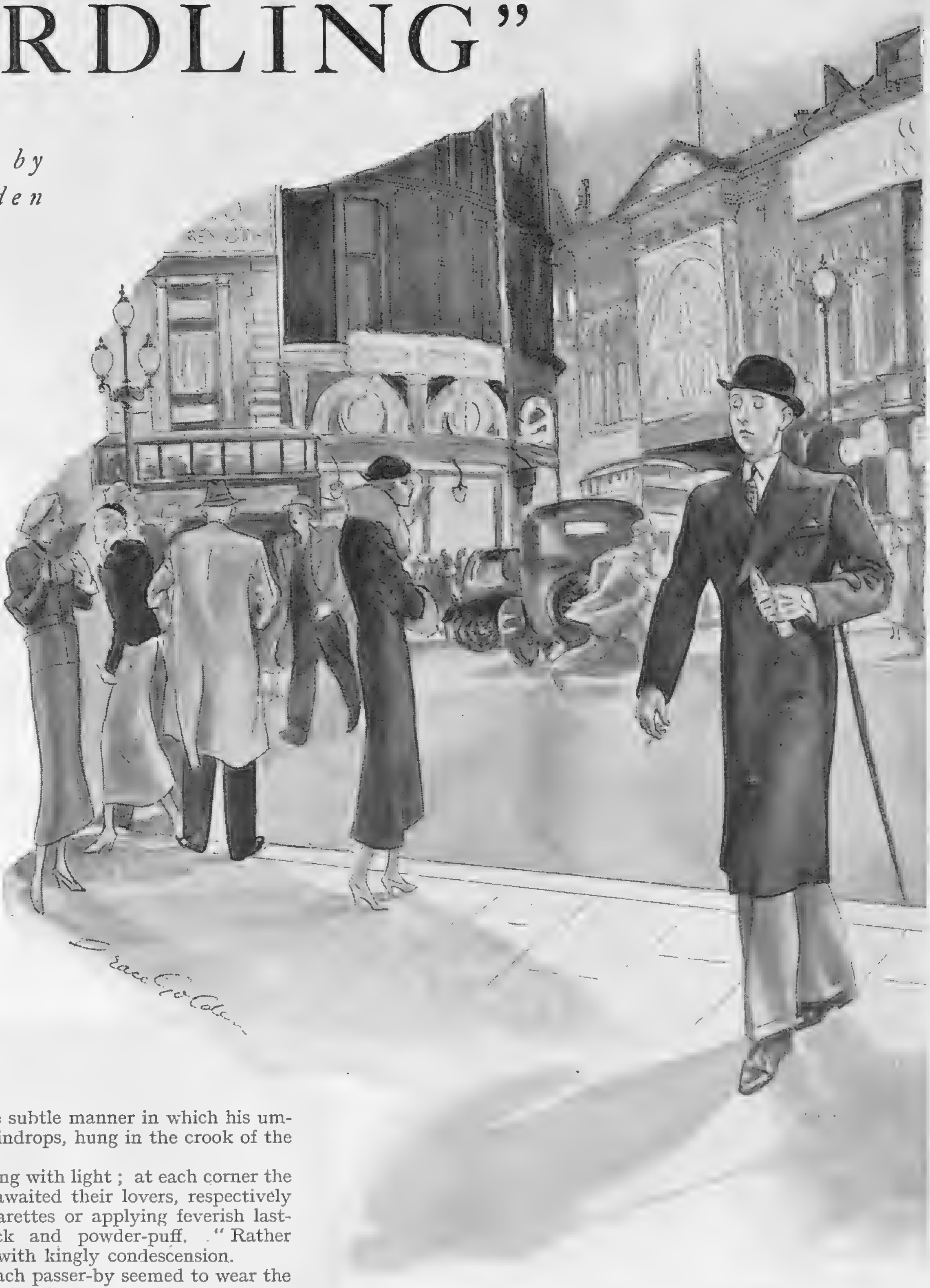
DANCE Marathons are conducted in accordance with a series of drastic rules by which entrants have to agree in writing to be bound. Alcohol, drugs and other stimulants are forbidden. Entrants are provided with full board as long as they are in the running, and they obligate themselves not to leave the premises where the contest is held except in company of a trainer. Beds and shower-baths are provided in close proximity to the dance floor, and massage and medical attention are furnished free. Under the rules competitors are given 15 minutes' rest every hour, when they may sleep, eat, wash or otherwise relax, plus fifteen minutes (under escort) in the fresh air each morning. Thus they average between five and six hours' sleep, taken in snatches, a day. These respites are lifted only on the occasion of the so-called "grinds," which take place about once a week in the earlier stages of a Marathon, but become more frequent as the contest proceeds.

The object of a "grind" is to eliminate competitors who are nearing the end of their resistance. For a period of, perhaps, three or four hours the dancers are allowed no rest. They must never stop moving: they even take their meals on the floor, and the slightest infraction of the rules is followed by immediate disqualification. In the final stages of the contest, when the couples are chained together by the (*Continued on page* 108)

COMPETITORS are given fifteen minutes' rest every hour when they may eat, wash or otherwise relax

"LORDLING"

Illustrations by Grace Golden



IN response to this suggestion the Young Man crossed the darkening Circus and safely gained Swan & Edgar's corner

THE Young Man Who was Widely Disliked strolled slowly down Piccadilly to the complete satisfaction of himself and, doubtless, of the insignificant remainder of humanity.

The clock on the Fire Insurance Building pointed elaborately to ten minutes to six, as if to observe "High time for cocktails." In response to this suggestion, the Y.M. crossed the darkening Circus, and safely gained Swan and Edgar's corner. The lights of Piccadilly were beginning to sparkle and glow in their nightly effort to vie with Broadway; crowds of returning workers flowed in unending streams into the gaping mouths of the enormous hydra-headed Underground Station.

In the distance, beyond the foot of Lower Regent Street, the tower of Big Ben loomed dimly over St. James's Park. London, like a woman still beautiful by candle-light, wears her loveliest look at this hour of cocktail time. . . .

The Y.M. continued his languid way along Piccadilly; there was still light enough to reveal the excellent cut of his clothes and the subtle manner in which his umbrella, never desecrated by raindrops, hung in the crook of the left arm.

Swan and Edgar's was blazing with light; at each corner the usual youth and pretty girl awaited their lovers, respectively crushing out half-smoked cigarettes or applying feverish last-minute touches with lipstick and powder-puff. "Rather amusing," thought the Y.M. with kingly condescension.

A light mist was rising. Each passer-by seemed to wear the prosperous yet predatory look of the West End shopper. Attractive girls from the hunting shires laughing and talking a little boastfully to one another of the bargains they had secured at Garbage and Gusset's and other emporia of Oxford Street. "Something," thought the Y.M. austerely, "should be done about Oxford Street. One walks along Oxford Street, and before one knows where one is, one is practically in Tottenham Court Road."

Flashily dressed creatures went by with characteristic walk and fixed mechanical smile. "Deplorable," thought the Y.M., "but what can one do?"

He crossed Bond Street. A girl, warmly clad in dark fur, darted for her life under an enormous bus and cannoned into him. Recognising her, he lifted his hat with the slightest frown of painted courtesy. "Ah, Gwen, how delightful. Are you in town for long?" The girl recovered her composure in time to mask her distaste at this encounter. "Hullo, Johnny, what are you doing with yourself these days? Not got a job, or anything like that, I suppose? You always seem to have plenty of money, anyway." Rather embarrassing: poor taste, this sort of thing.

"Well, no, Gwen, I'm not exactly working. Thank God, the Truros have never had to do that yet. But this is a democratic age, and if anything—er—suitable offers itself . . ."

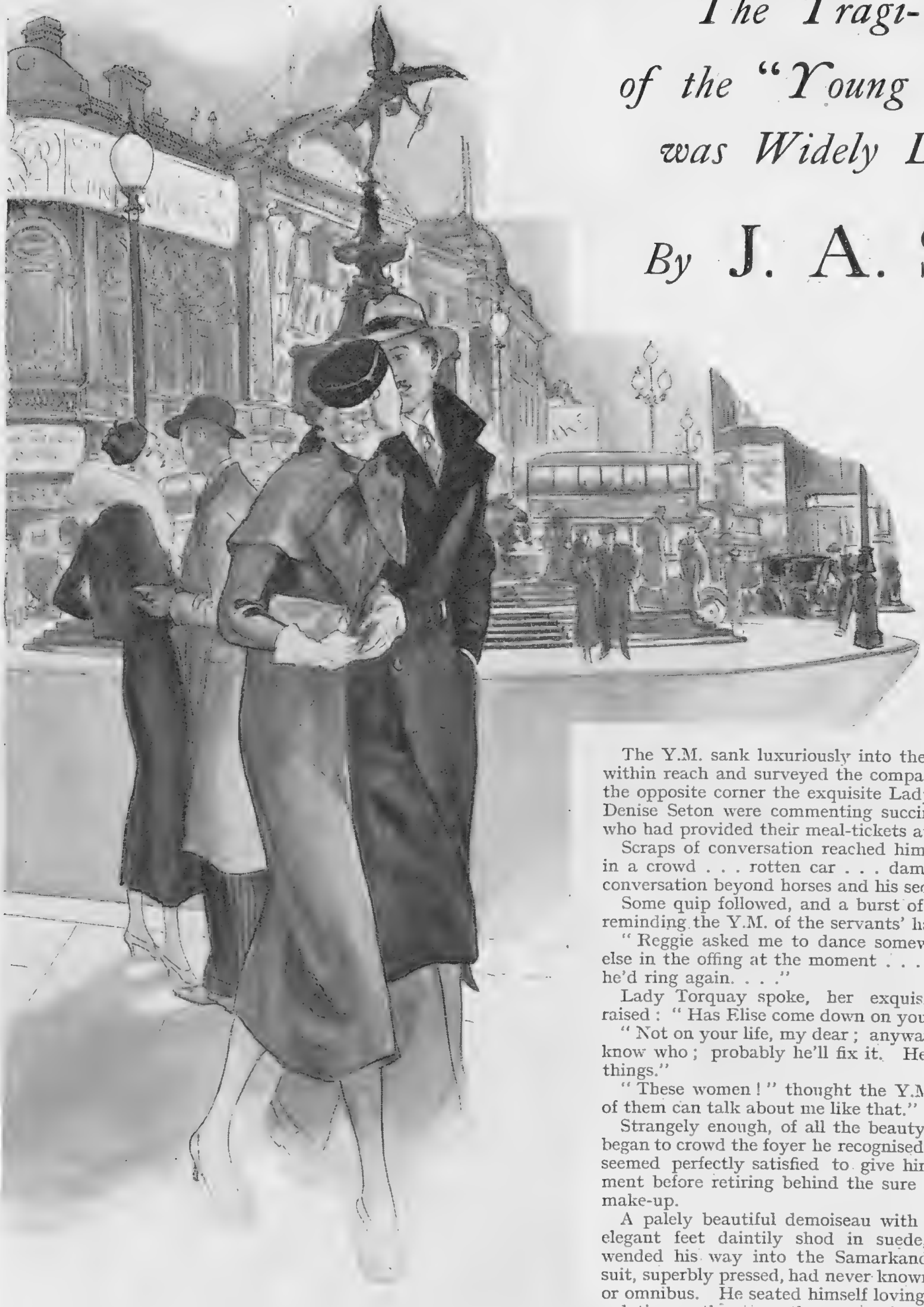
A fine gesture rounded off these sentiments; the Y.M.'s father was the penurious Earl of Sandalwood, whose estate was long since mortgaged beyond all hope of redemption, and the upbringing of the Young Man who was so Widely Disliked was largely responsible for his views on the dignity of labour.

"Forgive me running along now, Johnny, but I—I'm in an awful hurry."

"Haven't you time to come in for a cocktail?" For they

The Tragi-Comedy of the "Young Man who was Widely Disliked"

By J. A. Steel



had reached the desirable gates of the Hotel Samarkand.

"Sorry, Johnny, must rush." And she was gone.

The Y.M. curled his lip disdainfully; there went the girl who had at first been so . . . difficult, and then so appallingly possessive when he had decided that it was over. Damned cheap little midinette. Lecturing him, Johnny Truro, about work. . . . The spirit of the age, he thought viciously. The ideas they teach girls at these finishing schools and places, he supposed vaguely and, still fuming, entered the Samarkand.

"Good evening, m'lord," intoned the obsequious hall-porter, resplendent in the uniform of a Major of the Esthonian Household Cavalry. "Rather colder, m'lord."

"Yes, a little, porter." Graciousness to the lower orders is, after all, a kingly attribute, and, besides, Jim, the doorman, was rather a good sort and seemed to realise what was due to the son of an earl—so few servants did nowadays.

THE Y.M. entered the warm, cosy lounge. A little early yet, but already the spacious room was filling up with members of the younger set, mostly feminine; and around them flitted, like exotic butterflies, a few unspeakably precious youths.

The Y.M. sank luxuriously into the most comfortable chair within reach and surveyed the company in further detail. In the opposite corner the exquisite Lady Torquay and the Hon. Denise Seton were commenting succinctly upon the cavaliers who had provided their meal-tickets at luncheon that day.

Scraps of conversation reached him: "Tommy would pass in a crowd . . . rotten car . . . damned bad dancer . . . no conversation beyond horses and his second wife."

Some quip followed, and a burst of shrill laughter rang out, reminding the Y.M. of the servants' hall at Sandalwood. . . ."

"Reggie asked me to dance somewhere to-night. Nothing else in the offing at the moment . . . maybe I'll go. He said he'd ring again. . . ."

Lady Torquay spoke, her exquisitely pencilled eyebrows raised: "Has Elise come down on you for that bill yet?"

"Not on your life, my dear; anyway I'll send it to . . you know who; probably he'll fix it. He looks after most of my things."

"These women!" thought the Y.M. "A good thing none of them can talk about me like that."

Strangely enough, of all the beauty and fashion which now began to crowd the foyer he recognised but few, and even these seemed perfectly satisfied to give him a fleeting acknowledgment before retiring behind the sure defence of adjusting the make-up.

A palely beautiful demoiseau with crisply curling hair and elegant feet daintily shod in suede, slowly and gracefully wended his way into the Samarkand. His cinnamon-brown suit, superbly pressed, had never known the hurly-burly of tube or omnibus. He seated himself lovingly, bestowing the care of a doting mother upon the crease of his trousers, but was barely settled when a chorus of delighted exclamations from a group of quaintly hatted young women brought him carefully to his feet again.

"Lollie, darling! Where *have* you been hiding?"

"Oh, Lollie, my sweet, I've been *dying* to see you and hear the real truth about that little hag Cecily Renwick-Grant and the Major. . . ."

"Lollie, you're looking too divine; I've been saving a drink for you. . . ."

And a lot more of that.

The Y.M. turned away, earnestly hoping that none of the party would be supping at the Samarkand to-morrow when he brought Mary thither after the theatre. And, damn it, that reminded him, had he enough money? Searching his pocket-book, he produced thirty shillings. About enough to buy Mary flowers, and that was all. . . . Better write father, and at once. . . .

Crossing to a writing-table, he once again pestered the luckless Earl of Sandalwood. It would come on Monday, if the old boy hurried up in replying. Damned shame never to have enough money, when other people, even quite ordinary people of no particular breeding, had enough and to spare.

Giovanni passed, the great Giovanni, friend of princes, majestic, suave, inimitable Director of the Hotel Samarkand.

"Good evening, my lord, I trust your lordship ees vairy well. I 'ope your lordship ees coming to dance 'ere to-night."

"I hope so, Giovanni, I hope so. Times are hard, you know."

"Ah, assuredly, my lord, but your lordship has the leetle account, yes ?"

"True enough, Giovanni, but I hate to have debts hanging over my head. No doubt you have enough trouble with these young pups who don't pay their bills."

"Your lordship ees most kind." And with a deprecating smile the director disappeared in the direction of the restaurant, completely cognisant of the Y.M.'s financial status.

Gloomily resolving upon a visit to that discreet pawnbroker behind the Astoria Palace Hotel, the refuge of many a subaltern and undergraduate, the Y.M. tabulated his impending expenses as follows :—

Taxis....15/–. Restaurant bill (say) 30/–. Drinks....20/–. Tips.......5/–.
Special tip for old Jim....2/6
Total....£3 12s. 6d. Rather formidable, and he would have to take Mary to a show as well, of course. On his way out of the hotel he stopped at the desk and addressed Friedrich, Jim's assistant: "The evening paper, please, Friedrich," and he cast his eye down the "Amusements" column. "Autumn Follies" at the Pavilion, "Lovely Legs" at the Gaiety, "Man with the Death Mask" at the Garrick, "Dangerous Ladies" at the Apollo. "Lovely Legs" appeared to be the most suitable; a revue, and snappy by all accounts. "Get me a couple of stalls for 'Lovely Legs,' will you, Friedrich ?" And in a moment Friedrich's coarse Swiss voice was yelling to an agency over a vibrating wire, and in an incredibly short time the seats were secured.

"Twenty-nine shillings, my lord."

The Y.M. tendered his thirty shillings. "Keep the change," he added graciously. Friedrich did not appear lyrically grateful. With a condescending "Good-night" he passed through the swing doors and into the street. Just time to get to the *mont-de-piété* behind the Astoria Palace Hotel.

As he reached the shabbily unobtrusive little doorway under the three gold balls, he thought with a shudder of Giovanni, and the smirk with which he would view the spectacle of the young Lord Truro furtively unfastening his platinum cuff-links in this dingy little alley which seemed a shameful by-blow of Piccadilly itself.

"Just goin' to close up, but always ready to do a bit o' business," said the man in shirt sleeves behind the junk-laden counter, as the Y.M. hurriedly put down his links and gold watch. "Give me a fiver on this lot, will you ?"

"Blime ! Can't do it possibly."

The Y.M. added a gold pencil with the absence of argument which spoke of experience.

"Give yer four-ten the lot."

"Split the difference," said the Y.M., offering a cigarette-case across the counter. The pawnbroker's thick-jointed grimy fingers chose a fat, flat Turkish cigarette suspiciously. "Awright. Give yer four-fifteen."

Laboriously he wrote out the ticket and handed it across, and the money followed in dirty notes and tarnished silver. "Good-night, my man," and his lordship strode thankfully into the outer air after a careful glance to ensure that he was unobserved.

Close by was a telephone box. He entered it, dialling a Mayfair number.

"Is that Lady Rexeter's house ? . . . Then may I speak to Miss Honiton, please ? . . ."

Quite a long wait, then :

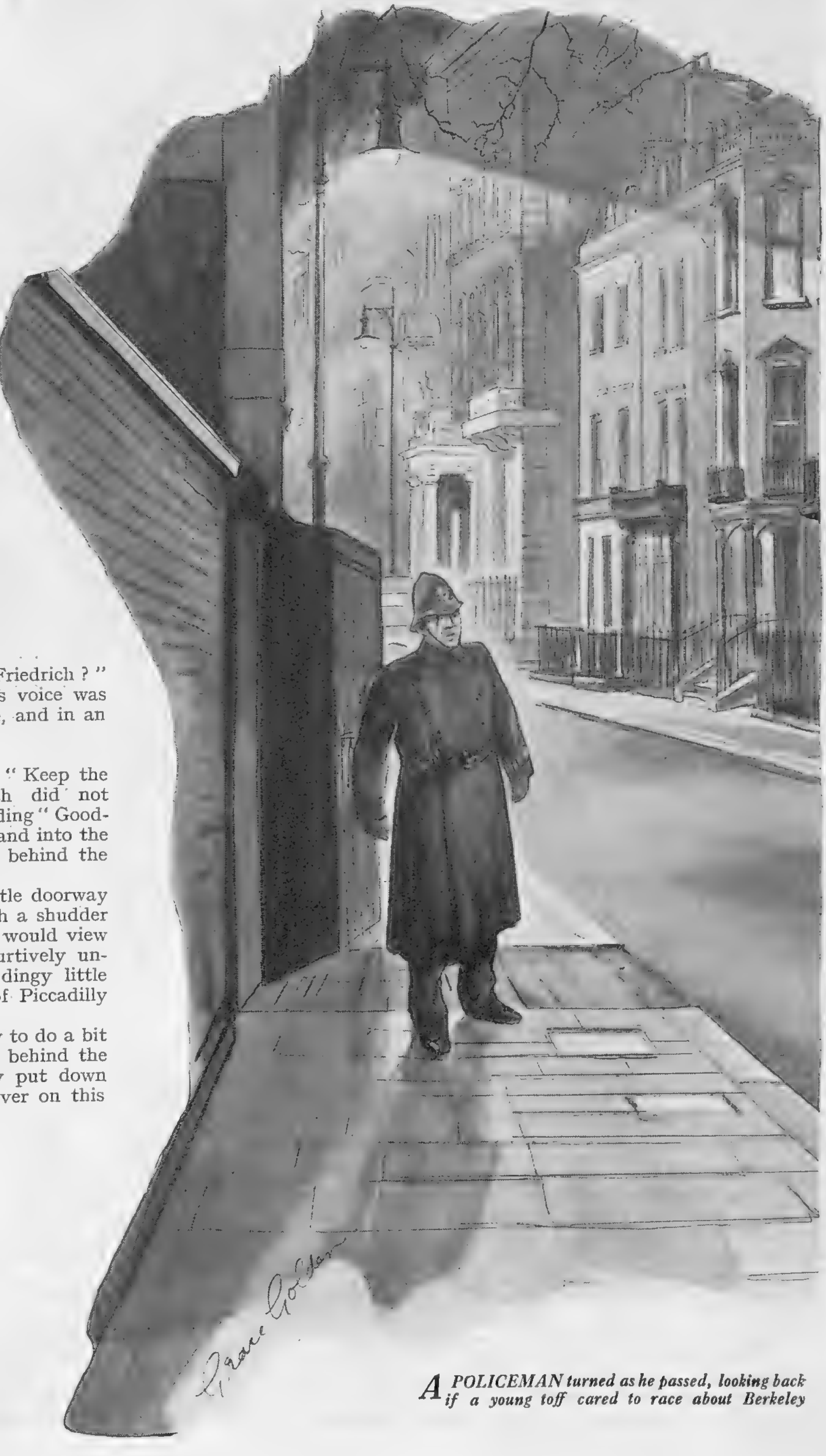
"Hullo, who is it ?" Delicious lilting voice of Mary. . . .

"It's Johnny Truro. Will you come to a show to-morrow night and dance somewhere ?"

"Awfully sorry, Johnny, afraid I can't possibly. . . ."

Pretty show of reluctance, of course.

"Oh, I say, you must. I've got tickets for 'Lovely Legs,' and, well, you've absolutely got to come, my dear."



A POLICEMAN *turned as he passed, looking back if a young toff cared to race about Berkeley*

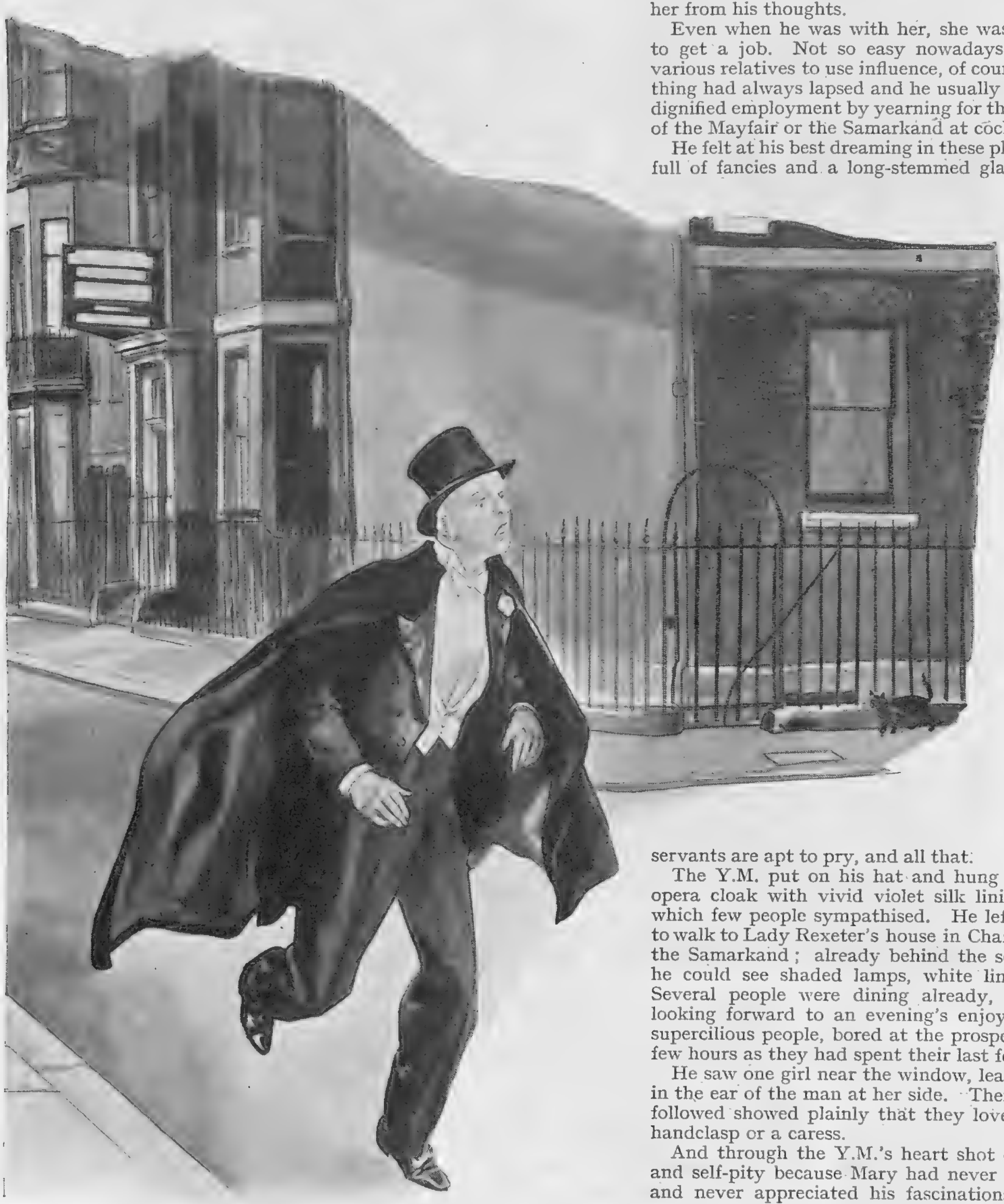
So, in the end, he won her slow consent.

Just a word or two from a man who Knew How, and they soon changed their minds. Of course she was crazy to come. And so, restored by these reflections to an excellent good humour, he turned once more to the telephone and invited himself to dinner with a reluctant uncle.

IN the privacy of her boudoir Miss Mary Honiton, the charming daughter of Lady Rexeter, who is, of course, one of London's most delightful hostesses, said " Damn," and then, " Oh, damn ! " with considerable vehemence.

Johnny Truro was a bit of a trial. Methodically she began to pick him to pieces and discovered that she disliked his lordly way of talking, his cigarettes, his ties, the way his hair grew at the back of his neck. Why the devil couldn't he get something to do instead of ringing her up and begging her to come out with him.

Anyway, she would have to be home early, for Peter was coming. Dear loving Peter, lithe and splendid, friend and lover. . . .



curiously. None of his business, he reflected, Square so early in the morning, muttering

Dinner seemed an eternity to the Y.M.'s uncle, but eventually the uninvited guest presented unnecessary apologies for his departure and sought the dubious pleasures of the Night Hawk Club. There, as he had confidently anticipated, he encountered Louise, Lady Sandplant and Mrs. Gerard Freke-Chancellor, who were fortunately at a time of life at which it is seemly enough to invite youths to supper and champagne. At about five a.m. he retired to bed and slept fitfully till lunch time. Rising at last, he spent the afternoon in the Plaza cinema with a headache ; he began to feel languidly miserable about Mary Honiton. More and more it seemed to him that he was terribly in love. For over a year now she had meant more to him than any of the others, yet she, of all girls, must take it into her head to stand aloof, to keep him at arm's length. . . .

Earlier in the year he had succeeded in badgering his long-suffering father into giving him the money for a holiday on the Continent. He had stayed in Vienna and Budapest and other cities, hoping that the night-life and new surroundings would free him from Mary's unwilling thrall. He had returned almost penniless, jaded and peevish. Mary had always remained uppermost in his mind, and he had given up trying to banish her from his thoughts.

Even when he was with her, she was eternally goading him to get a job. Not so easy nowadays ; he had tried to get various relatives to use influence, of course, but somehow everything had always lapsed and he usually ended up the search for dignified employment by yearning for the comfort of the lounges of the Mayfair or the Samarkand at cocktail-time.

He felt at his best dreaming in these places alone, with a head full of fancies and a long-stemmed glass in his hand. Sometimes, indeed, beautiful dreams and spacious ambitions crossed his mind, but nothing ever came of them. If only Mary would realise. . . . . And a wave of self-pity swept over him, as he thought how often he had told her he loved her, and how she had always treated it as a joke, with adequate and dainty amusement.

Emerging from the cinema, he was transported home to change by a totally unnecessary taxi-cab.

He dressed himself with meticulous care ; pinned a white carnation in his buttonhole ; carefully placed money, pawn-ticket and expense-sheet in his pocket-book. It didn't do to leave that kind of thing lying about ; servants are apt to pry, and all that.

The Y.M. put on his hat and hung across his arm a black opera cloak with vivid violet silk lining, an affectation with which few people sympathised. He left his rooms and started to walk to Lady Rexeter's house in Charles Street. He passed the Samarkand ; already behind the soft pink of the curtains he could see shaded lamps, white linen, shining table-ware. Several people were dining already, happy, genuine people looking forward to an evening's enjoyment, and smart, dull, supercilious people, bored at the prospect of spending the next few hours as they had spent their last few years.

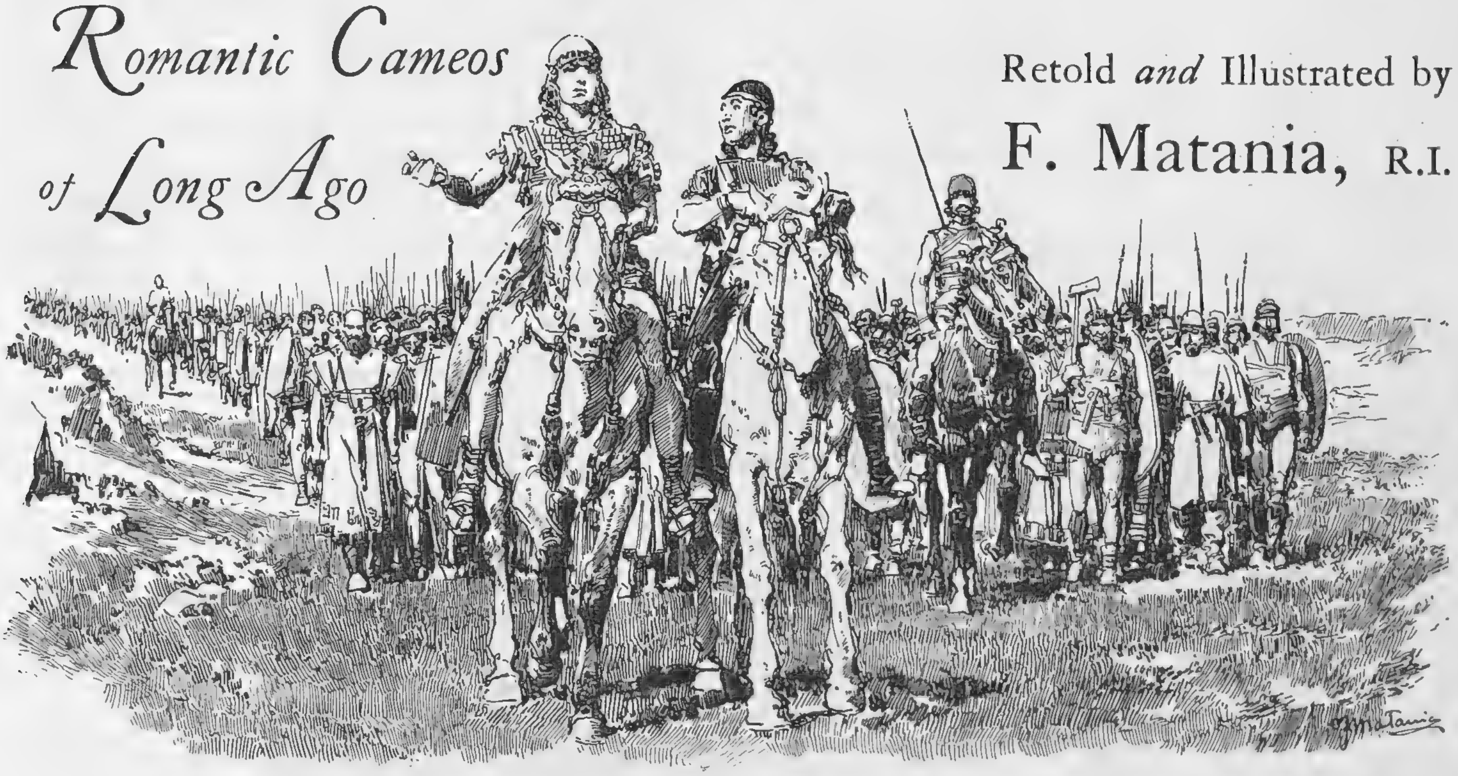
He saw one girl near the window, leaning sweetly to murmur in the ear of the man at her side. Their intimate glance which followed showed plainly that they loved, more plainly than a handclasp or a caress.

And through the Y.M.'s heart shot one more pang of envy and self-pity because Mary had never looked at him like that and never appreciated his fascinations properly. He turned down Berkeley Street, passed the alluring windows of Paris Taste and Paquin, and so entered The Square At dusk The Square has a beauty and witchery unparalleled in London. Through the fine tracery of the tree branches palely loomed the mellow fronts of the Queen Anne houses (*Continued on page* 114)

Strange Chapters *in* HISTORY:

Romantic Cameos of Long Ago

Retold *and* Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.



No. 9: The Price *of* Tolerance

NO race has ever been so rigidly inflexible as the children of Israel. The strict observance of their religion has been the cause of endless trouble to them, and no doubt the principal reason for their traditional isolation. Every form of religion has encountered difficulties and opposition, but each has more or less trimmed its sails to the prevailing wind and, in many cases and special circumstances, has evaded terrible calamities by adopting that golden mean which Jewry has scorned to endorse.

At the time of the Cæsars, we find the Hebrews living in colonies or tribes, scattered about everywhere in Asia, that restless continent which for scores of centuries has been but the battlefield where kingdoms and cities rose to their zenith and fell to their nadir with equal and fantastic rapidity.

Tolerated by one king, annihilated by another, the Jews withstood the alternation of their fortunes, preferring to undergo any infliction, no matter how frightful, rather than yield on any point of the religion that was their life.

When they could fight—and they were not very often sufficiently organised to oppose strength successfully—they fought; when they could not fight, they were perfectly ready to lie down and be slaughtered like sheep. Their tenacity almost wore down that supreme specimen of tyranny nicknamed Caligula. For forty days they threw themselves down on their faces and bared their throats to the knife, ready to be slain rather than permit the statue of *Divus Cæsar* (anyone more unfit for divine honours than Caligula has never been conceived) to be erected in the temple of Jahveh.

It was about this time that two brothers of Jewish extraction, Latinised into Asineus and Anileus, in reaction against the slavery of their brethren, became outlaws, and succeeded in assembling a little band of desperadoes of their own kidney animated by the ambition of achieving independence, of course by force.

For many years they passed from victory to victory. They lived by imposing tribute for the maintenance of their army on every little village or town which was too weak to resist them, until that certain little god who has proved to be always the strongest of all divinities aimed one of his golden arrows in the heart of Anileus.

That well-directed shot starts my story.

The camp of Anileus was resounding with the songs of joy. Barbaric instruments could be heard from the tents, drowning the lamentations of the wounded. The battle of the previous day, waged against the Parthians, had been a fierce one and the Jewish victory had been complete.

Soldiers—dressed anyhow, armed anyhow—were still pouring in, some loaded with loot, some bleeding and thirsty. There was not a Parthian alive to be seen outside the camp. In one part was a huge crowd of weeping women and dejected men.

Until dawn the soldiers had been incessantly hammering poles in the ground to form an enclosure for the captives. There were carts and animals of every sort, round which swarmed a mass of humanity in distress.

The Parthian general had been killed in a swift and treacherous attack from what was thought to be a friendly army. Leaderless, they had formed an easy prey and had been overwhelmed by the sudden onslaught of the Jews.

Strict orders had been given to protect all the belongings of the dead general of the Parthians. His wife and servants had been escorted into a separate enclosure under the personal supervision of Anileus, and, after one night of rest, she was ordered to meet Anileus in his tent.

The heart of the young man was beating fast when the curtain was drawn aside and the beautiful captive appeared. Her cheeks bore traces of recent tears, otherwise in her pride of bearing she seemed supremely indifferent to her destiny.

It was the first time that he had seen her so near. For months he had been repeating to himself all the things that he would say to her if ever he had the chance, yet now he felt himself incapable of uttering a single word.

With an effort he started to justify himself: "I wonder if you will ever forgive me for what I have done, but it was not any racial enmity which has induced me to wage war against the Parthians, nor is it a habit of mine to turn against those who are my friends as were your people. May the God of Israel witness with what reluctance I have disregarded the pact of friendship that I had with your husband.

"I love you, and nothing that I possess is of any value to me if I must live without you. Had you been a maiden, I would have submitted to any condition to make you my lawful wife, but God had already bestowed such fortune on another man." Fire flashed from his eyes as he continued. "There was not room in the world for both of us. It was the supreme throw, my life at stake as well as his." With a superb arrogance he concluded. "It was God's will that I should win."

His eyes pierced the woman in an endeavour to guess what she was thinking, but her expression was impenetrable. With trembling lips she said: "You have won a captive, a prisoner who has no voice in the matter, who has no right to have thoughts or feelings or soul; one who must be the spoil of anyone, whether a poor drunken soldier or, which is worse, an implacable conqueror. There is no way for captives to escape the fate imposed on them by the usurpers of every human right. It is immaterial to me what Fate will do to me, since you cannot restore to me that which you have taken away."

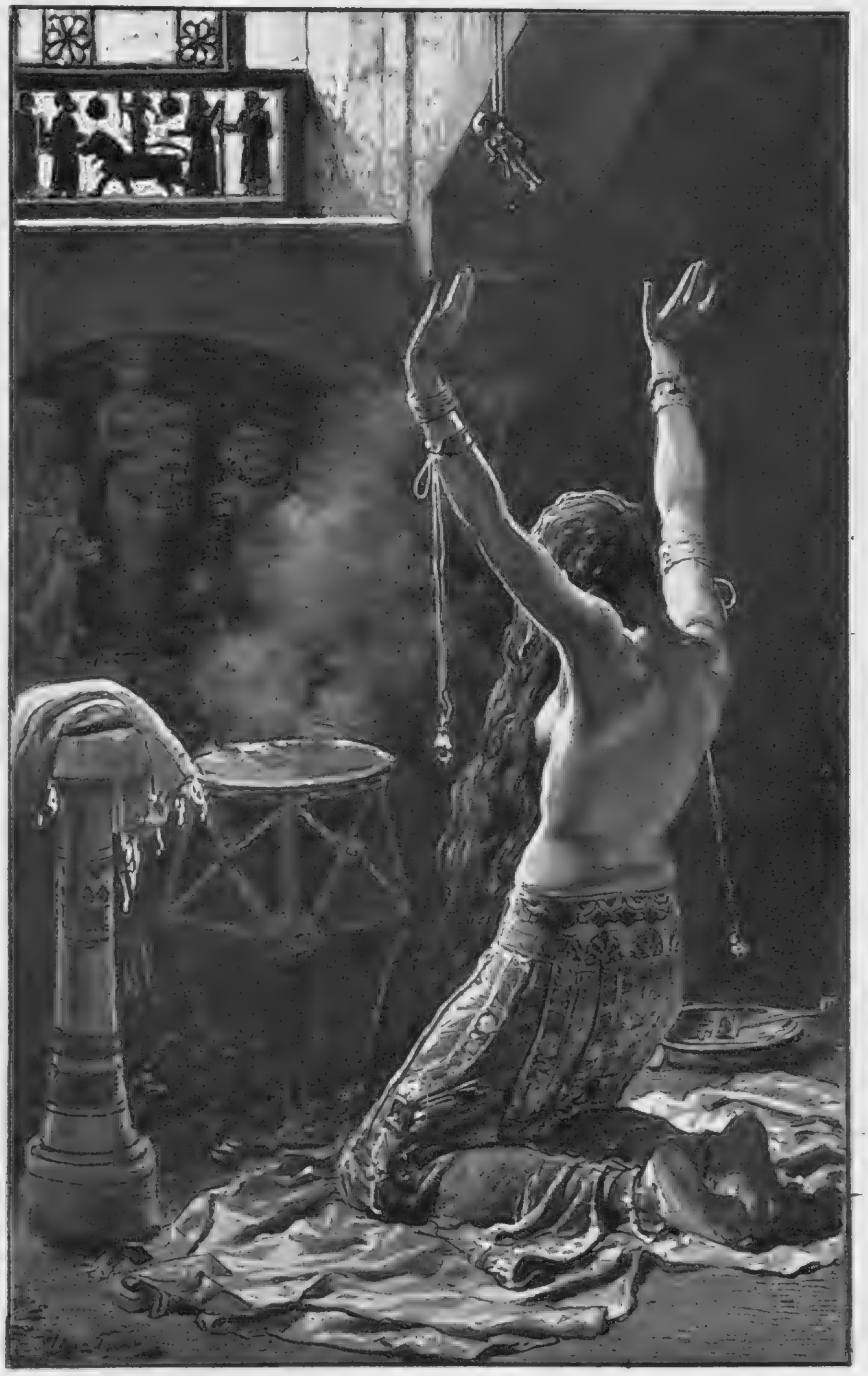
Anileus's fists clenched nervously the belt on which they were resting. With a flame in his eyes, he cried: "You have lost your husband, but I shall give you one equally worthy. I offer you the love of a thousand men in one. With a life of devotion, I shall thrice redeem all my crimes. I want no concubine, but a queen for the kingdom that I shall build with my own hands. I shall set one by one upon your head—your lovely head—all the crowns of Asia. I shall hang you from your maddening hair to your tinted toes with the fairest jewels the world contains. I have striven for everything I have, and I know the way to win. Do you pay heed to what I say?"

She seemed perfectly indifferent, toying mechanically with a golden amulet; but what woman is indifferent? What woman does not find at the bottom of her heart some stirring of her being for the man who reveals himself a lover, whatever crime he may have committed for her sake?

"I want you to know all there is to know about the man who is destined to be all in all to you.

"I spring from humble stock. Fifteen years ago, I and my brother learned the art of weaving, and we had to work in servitude to provide for our mother. One day, being a little late, our master flogged us, and that punishment was the turning-point of our lives. We were so weary of our poverty that we stole all the weapons that were in the house of our master, and they were not few, and we made our escape. Many other destitute young men joined us, and in a short time we formed a company, I and my brother being the captains of the band.

"As soon as we became invincible, we sent to all the cattle-owners of the neighbourhood, imposing tribute for our maintenance, and in exchange we undertook to defend them from all enemies on every side. Those who refused would lose their cattle. We became so formidable that none dared oppose us.



As soon as she became the wife of the mighty Anileus she brought out all the idols that she had hidden with her, according to Parthian custom, and, without paying any attention to the growing hostility of everyone, feeling perfectly confident in the tolerance of her husband, she performed regularly all the ceremonies required by her religion

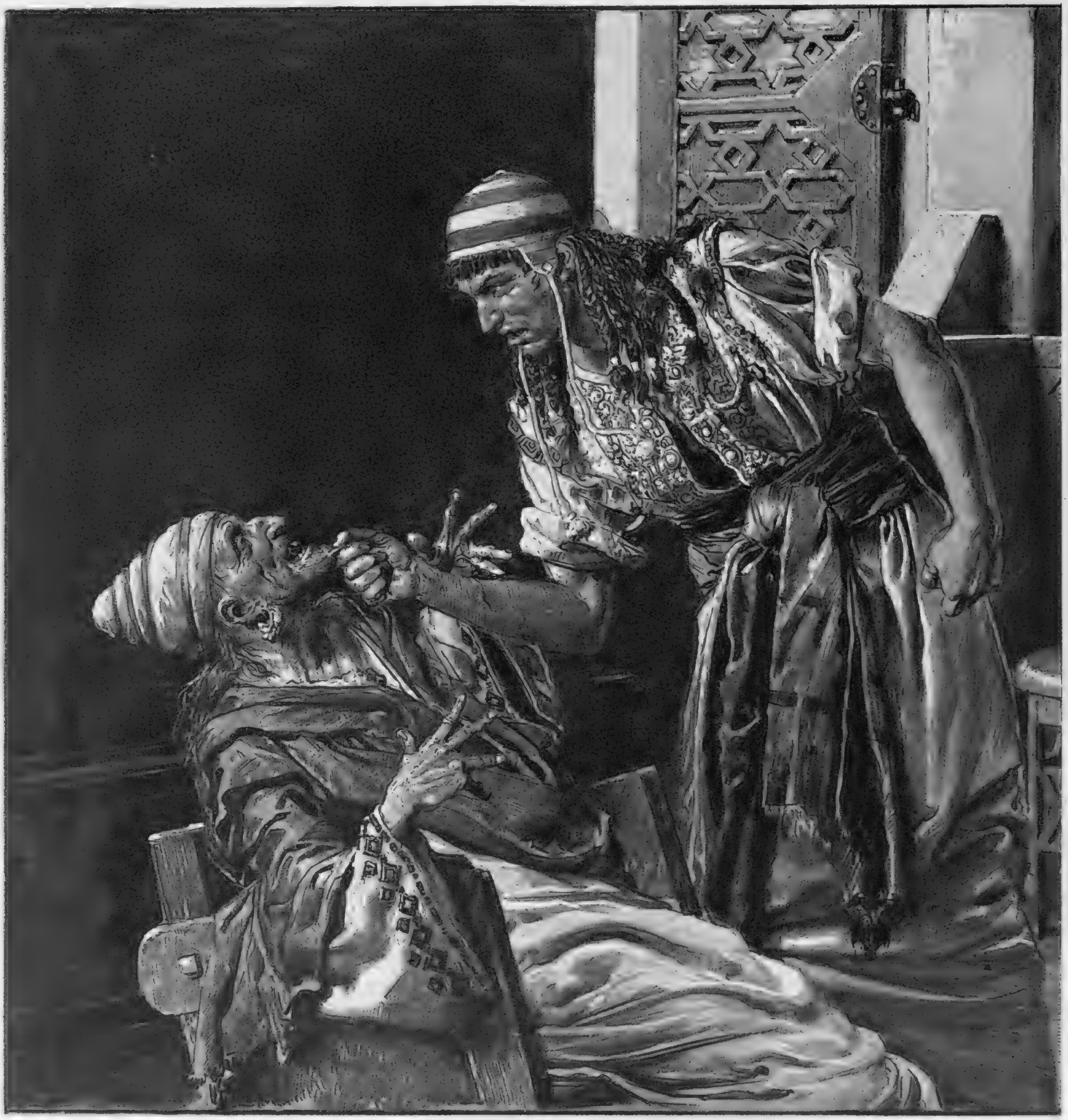
"One day, my soldiers were celebrating the Sabbath when, without warning, we heard the beat of hoofs and the jingle of bridles. Soon a large contingent of cavalry came in full view. The dust they raised did not allow us to distinguish the whole of their force. My men considered themselves lost, as, being a Sabbath day, it was against our law to use weapons or do anything to defend ourselves. The very soldiers who had been capable of terrorising the world were resigned to die without a blow to keep the law.

"I, too, was doubtful, and yet there was no time to be lost. My brother, Asineus, succeeded in prevailing on the soldiers to defend themselves. I remember his tiny figure at the head of our men doing wonders. It was for us a shattering victory. We slew until we could no longer wield our arms. The survivors soon fled behind the hills, leaving the ground strewn with corpses and dying horses.

"It was the Governor of Babylon and the King of Parthia who, for some time, had been so alarmed at our success that they decided to fall on us while we were unprepared, as we always are—and they know we always are—on the Sabbath.

"A few days later, a lonely horseman appeared and, after having made friendly signs, he spoke to us as follows: 'King Artabanus, although he has been unjustly treated by your making an attempt against his Government, yet hath more regard to your courageous behaviour than to the anger he bears against you; and hath sent me to give you his right hand and security; and he permits you to come to him under safe conduct. The King wants you to address yourselves to him as friends, and means neither guile nor deceit towards you. He also promises to make you presents, and to pay you that respect which your courage has rendered your due, that a union of your bravery and his power may result to his benefit and yours.'

"I took some handsome presents and went to the King, who showed great displeasure at not seeing my brother with me. When he heard that my brother was afraid of treachery, he



Anileus shouted in his face, "No, you shall not die by

doubled his promises and gave me his right hand. My brother came and was highly honoured for his courage, and we pledged ourselves not to harm anyone in the state of Babylon.

"For fifteen years our prosperity has increased and has made of us what we are to-day.

"Amongst all the women I have known, you are the first I have wanted to marry. I shall strive not only to deserve you but shall gain the kingdom of your heart—the greatest conquest of Anileus."

Without a word, the woman left his tent, and a few days later the rite of marriage was performed in the camp.

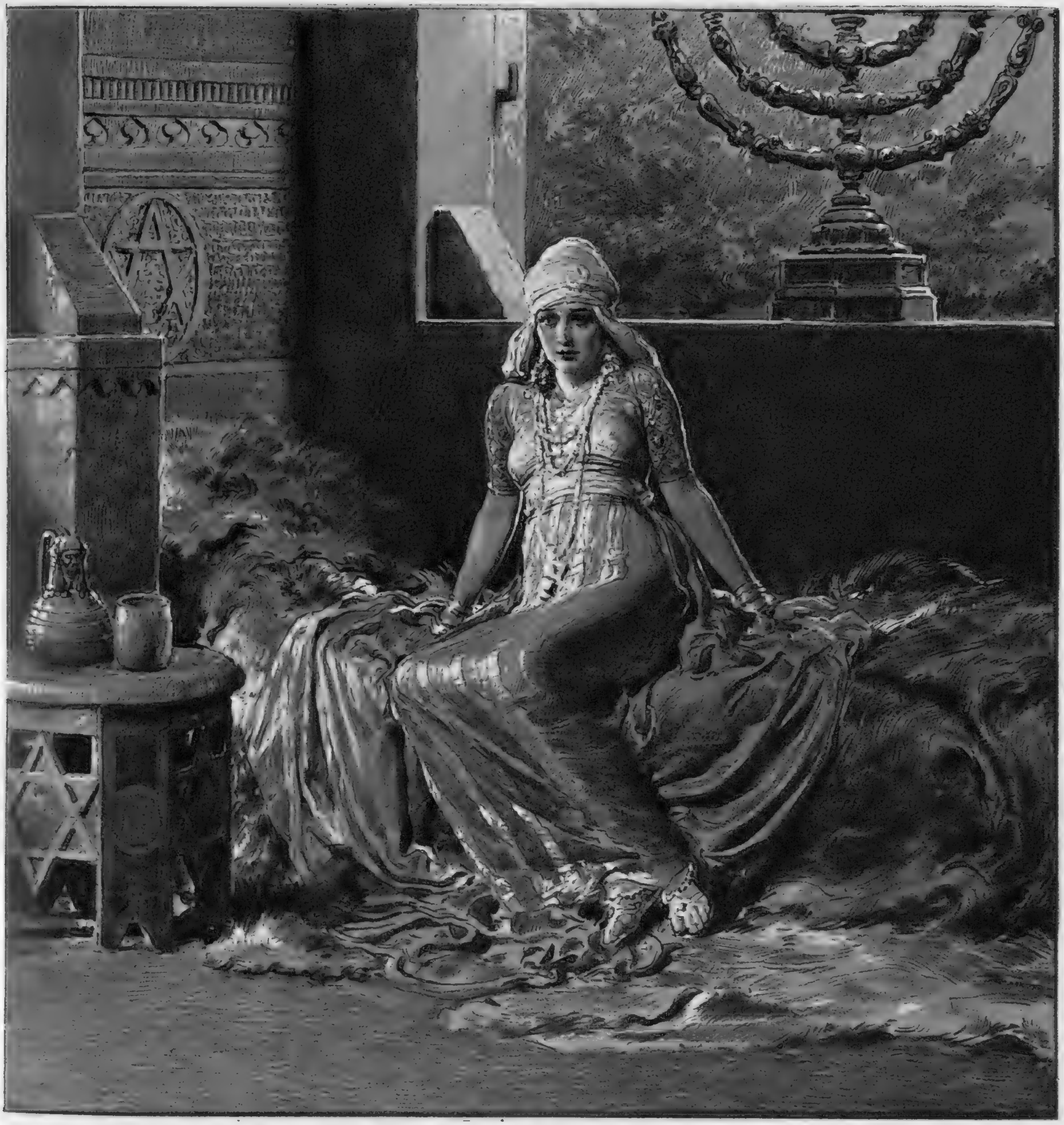
THE woman raised no objection to the marriage being performed under Hebrew ritual, but she kept steadfastly to her own religion. As soon as she became the wife of the mighty Anileus, she brought out all the idols that she had hidden with her, according to Parthian custom, and, without paying any attention to the growing hostility of everyone, feeling perfectly confident in the tolerance of her husband, she performed regularly all the ceremonies required by her religion.

But the discontent amongst all Anileus's followers increased day by day like the menacing approach of a storm.

The Rabbis were besieged by crowds who dared not face Anileus; the high officers were the objects of constant protest and insistence that something must be done.

In the meantime, Anileus considered himself the happiest man in the world. The fire of his love had melted into tenderness the grief-frozen heart of his beautiful wife. For him, nothing in the world had the power to spoil a honeymoon which would last till death.

Man, in his blind efforts to improve his existence, invented civilisation—and has only succeeded in becoming the slave of his own laws! The respect for certain dominant rights of Nature remains only to the wild beast.



my hands. I want a man to slay, not a filthy rabbit!'

An extremely painful position arose as time passed. The fact that the beautiful woman was looked upon as a stranger and an intruder was, for Anileus, a thorn in his heart. As a lover, he could not understand how there could be anyone who did not fall at her feet. After all, she was not doing any harm to anyone by adoring little images and idols called Militta, Istar, Assur, Irkalla, Ninkigall, or anything else.

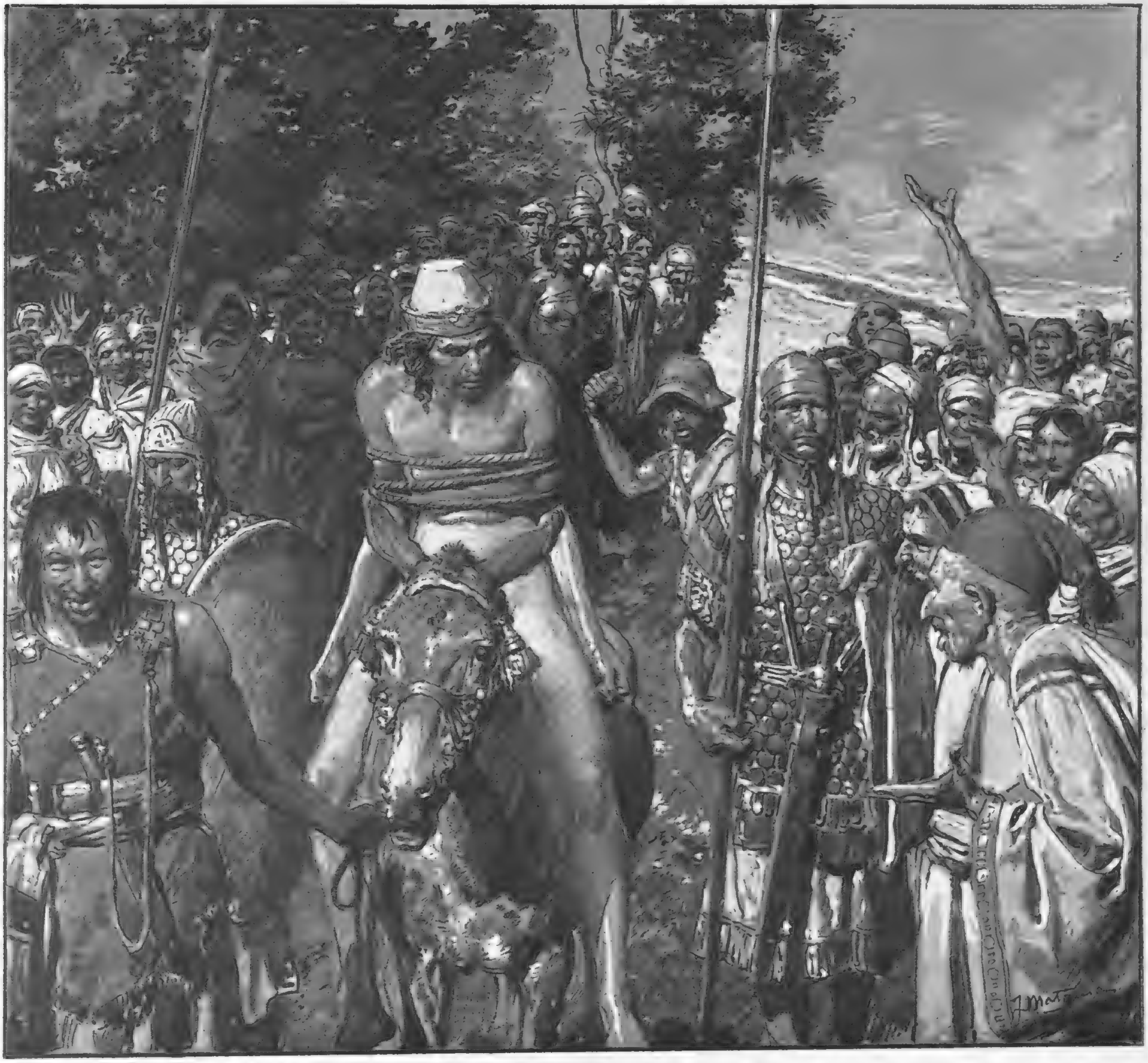
The efforts of the Jews were redoubled, and the best friends of Anileus tried hard to raise the age-old cry of the Jew and to persuade him to set aside the infidel. Those who had been tactful were accused of showing weakness, until, at last, a man of mature age, whose advice had been highly esteemed by Anileus, thought that, with a little more energy, he would surely succeed where everyone else had failed.

Anileus received him with his usual deferential cordiality, and everything went perfectly smoothly until the ever-recurrent topic was mentioned. The serenity automatically died off from Anileus's face, but this did not deter the old man, who had perfect confidence in his influence. Besides that, he had come fully prepared to face the storm and bring the young man to his senses.

He was interrupted kindly by Anileus with the following words: " Wait a moment before you proceed. You have been almost a father to me and, as such, I have loved and respected you. I implore you not to join with the crowd of my ungrateful subjects. They have made my life miserable, and they do not understand that the more they try to part me from my wife, the more I shall cling to her.

" I have devoted all my life and all my energy for their fortune and welfare, and the only reward I ask is that they should leave me alone with the woman that I love. I beseech you to cease your importunations and be my friend." He took his hands in a firm and loyal grip.

The old man was a true son of Israel and took that filial speech not in its true spirit, but read it as a sign of weakening on the part of Anileus. With a stern gesture he replied: " I am your friend and I am here to open your eyes. You have acted in a manner contrary to the law of your forefathers and your brethren. You have infringed the law by marrying a woman who is transgressing all the incontrovertible commandments of our Faith. Her very presence amongst us is a scandal."



MITHRIDATES, Commander-in-Chief, the son-in-law of King Artabanus, was dragged out of his tent, stripped naked, and, mounted on a donkey, was taken round and exposed to the public ridicule

The pleasure of listening to his own voice did not allow him to notice that Anileus was already trembling with rage from head to foot.

With a superhuman effort of self-control he replied: " She is my lawful wife, and I love her ! "

With increasing severity the old man said to him: " This is not love; this is but the lust of the flesh and the pride of the eye, and, in order to gratify a feeling that should have counted for nought, you are losing all the authority that, under God's blessing, you had achieved."

It was a miracle that Anileus was still chained to his chair. He asked, in a voice no longer his own, " Do you know what you are saying ? Do you realise that you are talking about the woman who counts for everything in my life ? For whose sake I would cast aside the world like a rotten fruit ? "

The old man, still not realising that he had gone too far, still confident that it was a question of force of argument, returned like a tyrant to the charge. " You are the ungrateful one who could have taken to wife the fairest flower in our garden of maidens, unsurpassed in beauty, who could have given you what your wife had not to give—the priceless treasure of purity."

" Stop ! " The word burst from Anileus's heart with a roar that would have split the throat of a lion. " Hearken to me, old gabbler ! What would all of you be without me ? You come in the name of God. Do you not see that you are only one mass of poisonous snakes biting the breast of him who has given you warmth ? Love is required of God in every religion: it is a religion in itself—and *I* am going to fight for it."

He stood in the middle of the room—some sheer emblem of stark courage. The sonority of his voice had struck the old man to stone and drawn his wife into the room in time to hear him say: " Let them come ! Let them *all* come ! The man who is strong enough to insult my wife is not yet born. If born he be, he can live only till he meets me ! "

The thin shoulders of the old Jew almost cracked in the grip of Anileus's hands. Nothing could halt the wild nature, cruelly smitten in its single tender spot, not even the woman—cause of it all as she was—who was invariably pushed on one side each time she intervened. As the old man muttered inarticulate words, Anileus shouted in his face, "No, you shall not die by hands. I want a man to slay, not a filthy rabbit! To the cross! To the cross!" The words poured like lava from his lips while the old man lay sweating breathlessly on the chair where he had been flung.

"To the cross!" was whispered from guard to guard as they dragged away that senile heap of trembling bones.

The announcement of this tragic and unexpected result made a deep impression. The last word of Anileus had been a warning to the whole community, showing with a practical example what would happen to anyone who dared lift his voice too freely. Once again nobody dared to contradict the dictator, but as he returned each one muttered with immobile, bearded lips to his neighbour.

THE day appointed for the execution exerted upon everyone that indescribable, heavy, painful oppression in the atmosphere that makes the whole world silent and sad.

Anileus's wife did not leave him for one moment that day. She was with him when he stood motionless near the window, trying to catch the words of the condemned man through the murmur of the crowd.

He was imprecating a punishment on his murderer, Anileus, upon Asineus, and all their house, a blind adjuration to Jahveh that all their companions might come to a like end through their enemies; upon the first two as the principal instigators of this wickedness, and upon the rest since they would not rise to his help as he hung on the instrument of tortured death reserved to breakers of the law, an innocent upholder of it.

The woman turned Anileus towards her, put her arms round his neck and, pressing her cheek against his, told him, "No woman has ever cost to any man what I am costing you."

The contact of her smooth skin distracted Anileus. She went on whispering touching little words spoken against his lips, until she sealed them with her soft mouth, that mouth that could persist so long on a kiss without breathing. Drugged with love, he did not notice the moment when the voice of the old man abruptly stopped.

The tragic episode did not deter the crowd from expressing their relentless hostility to Anileus's marriage.

Every day new representatives of the multitude pestered Asineus, relying on the influence he had on his brother and more on the affection that the brothers had for one another.

The everlasting burthen was repeated over and over again: that the marriage had happened without their consent, and without the true blessing of God. Their demand was that Anileus should repudiate his wife, and send her back to her relations in Parthia. Until that thing was accomplished, curses and malediction would be forever on the head of the innocent community.

So much they said and so obstinate they were that Asineus consented to act on their behalf.

To see his own brother turning against him struck Anileus to the heart. The couple felt isolated, alone in the world. There was no question: they had succeeded in poisoning Anileus's happiness. But in the meantime the bonds of love between the two drew ever more tightly together. The presence of Asineus had become a nightmare. Outside, the cry was ever for a more speedy conclusion; the impersonal pressure of the crowd grew personal as it was infected by fanaticism, and made the position more and more unbearable as the days went by, when another bombshell shook the earth.

Asineus fell suddenly dead.

History tells us that he was poisoned by his sister-in-law, and this was, of course, the obvious conclusion adopted by that multitude always unable to defend or avenge their unfortunate emissaries.

Anileus remained the only leader, ready as ever to leap at the throat of anyone who dared to cross his path.

His prestige was not minimised, and, a little after, we find him at the head of an army marching against Mithridates of Bythinia. Village after village was plundered with the rapidity of lightning. Endless flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were added to the convoy. Crowds of slaves were joining him every day on the endless trail.

At the same time, the indignant Mithridates was hastening the preparations for war on a larger scale. The attack on the part of Anileus was altogether unjustified, and a powerful body of horsemen was ready to meet the bandits.

A Syrian stranger from another village gave Anileus some precious information about Mithridates. He said that Mithridates was to fall on them the next day—the Sabbath. He also said that the Bythinian king was that day holding a feast.

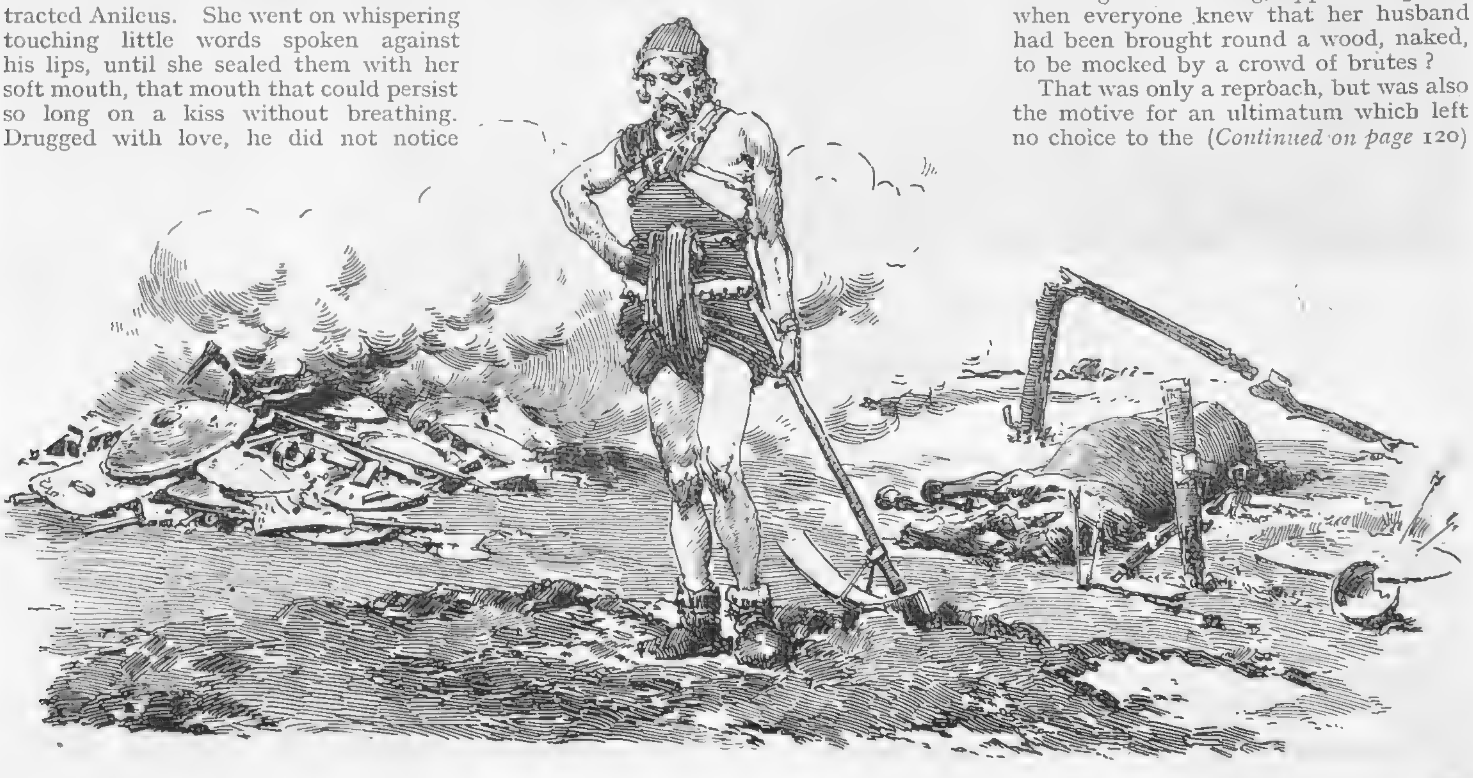
Hearing this and checking the truth of the information, Anileus planned to surprise them while they were asleep, and so turn the tables upon Mithridates. Everything was timed to perfection. At the fourth watch of the night, Anileus's men poured into Mithridates' camp from all sides. An orgy of slaughter ensued.

Mithridates himself was captured before he had the time to organise any efficient defence. An extraordinary entertainment was organised by the conqueror—the official humiliation of the great Mithridates.

Mithridates, Commander-in-Chief, the son-in-law of King Artabanus, was dragged out of his tent, stripped naked, and, mounted on a donkey, was taken round and exposed to the public ridicule. In spite of the fact that such a thing was considered the gravest humiliation that could ever befall any man, the philosophical Mithridates, who feared a fate much worse, was thankful to escape with a merely spiritual punishment, especially after his life had been demanded unanimously by Anileus's bloodthirsty followers. The request was not granted on the grounds that, by sparing his life, they could expect some favour from King Artabanus, instead of offending him beyond all bounds.

And so Mithridates was allowed to go unharmed. A very cold reception awaited him. The proud nature of his wife could not bear that her husband had been submitted to such dishonour; she would have preferred a thousand times more to know him dead on a battlefield like a hero. How could she, the daughter of a king, appear in public when everyone knew that her husband had been brought round a wood, naked, to be mocked by a crowd of brutes?

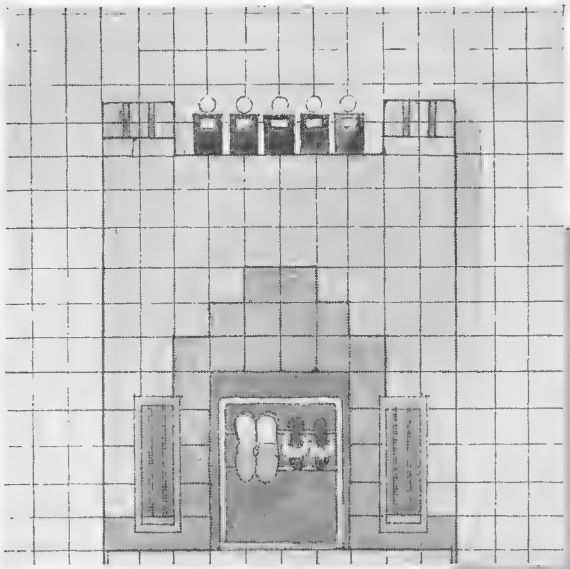
That was only a reproach, but was also the motive for an ultimatum which left no choice to the (*Continued on page* 120)



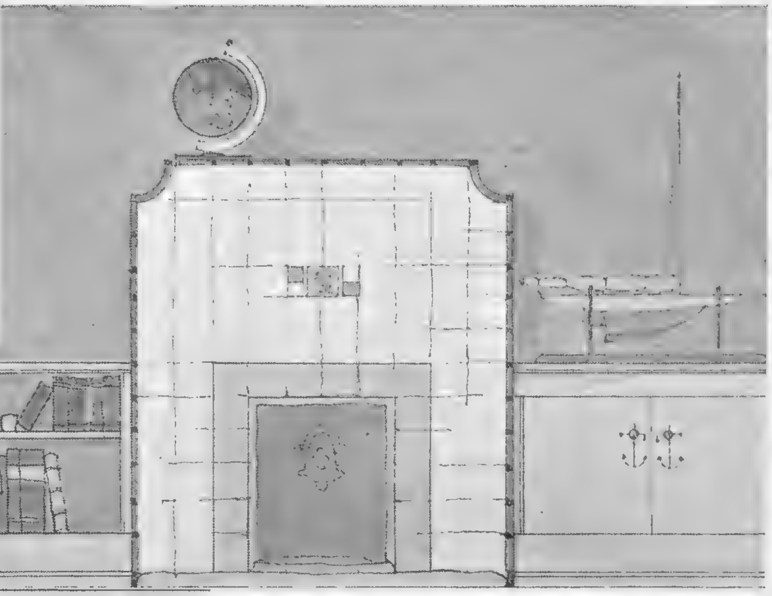
The *Summer* Fireplace . . . .

and how *to* vary *its* appearance *when* fires are *no* longer *in use*

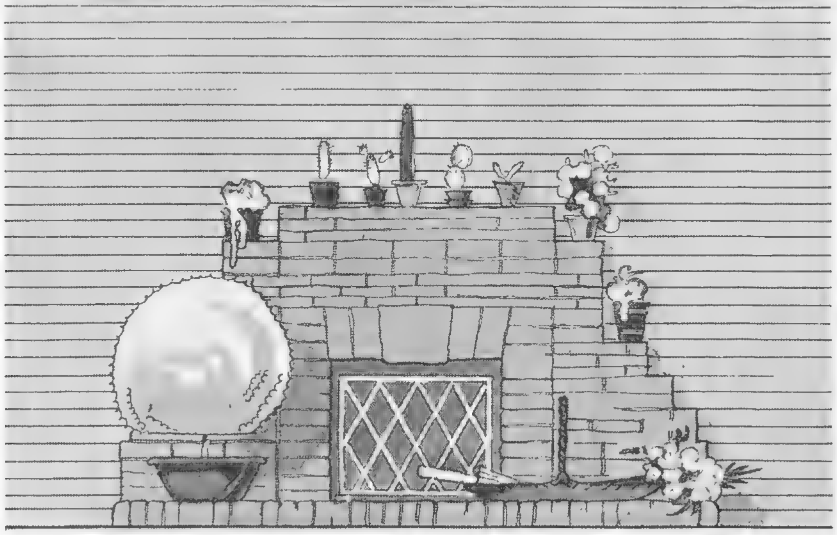
By Winifred Lewis



VERY original is this tile fireplace for a bedroom combining an electric heater for use on chilly summer nights. A row of brightly coloured toilet bottles occupy the recess and the fire screen is also a rack for bedroom slippers. A Bell Fireplace



SAND and sea blue tiles decorate this nursery fireplace, which has bookshelves and a toy cupboard built on either side, fitted on top with tiles to match. A plywood screen stencilled in some nursery design can be fitted to the empty grate. A Bell Fireplace



A BRICK fireplace in a garden room is decorated during summer months with plants and flowering shrubs set in coloured pots. A screen of meridian green trellis masks the empty grate and adds further to the outdoor aspect of the scene. A Bell Fireplace

WHEN warmer days have dispensed with the need for fires, the time arrives to consider what can be done to make the empty fireplace worthy of the prominent position it continues to occupy in the scheme. The advantages of a fireplace that is sufficiently attractive to justify itself, quite apart from its more practical uses, are particularly enhanced at this point, though even so something more can be done to give a summer aspect to this wintry feature of the home.

When first erecting a fireplace it is wise to consider these points and to make provision for such variations as the seasons require.

The sketches on this page suggest summer treatments for three attractive Bell fireplaces, which, having fulfilled their winter function with characteristic success, now adapt themselves to the summer scheme with equal effect.

The lower sketch shows a brick fireplace of rather irregular contour with a brick kerb edge hearth. Being in a room opening on to the garden, the fireplace is given an appropriate appearance by the use of flowering plants contained in coloured pots, a flowering shrub for the hearth and a trellis screen of meridian green to mask the empty grate.

A SIMPLE bedroom fireplace, the first sketched, is carried out in coloured tile and has an ingenious electrical reflector fire on either side which can be brought into immediate use on chilly nights during the summer. A set of gaily coloured toilet bottles occupy the recess above the fireplace, and the screen which fits into the empty grate is also a rack for bedroom slippers.

Finally, a nursery fireplace is shown. This is carried out in sand and sea blue tiles, while the cupboard and bookshelves on either side are fitted on top with matching tiles—a very timely expedient in a room where grubby finger-marks are constantly calling for attention.

An effective way of screening an empty grate is to select a picture which harmonises in colour and character with the surroundings, and to have it fitted into a simple moulded frame which, in turn, is fitted into the grate itself.

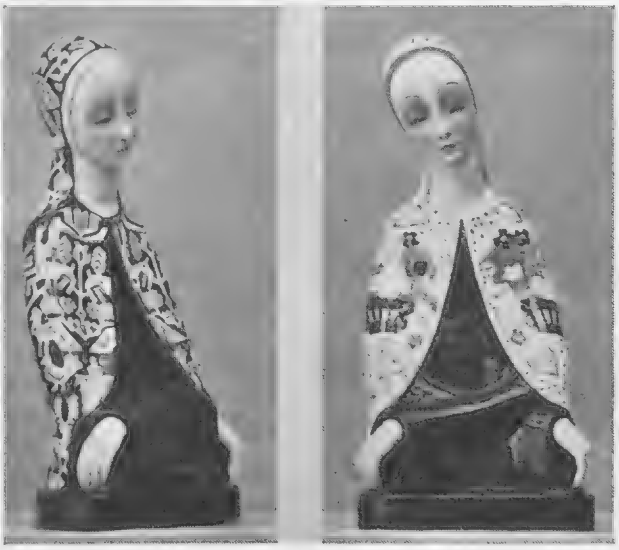
A length of tapestry or an amusing figured fabric, stretched over cardboard of the requisite size and fitted into the grate in the same way, is also most effective and a simple and inexpensive method into the bargain.

Solving *the* Present Problem

A BRANCH candlestick of original form by Lalique from the Exhibition of Presents now on view

SIMPLE furniture by Rowley is included among many other things suitable for presents at Breves Lalique Galleries. This sideboard is photographed with some decorative glass typical of the craftsmanship of Lalique

A BOOKCASE of modern conception holds a sherry set of delicate Swedish glass, a vase of pure crystal and Lalique glass, together with a delightful porcelain group. These things are typical of the exhibits, many moderately priced, which are on view



TWO Madonna heads express the typical charm of the Lenci Ceramics included in the Exhibition. These cost from 45/- each

LIKE the poor, the present problem is always with us. Weddings, birthdays and other felicitous occasions repeat the question of "what to give?" and plunge us afresh into the search for something which meets the occasion with originality.

An exhibition of Artistic Presents which is open to the public at Breves Lalique Galleries promises a solution to the problem by offering the means of inspecting many different kinds of artistic and useful gifts with the very minimum of effort.

All the best that is obtainable in simple furniture, china, glass, pewter of the finest workmanship and the most original conception can be seen at one visit. A most important feature of this exhibition, moreover, is that prices are strictly moderate. Many items are, in fact, priced at less than a pound.

The Danish pewter work which was shown to me had the immaculate beauty of pieces which, in the past, have been far from inexpensive. A branch candlestick of delicate beauty costs 25s., and of course this metal has the advantage of not requiring to be cleaned—a fact for which the recipient will be doubly grateful.

Swedish glass in every manner of attractive form shows itself also to be surprisingly moderate in price. Vases and ornaments of every kind as well as table glass are moulded with characteristic delicacy, while the colouring of all these pieces is novel and restrained.

English glass designed by Keith Murray is included among this dazzling selection of beautiful gifts and, as everyone knows who is familiar with his work, embodies the best principles of modern design without a hint of the eccentricity which becomes so hard to live with. Table glass by this talented designer is a gift worthy of the most auspicious occasion, while many other smaller things, moderately priced, meet lesser occasions with equal charm.

Among the most outstanding exhibits is the lovely porcelain in period and modern design, the Lenci Ceramics, made in Turin, which have met with such admiration and approval in this country. The period designs are somewhat reminiscent of the familiar Dresden groups, but with an individuality and a certain vigour entirely new. Others are distinctly modern and amusing though, in every instance, characterised by a sensitive charm which is bound to endure.

ECCLESIASTICAL designs, of which there are many, are typically represented by the Madonna heads photographed on this page. These have a serene beauty and a luminous colouring seldom surpassed at such a moderate price.

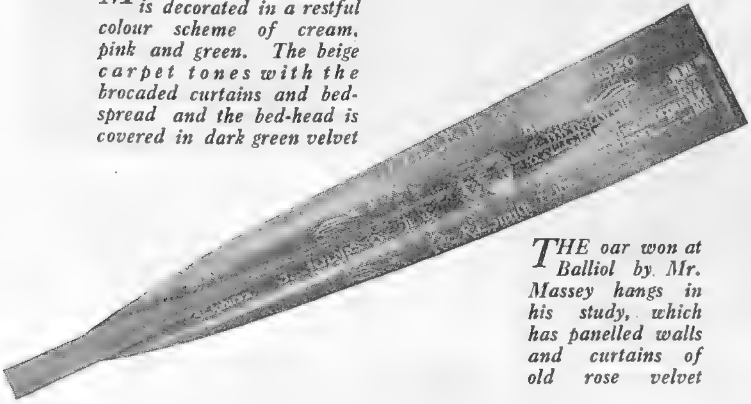
Aquaria have been popular for some time now, but the taste for this particular form of decoration will receive fresh stimulus from the pretty coloured fish which are shown at the exhibition. These Angel Fish, which are an inch or two in length, are brilliantly marked with blue and green; others have an odd zebra marking which singles them out from their companions and catches the light amusingly as they dart through the water. The special tanks which have been designed for these small inhabitants contain a special kind of weed which constantly refreshes the water so that no changing is required, while a thermostat control keeps the temperature of the aquarium exactly where it should be for the comfort and well-being of these tropical persons.

Aquaria will cost from six or seven guineas, which includes the special tank and weed—surely a very original gift to send or to receive!

THE LOVELY WELL-

(Above)
MISS ALLEN'S bedroom is decorated in a restful colour scheme of cream, pink and green. The beige carpet tones with the brocaded curtains and bedspread and the bed-head is covered in dark green velvet

(Below)
THE library has pale ivory walls and curtains of soft blue green, a colour which is repeated in the crushed velvet of the chairs and in the flowered cushions. A portrait of Mrs. Massey hangs over the long refectory table



THE oar won at Balliol by Mr. Massey hangs in his study, which has panelled walls and curtains of old rose velvet

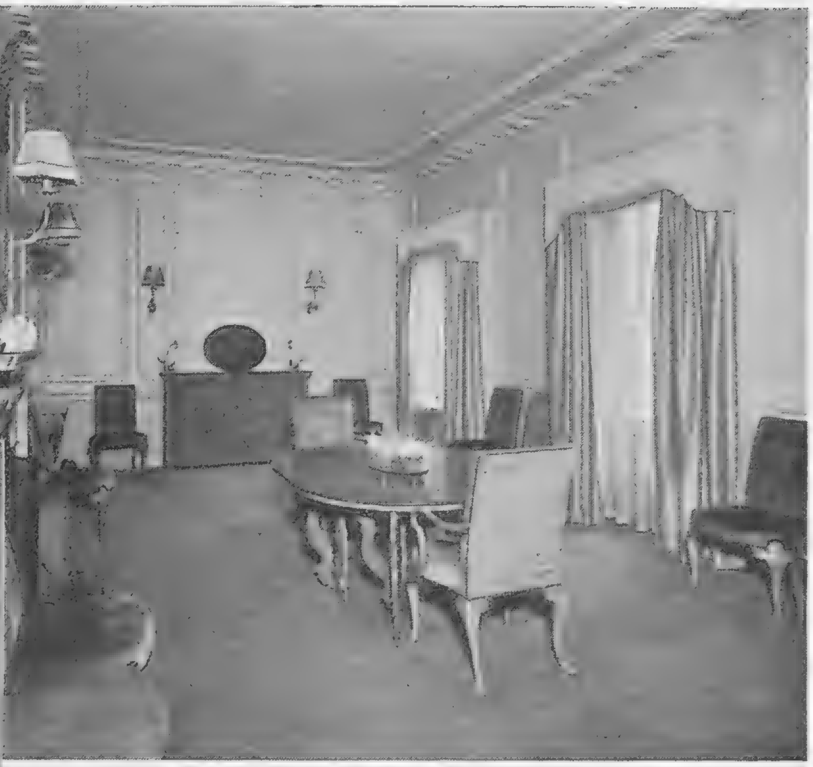
IN the library one wall is lined with books sunk in a panelled recess flanked by two pillars. The carpet, sofa and chair are a pretty beige colour and the walls a pale ivory, while a note of blue-green is introduced by the chair covers and cushions

Photographed exclusively for BRITANNIA & EVE *by Sasha*

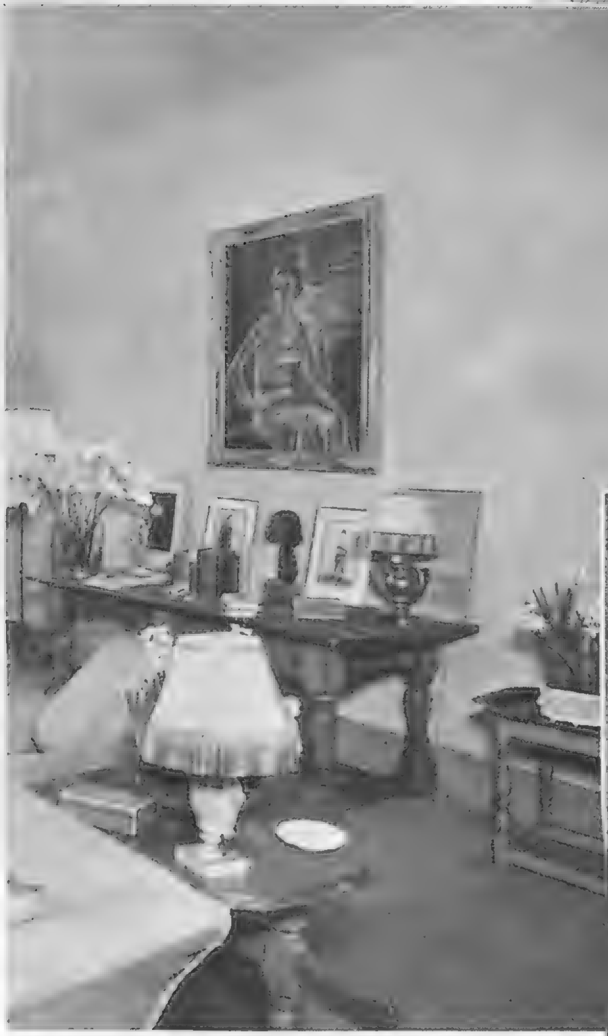
MR. and Mrs. Raymond Massey are one of the most popular stage "teams" in London and New York

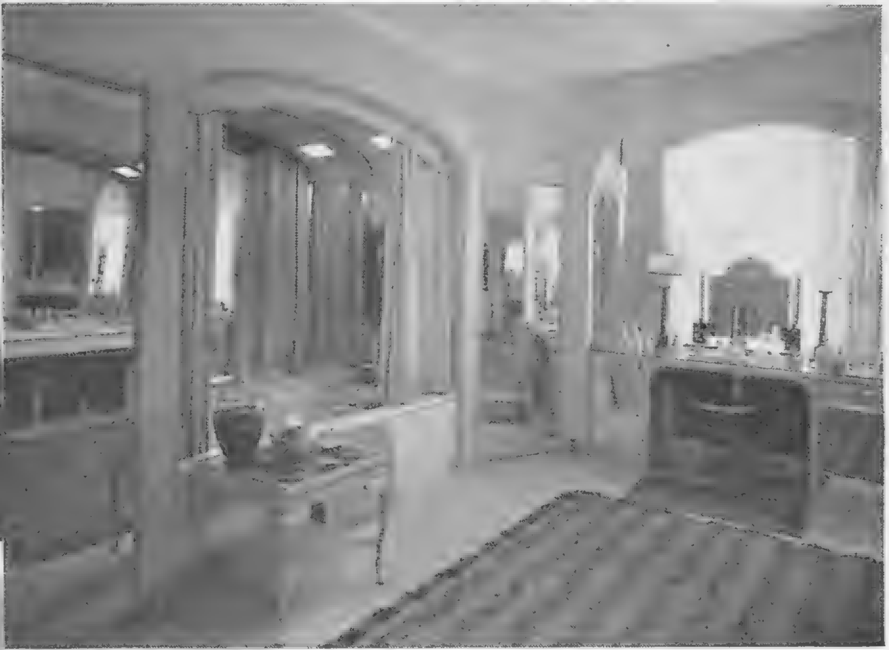
HOME of two KNOWN PEOPLE

No. 21 Wilton Crescent is the home of Raymond Massey, the famous actor and producer, and his beautiful wife, Adrianne Allen, the actress

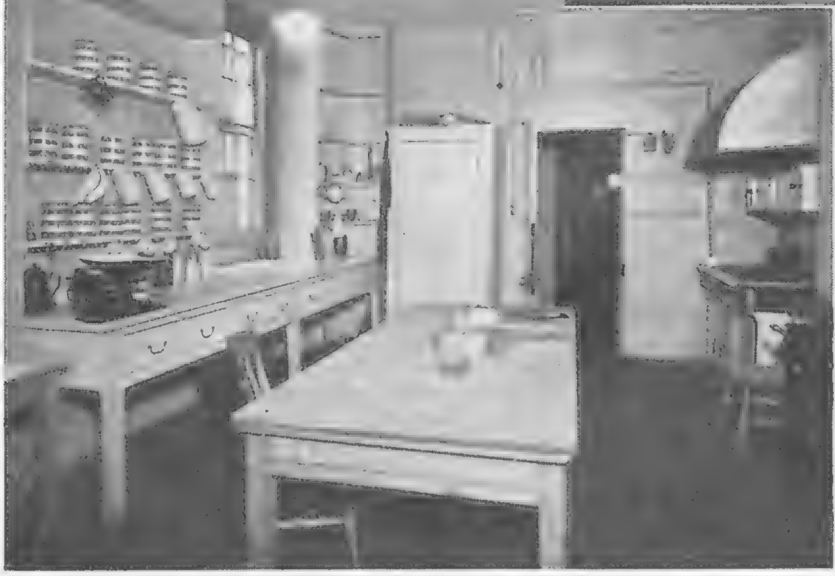


THE dining room is decorated in a soft eel grey and the carpet and chairs of crushed velvet tone with the curtains of heavy satin. The lovely carved oval table matches the sideboard with its ornamental white china roosters, and more china birds stand on the carved mantelpiece





THE bathroom is lined with mirrors, which open to reveal shelves lined with pink glazed chintz finished by pleated frills of pink and green. The bath is set in an alcove, on either side of which hang pink silk rubber curtains



AN extremely efficient and well-equipped kitchen completes the comfort of 21 Wilton Crescent. Blue and white striped china jars decorate the dresser and blue and white checked curtains hang at the window

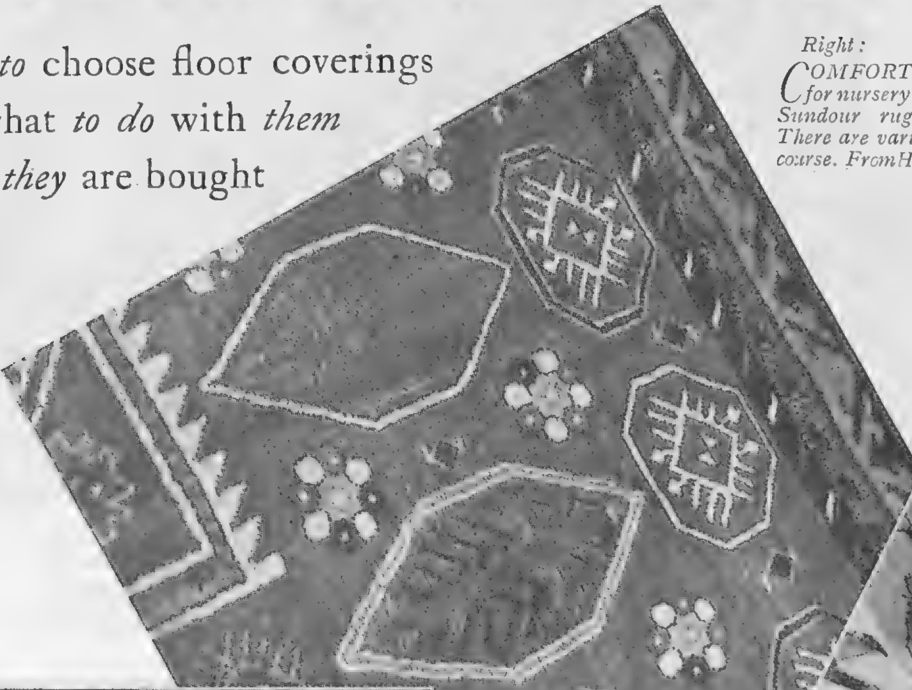
Choosing CARPETS *and* RUGS

By ***Winifred***

How *to* choose floor coverings *and* what *to do* with *them* when *they* are bought

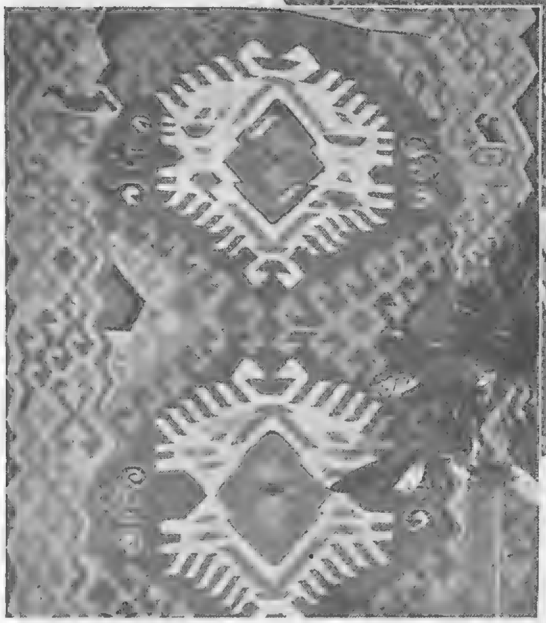
Right:

COMFORT and colour for nursery people! This Sundour rug costs 30/9. There are various sizes, of course. From Harvey Nichols



Left:

A KAZACK runner of traditional design with the mellow background of Persian red—a luxurious decoration for a landing—measures 8' 8" x 4' 10" and costs £18 18 0. From Harvey Nichols



A KHELIM rug has the subdued colouring of the Oriental dyes and a fine texture which renders it adaptable to other means of decoration besides that of a floor covering. The prices are satisfactorily moderate, as can be seen by this one from Harvey Nichols costing 75/- and measuring 6' 7" x 3' 5"

GOOD looks and durability are an illusive combination, but if ever these two characteristics should be sought and brought together, it is when choosing carpets and rugs.

In furnishing a room the choice of carpets and rugs is often left to the last, whereas they should be considered at the beginning, since no other item of a furnishing scheme is submitted to such rough treatment or is more constantly on display.

As the background upon which all other items of furniture are to be shown, the carpet is infinitely worthy of the greatest care in its choice. It is wise, moreover, to devote a fairly substantial proportion of the total sum to be spent on the room to the purchase of these items, since their influence is so very strongly felt in the surroundings. A carpet of inferior quality can utterly destroy the effect of beautiful furniture, while one of which the design and colouring are unhappily blended with the scheme is equally capable of divesting a pretty room of all its charm.

Fifteen to twenty per cent. of the total to be spent on a room is not too much to set aside for the purchase of the carpet, and it should be remembered that a choice of colouring which does not impose too many restrictions will prove more economical in adapting itself later to variations of the scheme.

The decision between carpet and rugs depends upon the type of room in question. Comfort, however, is best served by a carpet, and rugs are generally best reserved for passages, halls and smaller bedrooms.

If a plain, fitted carpet is chosen to cover a floor, rugs can be used upon it to add colour and life to the scheme, but the habit of introducing them on a patterned carpet simply destroys the effect of both.

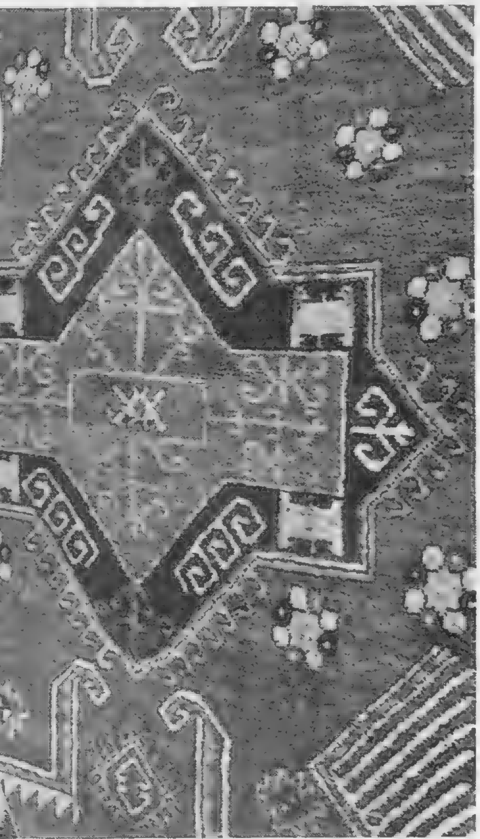
When a number of small rugs are used, the room is apt to shrink in size, so that one must be careful to vary their size and shape a little. Again, if one rug only is used, and this proves to be too small in proportion to the size of the room, it will again appear to lose space.

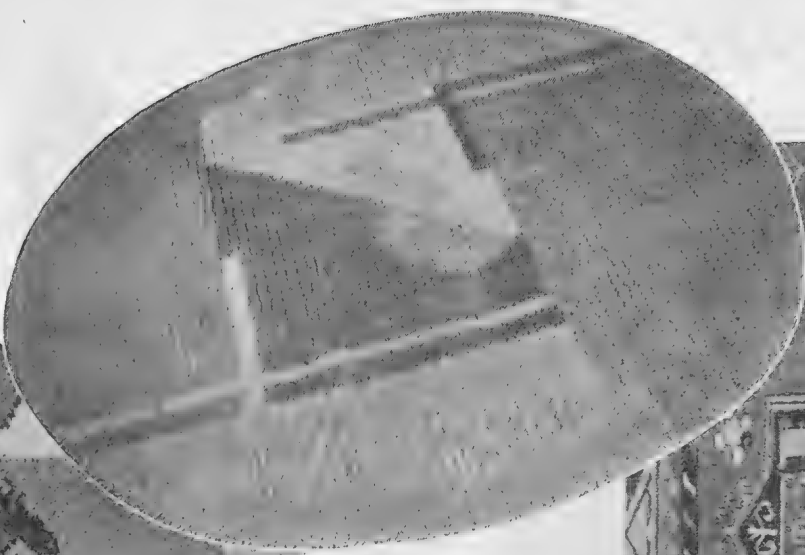
Rugs cannot be bought indiscriminately just as one happens to be attracted to them in the shop. They should be chosen with a careful eye to shape, size and colouring in relation to the room in which they are to live. Whilst unobtrusive, they should enhance the colouring of fabrics and the dignity of furniture. If economy is to be studied at all, however, the colouring of the carpet should be neutral enough to allow of later changes in the colour scheme. Occasions

Lewis

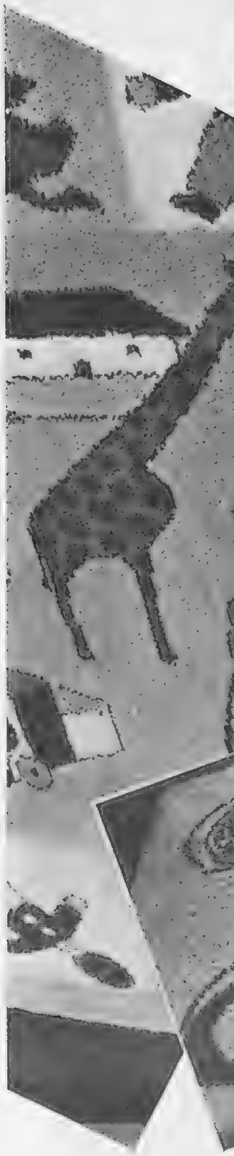
Below:

THIS is a section of Persian carpet which would do justice to the most luxurious scheme. The colourings of Persian red, blue and beige are exquisitely blended and characteristically subdued. From Hamptons



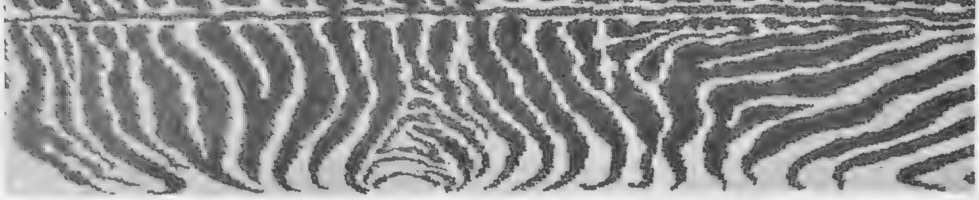


TO maintain balance in a scheme rugs should be of varying size and shape. A round deep pile hand-made rug of blue and grey colouring costs 55/6 from Hamptons



Left:

MARION DORN'S design for a modern rug has a background of natural wool and a design of nigger brown. Price £6 6 0 from Fortnum & Mason



ANOTHER Marion Dorn rug in a "tiger skin" design. These rugs are obtainable in various sizes, carried out in the same colouring as before—nigger and brown—from Fortnum and Mason

so often arise in the lifetime of a carpet when the colour scheme of the room is to be changed without the expense of new floor covering.

When buying a new carpet or rugs to go with furniture that has already seen a good deal of wear, it is just as well to remember that a carpet of a very luxurious kind will be likely to emphasise the deficiencies of the furniture. At the same time, if discreetly chosen, a new carpet can be safely depended upon to give a new lease of life to furniture that is showing signs of age.

When rugs alone are used, the colouring of the floorboards or of the linoleum upon which they are to be laid should be carefully considered. Spaciousness can be added to a small room by colouring the floorboards to match the ground colouring of the rugs. This can be done by the use of a well-matched linoleum, or, if the floorboards are well preserved, by painting them with one of the excellent indestructible paints now available.

Rugs scattered indiscriminately about the floor can detract quite seriously from the balance of a room. Generally speaking, the best effect is obtained by laying them parallel with the walls and, as far as possible, in such a position as to join their effect with some other item of furniture. These are the points which, if carefully studied, make a furnishing scheme "hang together."

Whether or not a carpet is of an inexpensive or a more costly kind, it is essential that an adequate underlining should be used.

By this means, depth and comfort are added to the thin texture, while more luxurious ones are protected from harm.

Linovent is thoroughly to be recommended for the purpose of underlining both linoleums and carpets and, in regard to the latter, is much superior to felt.

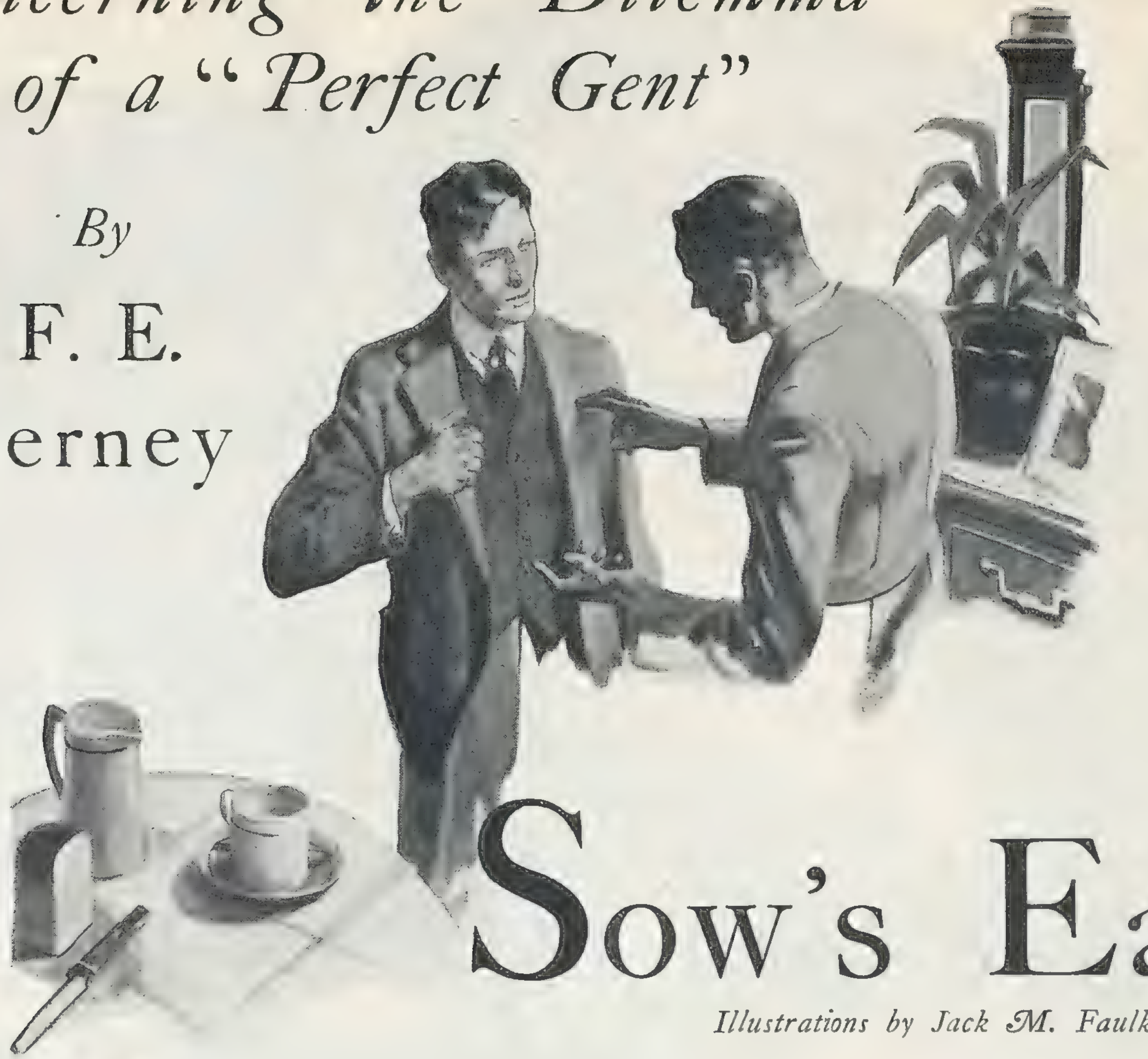
Linovent is made of a pliable, waterproof base, thickly coated with granulated cork on each side. It prevents damp from rising and working disaster on the carpet, it softens the tread of heavy feet and adds resilience to the thinnest carpet. Uneven floorboards are smoothed out and, in fact, the life of all types of floor covering is prolonged by its use.

In justice to carpets, this undercovering should always be used—more especially as the cost of it is so reasonable.

Concerning the Dilemma of a "Perfect Gent"

By

F. E. Verney



Sow's Ear

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

CYNTHIA WEYER wanted as much in a husband and father of her unborn children as she did in a horse. The Chief of the Paris Military Mission had similar views on the value of caste. But the best way to tell a true story is just as it happened, minus as many literary frills as possible.

I was Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at the War Office when it all began. The A.-G.'s Most Private and Pretty Secretary brought a "minute" down to me by hand, asking me to find and appoint to the Paris Mission an officer of somewhat peculiar qualifications. He had to be young, with a distinguished war record, speak French and German, and—in the language of the attached letter from Paris—be *unmistakably a gentleman*. The writer had heavily underlined this superlative. Against it, in the margin, the A.-G. had blue-pencilled facetiously: "They all got killed in the war."

Grinning at the Most Private and Pretty Secretary, and winking across the room at my busy Staff Captain, I intoned facetiously to my stenographer the beginning of a formal nomination paper:

"A Vacancy Exists at H.Q. British
Mission, Paris, for
One Perfect Gentleman.
I NOMINATE
Sir Percy Vere de Vere,
Present whereabouts unknown."

The secretary suggested helpfully and a little disapprovingly:

"I expect what General Westerham means is a *regular* officer."

"You don't know General Westerham, my dear," I told her. "He wants a blue-blooded Vere de Vere who can be a gentleman in two languages. Did you ever know an honest-to-God gent who spoke two languages?"

However, my branch existed for the purpose of dealing with everything out of the ordinary routine, as well as selecting officers for Staff appointments, so I went through my "Form at a glance" to see if I could uncover the paragon. From amongst the string of names on my "Waiting List" I picked out the three most likely starters and drew their "books" from M.S. (C.R.). On paper, two of them were as obvious as daylight from the "gentleman" point of view. They were both Guardsmen, one a Lord and the other an "Honourable," and their records went back via Sandhurst and Eton to their annexed birth certificates. Both spoke French, but no German.

The third, though he was an officer in a cavalry regiment that is more exclusive than any in the Brigade of Guards, had apparently gained his Regular commission in the war, for his "book" contained nothing more personal than some remarkably good Confidential Reports. But he spoke French and German. Into the bargain he had gained a D.S.O. and three Military Crosses as a regimental officer in France. There was a Major in his crowd serving in the D.O.'s branch. By way of being thorough, I called him up by telephone and inquired about this comparatively dark horse.

"Is he what you might call a perfect gent?" I asked, with my tongue in my cheek.

"My deah fellah," was the prompt retort, "we sacked our last 'temporary gentleman' in nineteen eighteen."

"What kind of a cove is he, anyway?"

"One of the very best. There are no flies on Timmy Recordin. Quiet fellah, but brave as a lion. Best soldier in the regiment."

At interview I had no hesitation in selecting Recordin for the vacant appointment. Apart from military qualifications, and French and German, passed by the Intelligence Branch, there was a quiet air of authentic breed about him in appearance and manner. It gave him quality by comparison with the slight swagger and supreme self-assurance of the two Guardees. Undoubtedly he was the round peg for this peculiarly round hole.

In telling him he was selected, I added, with what I intended to be humour, that he owed his luck more to the colour of his blood than the colours of his string of medal ribbons. To point the jest, I showed him the original letter of his future Chief, with the A.-G.'s comment.

He returned to my room as I was going out to lunch and requested a few minutes' private conversation. He opened this by asking if I remembered ever meeting him before. I said I was certain I hadn't met him before. I found his smile curiously infectious as he rejoined in neat, clipped accents rather like those of the Prince of Wales :

" I remember you well with your name to help, though it's rather a long time ago. You were about ten, and I was about the same age. We used to fight by the lake in your home park. My name then was Tim Jenkins—the son of a workman your father sacked for drunkenness."

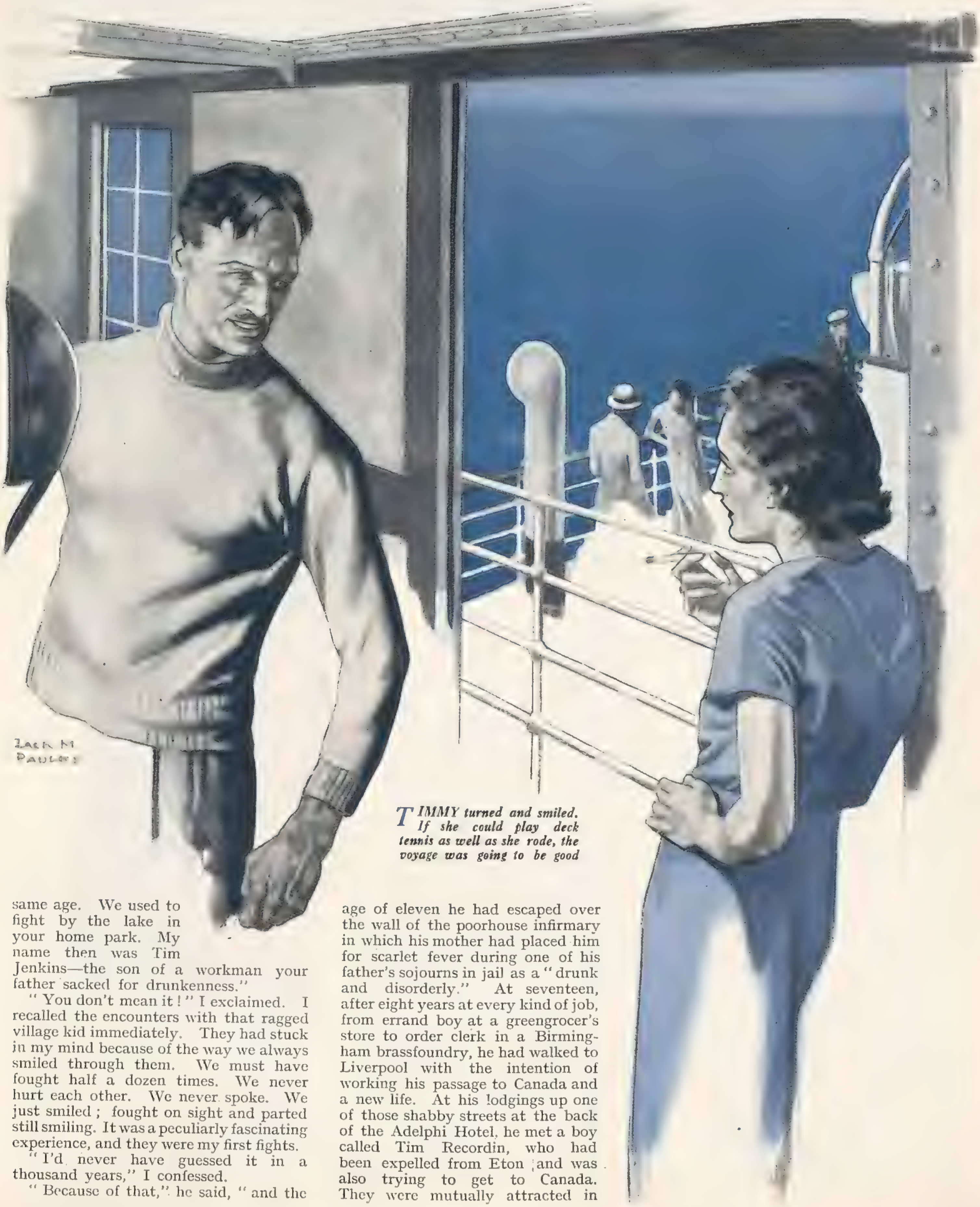
" You don't mean it ! " I exclaimed. I recalled the encounters with that ragged village kid immediately. They had stuck in my mind because of the way we always smiled through them. We must have fought half a dozen times. We never hurt each other. We never spoke. We just smiled ; fought on sight and parted still smiling. It was a peculiarly fascinating experience, and they were my first fights.

" I'd never have guessed it in a thousand years," I confessed.

" Because of that," he said, " and the blue blood qualification you mentioned this morning, I've come back to ask you if you'd like to cancel my appointment."

" Come and have some lunch with me at the Rag and we'll talk about it," I answered.

OVER our coffee in a corner of the club smoking-room he gave me the outline of the Cinderella translation. At the age of eleven he had escaped over the wall of the poorhouse infirmary in which his mother had placed him for scarlet fever during one of his father's sojourns in jail as a " drunk and disorderly." At seventeen, after eight years at every kind of job, from errand boy at a greengrocer's store to order clerk in a Birmingham brassfoundry, he had walked to Liverpool with the intention of working his passage to Canada and a new life. At his lodgings up one of those shabby streets at the back of the Adelphi Hotel, he met a boy called Tim Recordin, who had been expelled from Eton and was also trying to get to Canada. They were mutually attracted in the first place by the similarity of their first names. By that time, too, Timmy Jenkins the clerk was a big improvement on Timmy Jenkins the ragged village lad. He had done a tremendous lot of reading, mainly of romantic fiction : Scott, Ouida, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, Samuel Lover, Phillips Oppenheim, and Galsworthy—in fact, anything and everything he had been able to lay his hands



TIMMY turned and smiled. If she could play deck tennis as well as she rode, the voyage was going to be good

on from the time he left his village school, where he had his imagination set alight by Hereward the Wake and similar epics of chivalry and knightly achievement.

"The village curate was a young Oxford man, and he took an interest in me as my brother, killed with the 17th Lancers in South Africa, was batman to his father. It was the first time I had heard anyone talk proper English. It fascinated me like an attractive tune. He used to read twice a week in the village hall, and I began to copy him. My own vocabulary was small, so I hadn't much to unlearn. I was very impressionable in those days and as imitative as a monkey."

Anyway, when these two lads met in that lodging house, both adrift from their previous lives, adventure beckoning their youth with both hands, they became friends. To Timmy Jenkins, Tim Recordin was a character from his favourite fiction come to life. It was his first intimate contact with a boy of his own age from the romantic background of those traditions he had been absorbing in print and dreams.

Tim Recordin was in an awkward dilemma. His people had traced him as far as Liverpool, and were having inquiries made at the docks and shipping offices. He had been turned down by several shipmasters, who for the most part repelled his attempts at a job with the remark :

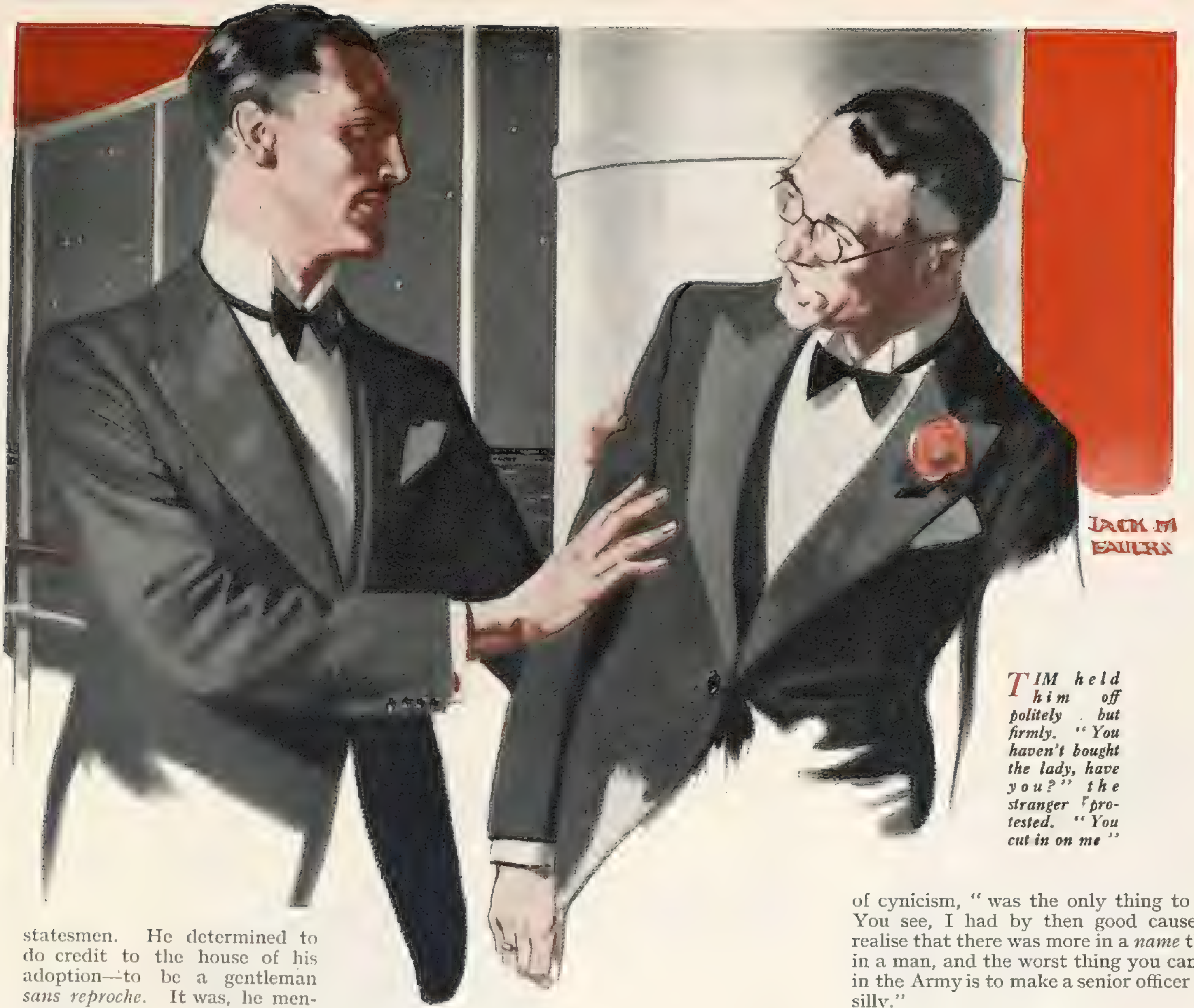
"We don't want any of your sort round here."

Timmy Jenkins had had no better luck. He was very slim and fine-drawn to look at, and, so far as manual labour was concerned, appeared more of a liability than an asset to any ship's crew.

They were both getting desperate when Recordin suggested they should change names and clothes. There was more fun than logic in the idea, excepting that Timmy Jenkins was now looking for an office job where his slender physique would be no bar, and Recordin wanted a new identity he could swear by. The romantic Timmy Jenkins at once fell for the proposal. There was nothing he could have liked better than to be Tim Recordin. The plan was successful. In the name of Jenkins, wearing Jenkins's shabby suit, Tim Recordin went to sea as a cabin boy on a White Star cargo boat. Timmy Jenkins, in the name of Recordin, wearing Recordin's Norfolk shooting suit cut in Savile Row, got a job with MacIvers, the West African merchants in Water Street.

"In this identity," he explained, "I made my first acquaintance with snobbery. Old MacIver picked me out by my clothes from twenty-odd applicants ; gave me the job for my manners, copied from Recordin ; and afterwards kept interested because of my name and family repute. I had to tell a few mild lies, of course, to begin with. It was that or starve. Anyway, I did not lie about my commercial abilities, which most applicants for jobs do ; and so long as I was honest with my job, it did no harm to the firm."

He enjoyed his new identity as he had never enjoyed his old one, and looked up the Memoirs of the Recordin family in the Liverpool Free Library. This fed his imagination still further. They were a gallant line of cavaliers, soldiers and



TIM held him off politely but firmly. "You haven't bought the lady, have you?" the stranger protested. "You cut in on me"

statesmen. He determined to do credit to the house of his adoption—to be a gentleman *sans reproche*. It was, he mentioned, a sort of rebirth to what he had so often imagined for himself; and he was keeping his compact with Recordin.

In the ordinary "Cinderella" story the young hero puts his back into business with one eye on his savings book and the other on the Lord Mayor's coach. Timmy gave the best that was in him because loyal service was the code of the gentleman of tradition. He saved no money, nor tried to get the job of the man above him. MacIvers did a large trade with German and French West Africa, and to pull his full weight Timmy spent his evenings at the Berlitz school, talking with Frenchmen and Germans.

"Though," he confessed, "I think the main incentive was that the Recordins were linguists, and a gentleman ought to know French, anyhow. Most of my heroes did."

They had not, however, engaged in trade. Most of them were soldiers, as Timmy had always wanted to be. To him, an officer and a gentleman was a very literal phrase—to serve and be served without thought of personal profit—an integral part of that colourful tapestry of tradition from which his youthful reading had been drawn, and to which his childish imagination had reacted so spontaneously.

Yet it was more by accident than design that he finally joined the Army. He quarrelled with one of the young MacIvers, who developed an inferiority complex with his father's "gentleman" employee and sought every opportunity of being unpleasant. Timmy, in fact, knocked down young MacIver one day in a stock-room where that gentleman was forcing amatory attentions on a tearful girl clerk. For this uncommercial act Timmy was sacked in disgrace. Failing to secure another job, he enlisted as a private in his brother's old regiment, still in the name of Recordin. By this time it had become second nature to him. Two years later, when the Great War began, he was twenty-one and a Lance-Sergeant.

At the end of 1914, now in the trenches, he was given a commission on the unattached list—the first of his lot to be so rewarded. Later he was posted for duty with his present regiment. There he made a great impression on its Commanding Officer and was transferred at the latter's request to its depleted permanent establishment.

When his Colonel got command of the Eighth Cavalry Division, he took Recordin with him as A.D.C., and subsequently made him his G.S.O. 3, and then promoted him to G.S.O. 2. Knowing that particular officer for the haughty old snob he was, I asked: "Didn't old Fitzpatrick ever ask you if you were one of the Yorkshire Recordins?"

"Yes. And I gave him my usual answer: 'More or less,' which he doubtless took for the right sort of modesty, but which," he added, with a slight touch of cynicism, "was the only thing to do. You see, I had by then good cause to realise that there was more in a *name* than in a man, and the worst thing you can do in the Army is to make a senior officer feel silly."

"But you told me?"

He smiled. "I felt it was up to me to tell you. The circumstances were rather different. You are no snob, in any event. You don't have to be."

I sent him to Paris, where he was a great success. His next move was to South Africa—on the Staff of the Governor-General, a Royal household into which he fitted with the same perfection as his Equerry's evening coat with the coveted facings of pale blue silk.

Here, as in his own regimental mess, he became the "mould of form and the glass of fashion." His tennis was nearly first class, and so was his polo, and he was the kind of dancer that the Bright Young Things of the Cape rave about.

Now, South African Society, as everybody who has been there knows, is just as snobbish as only a democratic community can be. This is composed of the professional classes, who guard social privileges jealously; and anglicised Dutch who religiously trace themselves back to distinguished Huguenot forbears; wealthy wine growers, mine owners and planters. These, too, are steeped in that class consciousness which seems to be the heritage of early British rule in coloured countries. The busybodies looked up the new Equerry in Debrett and Burke, and found a fine plum on the social fence. So, as Captain Timothy Recordin of the ancient house of Yorkshire Recordins, plus Equerry to the Governor-General, plus Captain in the most exclusive cavalry regiment in the British Service, the impecunious and gallant Timmy could have had his pick of the heiresses of South Africa. There was, in fact, a good deal of competition for Captain Timmy Recordin.

He first saw Cynthia Weyer at the Johannesburg Horse Show; watched her win the Ladies' High Jump on her thoroughbred stallion Saccho. It was her horse that interested him most. It was the kind of mount he wanted to own himself. Still, he noted the rider's length below the neat knees, model-clean in the best cut pair of Jodhpores he had ever set eyes on; the effortless way those knees adhered to the felt flaps of her saddle; the slender brogues motionless in the stirrup irons. And finally the straight line through from her square shoulders to the forelegs of the stallion as she landed him steeply and surely on the winning side of the jump. There were a good many men in South Africa who found Cynthia Weyer good to look at.

" That girl certainly knows how to ride," he remarked to the Lady-in-Waiting who was standing at his elbow in the Governor-General's Box. And afterwards, when Cynthia strode up to receive the Cup from the G.-G., eyes and manner cool as ice, he noticed her sun-browned nose was slightly curved at the bridge below her dark eyes. A princess of ancient Egypt, he thought critically, admiringly. Unusual type for South Africa.

Returning to his side, the Lady-in-Waiting told him:

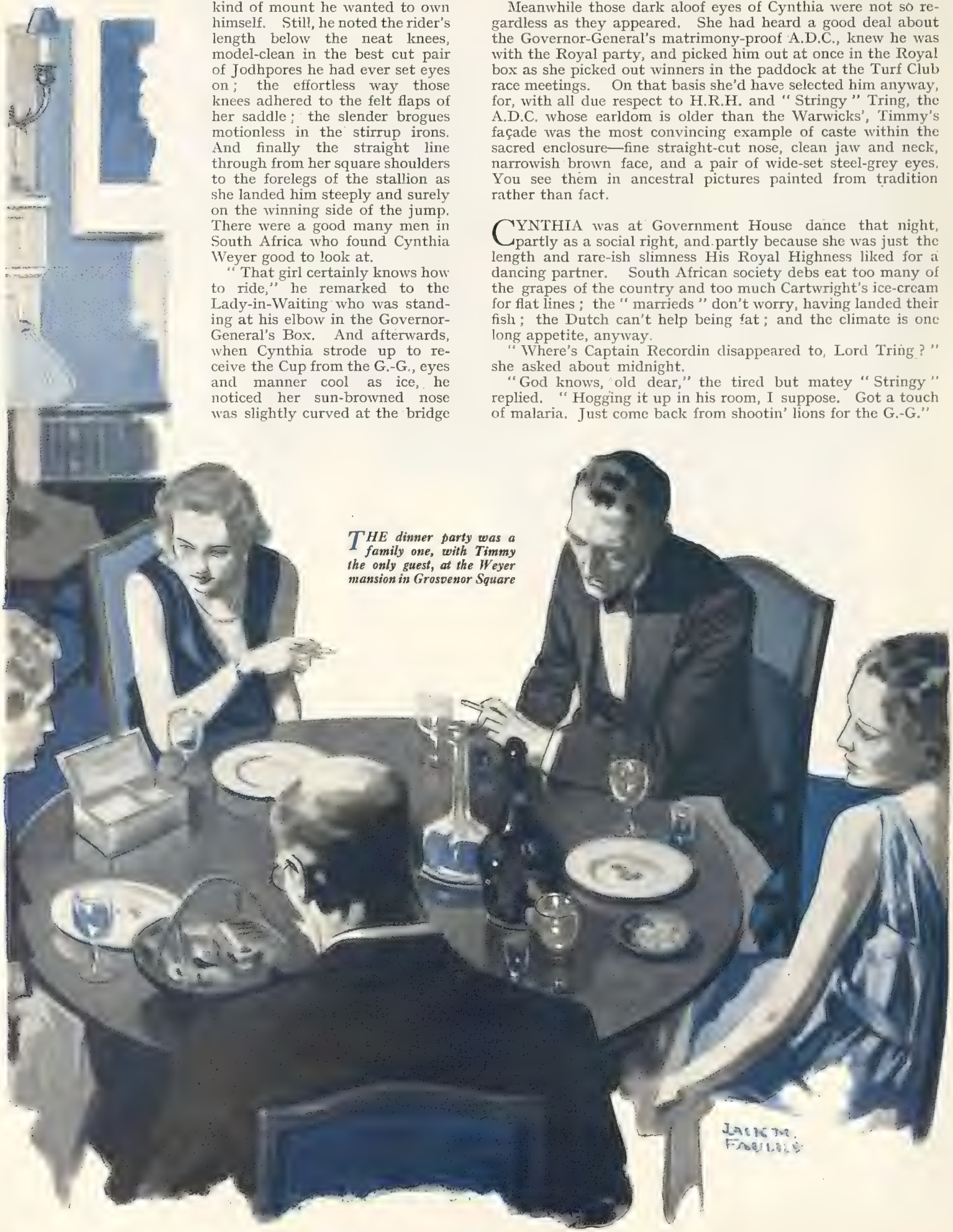
" That's old Weyer's daughter, Timmy. Just come down from the Addo Forest. Got all the money in Africa. Just the thing for you, Timmy. They want some blue blood in the family. Why not do a deal? It's silly of you to leave Africa without providing for your old age."

Meanwhile those dark aloof eyes of Cynthia were not so regardless as they appeared. She had heard a good deal about the Governor-General's matrimony-proof A.D.C., knew he was with the Royal party, and picked him out at once in the Royal box as she picked out winners in the paddock at the Turf Club race meetings. On that basis she'd have selected him anyway, for, with all due respect to H.R.H. and " Stringy " Tring, the A.D.C. whose earldom is older than the Warwicks', Timmy's façade was the most convincing example of caste within the sacred enclosure—fine straight-cut nose, clean jaw and neck, narrowish brown face, and a pair of wide-set steel-grey eyes. You see them in ancestral pictures painted from tradition rather than fact.

CYNTHIA was at Government House dance that night, partly as a social right, and partly because she was just the length and rare-ish slimness His Royal Highness liked for a dancing partner. South African society debs eat too many of the grapes of the country and too much Cartwright's ice-cream for flat lines; the " marrieds " don't worry, having landed their fish; the Dutch can't help being fat; and the climate is one long appetite, anyway.

" Where's Captain Recordin disappeared to, Lord Tring?" she asked about midnight.

" God knows, old dear," the tired but matey " Stringy " replied. " Hogging it up in his room, I suppose. Got a touch of malaria. Just come back from shootin' lions for the G.-G."



THE dinner party was a family one, with Timmy the only guest, at the Weyer mansion in Grosvenor Square

Steering the blasé Stringy through a kaleidoscopic wedge of Paris frocks, Defence Force uniforms, and bemedalled black coats, she drawled: "Isn't he going Home on the *Port Kingston* on Friday?"

And finally, when she'd drawn out of the absent-minded A.D.C. all about Timmy that she did not know already, she remarked idly of his regiment: "I thought all the 'Nobs' were Dukes and Earls."

"Septic lot," agreed Stringy. "Timmy shows 'em how to eat soup without making a noise, an' what not."

Gliding homewards to the family mansion in that fashionable garden suburb which diamond and gold plutocrats have wrested from the burnt spaces of the adjoining veldt, the roof of her Rolls coupé open to the lapis lazuli starlight of that African night, ringless hands firm on the ebony driving wheel, she remarked casually to her sleepy passenger:

"Father, I've seen your son-in-law—he's travelling home on our ship."

Sir George Weyer, Bart., focussed his little eyes along his hooked nose, glanced at the moonlit swimming pool and tennis courts of the Country Club on his left, and asked:

"Who is he, my dear?"

"Timmy Recordin—the Governor-General's Equerry. He's in the 'Nobs'—7th Dragoon Guards."

"Can't think why you refused young Tring," he said. "Title an' all."

"I'm quite willing to improve our family strain, father," she told him. "But I'd like the improvement to be a little more obvious."

"That's horses," grunted Sir George. "Can't have everything. What's Recordin's family?"

"They're the Yorkshire Recordins. Oldest family in England. Pre-Norman—pre-Domesday—pre-everything. Pedigree like England itself."

IN the afternoon of the second day out from Cape Town, when nearly all the ship's passengers lay in their staterooms under electric fans, adjusting the luncheon menu to the roll of the ship, Cynthia found Timmy, in a heavy polo sweater, punching the ball in the gymnasium. Leaning against the open doorway, cigarette at mouth, she watched the clean, crisp swing of his perfectly balanced body, much as he had surveyed Saccho and her horsemanship in the jumping contest.

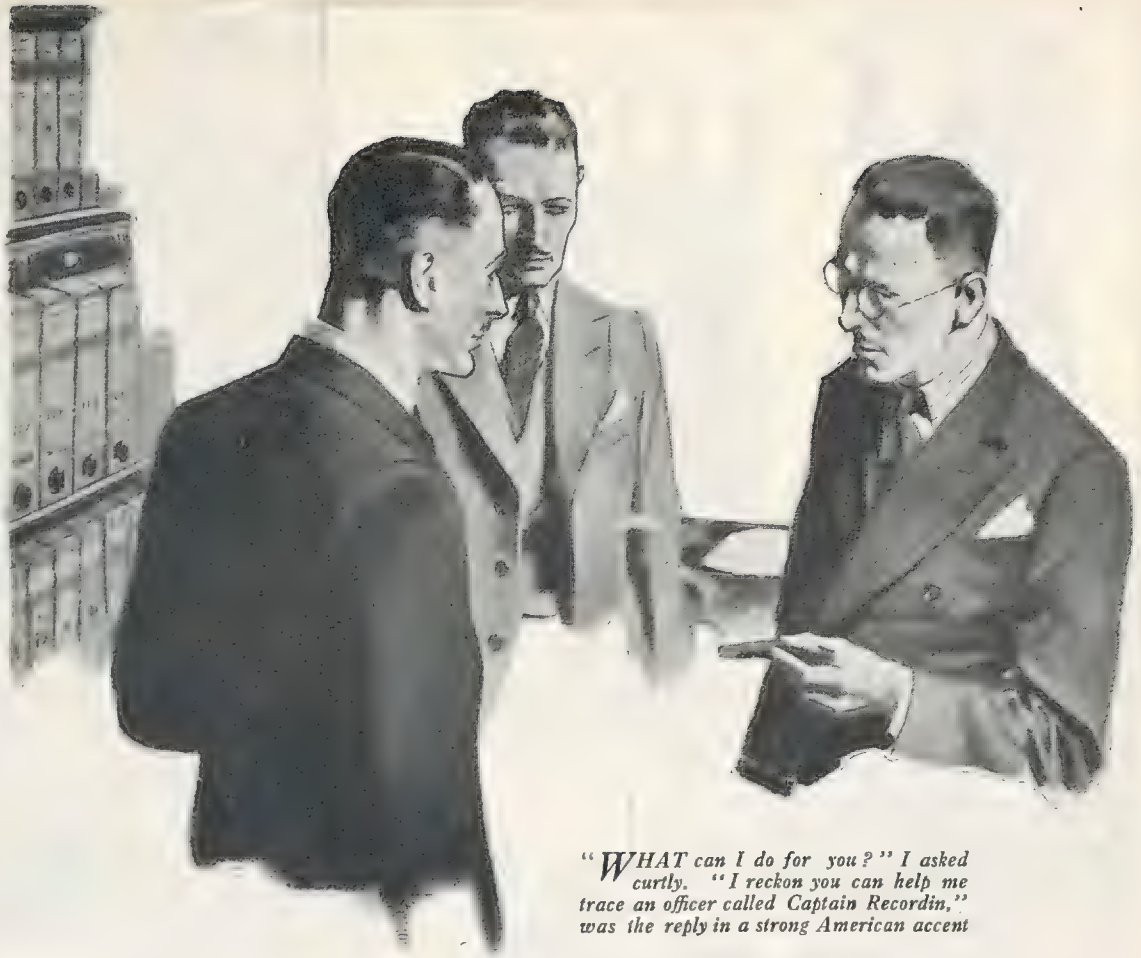
When he paused to hitch white trousers more firmly to narrow waist, she made her first approach shot.

"There's deck-tennis court marked out on the boat deck, Captain Recordin—will you give me a game? Everybody else is lazing."

Timmy turned and smiled. If she could play deck tennis as well as she rode, the voyage was going to be good. "I'd much rather do that than this," he agreed. "But won't it be too sultry for you?"

"I shouldn't ask you if it would," she retorted.

Cynthia took five of the eleven sets they played, without disturbing a wave of her crinkled hair or pausing to powder that interesting nose. She had won the first hole—out of the ordinary, this girl. He gave her tea under the forward awning of the long promenade deck, where they talked horses, books, big-game shooting, and Africa. He liked her air of impersonality, one man to another kind of thing, her sun-browned face, clean-cut and firm like his own. And her absence of any of the South African symptoms of mate-hunting he found pleasant. He could be himself with this girl.



"*WHAT can I do for you?" I asked curtly. "I reckon you can help me trace an officer called Captain Recordin," was the reply in a strong American accent*

BETWEEN dances next night—the first they had together—she asked him why he had danced so little at Government House. With a frankness provoked by her indifferent tones, he told her that after two months' trekking in the Zambesi basin, two days and nights on the train, plus the Horse Show, a long chair and a long drink in his room, with three back months' parcels from the Times Book Club, was more to his liking than trundling a lot of young women around a sticky floor. They were leaning on the starboard rails alternately watching the crowd of joy-makers on the chalked deck and the dead smooth of a sea like purple oil.

"I like people to be candid," she said, in that soft, lazy drawl. "Let's dance some more. You'd be a good dancer if you'd keep your knees a little stiffer."

Timmy's teeth showed whitely in the light of a rose-coloured electric. Turning from the rail, he looked at her. She was wearing a dress of some new reddish material—Vionnet or Chanel, he decided—as distinctive in cut as her individuality. On her brow, just below the strong thick roots of her hair, she wore a thin "sweat band" of the same colour. Imperial Egypt, he thought again, wondering how that little fat Jew, her father, had managed such a royal *chef d'œuvre*. He said:

"I've an idea you are a very spoiled young woman. When were you spanked last?"

"I always get what I want," she drawled. "Don't you?"

"Then," he said, "this is just where you begin not to get all you want, young woman. If you dislike my knee action, you must pick a partner with a wooden leg."

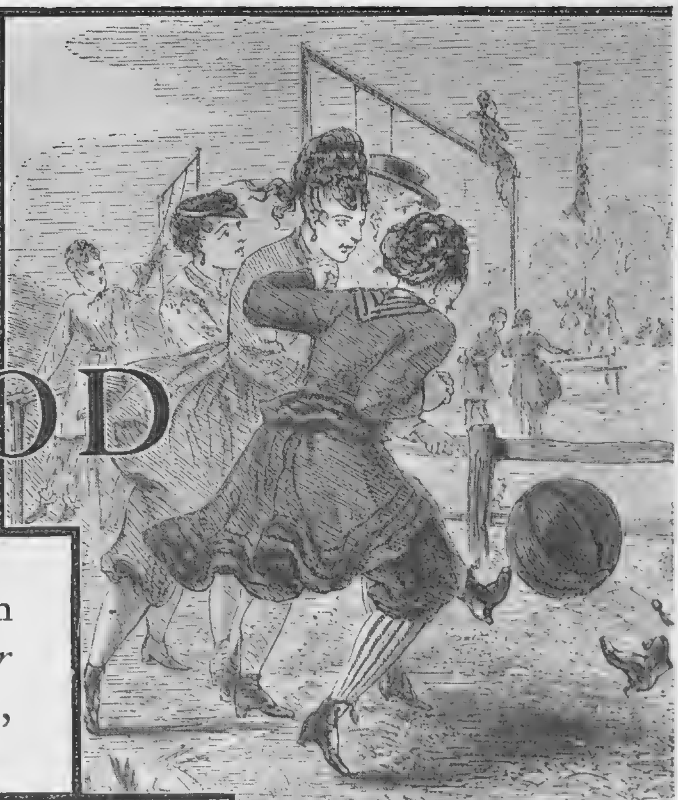
"One can get anything one sets one's mind on" was her answer to that. And just for one minute she looked him full in the eyes.

Timmy remembered that look several times in the next few days steaming across tropic blue seas. What had she meant by it? If she thought she was going to have him trotting around at her heels throughout the voyage, she was mistaken. He was a little too experienced to fall for a *romance de voyage*.

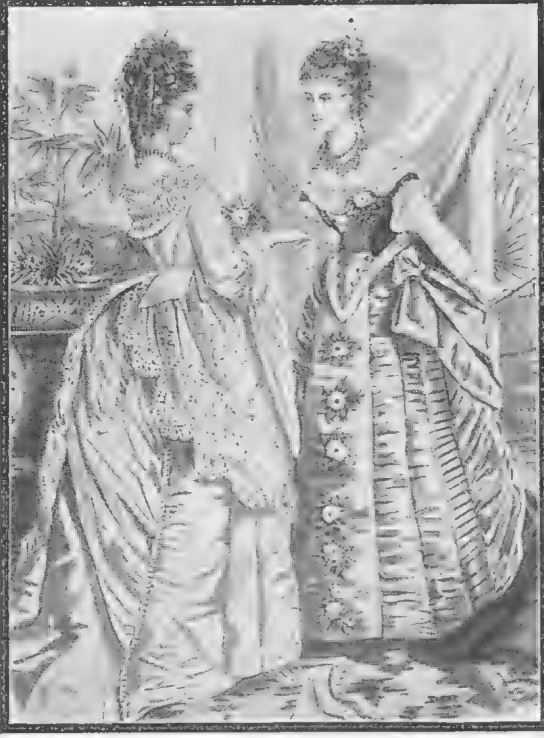
With that idea in view, he spent the next evening playing contract in the smoking-room with three Rand magnates. Getting cut out about nine-thirty, he took a turn around the deck to get air before retiring to his cabin and bed. The usual dance was in progress under the port awning of the promenade deck, and he found Cynthia in the obviously unwelcome embrace of a large American who had been restricting his social activities to a corner of the smoke-room and anti-Prohibition. She had not noticed his (*Continued on page 104*)

A GIRL *of the* PERIOD

A younger generation *was* knocking *at* the *door* even in *the* Victorian *era*, says *the* author *of* "Our Fathers"



THE Squashleigh Grand Football Match (a satire from "The Girl of the Period" Almanack, 1874)



THE shirred, gathered and bustled magnificence of satin, tulle and lace which went to the making of a gown in 1874 was completed by posies of flowers nestling on heads already heavy with curls and puffs of hair

Beddums Grange,
Berkshire.
May 15, 1874.

MY VERY DEAR,—You will note that I lose no time in bowing to your command for a narrative. Overjoyed at hearing of the better state of your health, I hasten to indulge your craving for experience at second hand. You flattered me by saying that you would rather receive four pages of malicious fact from myself than a new novel by the nice Miss Braddon or the noble-minded Ouida (a better adjective, I submit, would be nobleman-minded. I am told that in her latest work, only five among the fifteen characters are outside the peerage—and three of the five are flunkeys).

My personal adventures are few. You will receive rather my observations. During our Italian retirement, we have become mere spectators of life and history, and I cannot abandon the rôle because I am in England for a number of weeks.

It is 1874, and the English times have passed us by, my dear. Our disappearance, I find, has freed us from various rigidities which we shared with our neighbours in London. Nevertheless, we belong to the past. Many of those whom we knew as obedient boys and girls are now striking, as young men and women, attitudes which they call "modern." The rest are expected to be startled, and my difficulty is how not to disappoint them in this.

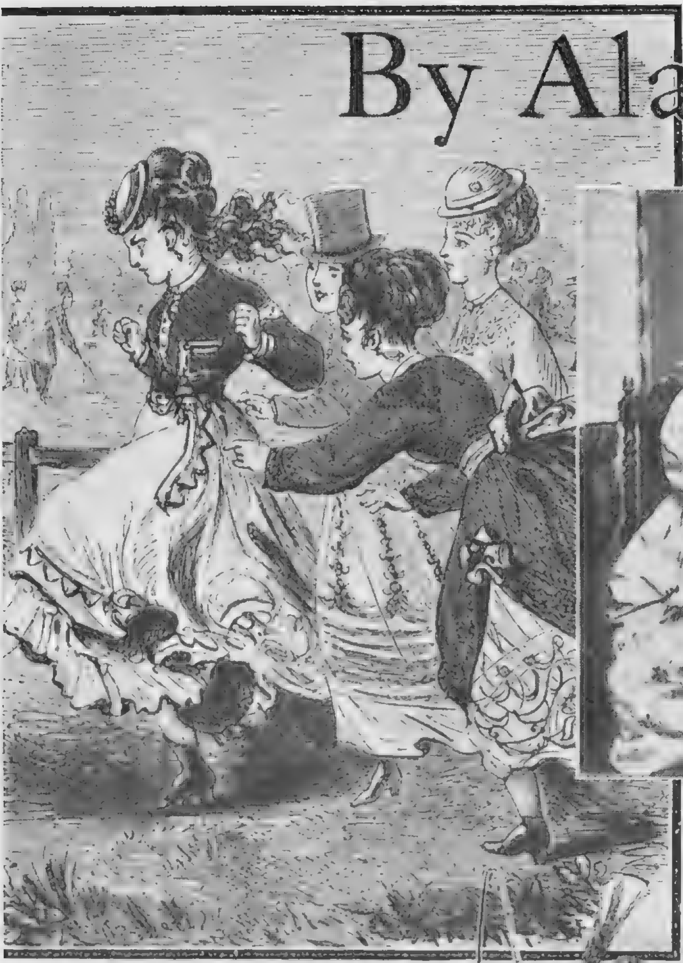
I am here for a few days, as guest of my old friend Roger Firestone and his good lady. There are others with us, but these I will reserve awhile—malice can wait upon rhapsody. It is ten years since I visited an English squire, and the interval sweetens renewed experience. I would not rather be here than with yourself in Italy, but I would rather that you were here as well. Since your prostration took us into warmer climes I have been sincere in preferring to stay by your side. Yet now that affairs have extended a brief absence, I am reconciled by the English Maytime.

The background is a minor mansion in last century's pattern, standing inside eight acres of grounds, gardens and outbuildings. Five carriage horses and as many hacks stamp in the stables, a dozen dogs sprawl upon the lawns, and the youngest daughter has a goat-carriage. Through my window the lilac wafts its clean scent, beyond it the apple trees are in blossom. The gravel of the long, curved drive is faultlessly neat, the ornamental hedge (do you recall the warm glow from golden privet in the sunshine ?) is clipped with exact precision. The approach is coloured by an ordered maze of wallflower and lupin, tulip and larkspur; and the patchwork miles of meadow are in the gentle green peculiar to the south of England. It would seem a trim little Arcadia, if nymphs and shepherds were here, instead of participants in the modern human comedy.

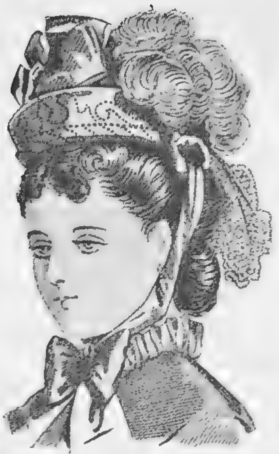
Consider, first, Miss Annabelle Musgrave. A young lady of, I should say, twenty-three summers walked along the train in London, and from the first class compartments selected my own. I assumed that she would be joined by a companion, since she was clearly both unmarried and a young lady. But no, we were left alone when the journey began. I received from bright eyes a single appraising glance, after which their owner settled in the far corner, examined herself in a small mirror (produced from I know not where), twisted a curl beneath her bonnet, and turned to her reading.

After the monotonous new houses of London's outskirts had thinned (there has been much building, not of an elegant kind, since our days, and sleepy Richmond is growing into what they call a "suburb") I exchanged my periodical for contemplation of the countryside. I had forgotten the unaccompanied lady, but she recalled herself by asking: "Will you permit me,

By Alan Bott

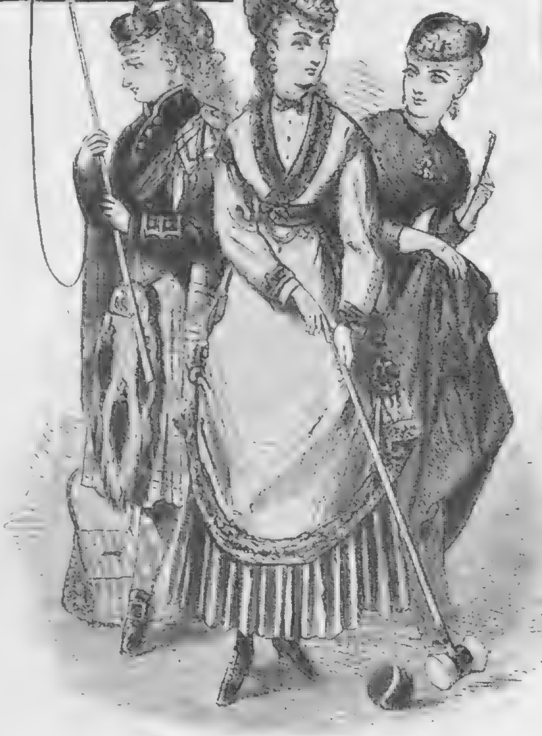


THE three Graces of the Period. From "The Girl of the Period" Almanack



THIS small toque trimmed with jet, lace and feathers, was for "the young married woman"

A MID-VICTORIAN domestic scene. (Right) "Advanced" schoolgirls practising at archery



sir, to borrow your *Punch*?" I readily agreed, whereupon she thanked me, pleasantly enough but without coquetry, and remarked that it was well to know the week's contents of *Punch*, since its cartoons were invariably mentioned at dinner tables in the country.

The conversation ran on, and I gathered that the young person herself was not enamoured of *Punch*. It was "awfully old-fashioned." It had attempted to slight "us" by discussing the fastness and slang of what has become known as "the girl of the period." There is actually an illustrated monthly with this title, and my acquaintance of the train offered a copy. Opening it at random, I was confronted by some verses that included the following:

No girl now, thank goodness,
e'er troubles her head
About stockings, or buttons, or needles and thread.
If father or brother or cousin should dare
To hint that we might p'rhaps his linen repair,
We look at him sternly and ask what he means,
And hint that young girls are not sewing-machines.
At length the world knows that poor women have Rights,
And for too long a time have put up with man's slights;
Oh! was it not stunning when John Stuart Mill
Invented—the sweet, darling pet—WOMAN'S WILL?

The young lady hastened to remark that this publication, with its engravings of girls of the future rowing and cycling, was satirical, and not to be taken at face value. I was intrigued by her as a specimen of the times, and enquired as to the real outlook of the so-called "girl of the period." Was it more freedom she required, and would she support Miss Rhoda Fawcett's demand for the feminine Vote?

She hesitated at this, abandoned her light-hearted manner, and looked at me gravely, as though seeking whether my interest was genuine. "To tell you the truth," she then said, "I never thought about it like that. I suppose it all means that we like excitement, and to make a stir. We need attention, and do things that provoke it. As for the Vote, I hardly mind whether I have it or not, but I hope it is granted, because it will be something new. As for more freedom, why, yes. But again, I don't exactly know what kind. I expect we want fewer commandments to keep, and, therefore, less reason for dissembling."

"Forgive my curiosity," I said, "but is it now usual for unmarried ladies of fashion to travel alone?"

She agreed that it was not, and held this up as one of the futile commandments. By grace of a mild father whom she appeared to adore (her mother had passed away), she herself made journeys alone when it suited her. This time she had left her maid behind to await a new ball-dress. She admitted to liking such adventures, and claimed a nice discrimination in the choice of fellow travellers.

"And I can't be bothered to talk to them," added the minx, looking hard at me, "unless they are charming, as well as reasonably safe. Then I enjoy it."

This, it seemed, was an instance of how the social commandments provoked one into deception. Her hostess would disapprove her lack of a travelling companion, and she must pretend it to have been an accident. It was a good thing, she remarked, that we should not be visiting in the same house, as she would not wish to be heard distorting the truth, even in a good cause.

And then, of course, it was revealed that we *were* visiting the same house. Miss Annabelle, here, was a school friend of Roger

Firestone's daughter. When we discovered this she pretended to embarrassment; whereat I assured her that I would mention nothing to our host's family, and would play my part as a complete stranger. She thanked me demurely, but a gleam came into her eyes, and she proceeded to mention her elderly relations one by one, as though they lived in a catalogue. I found that I was at Winchester with one of her uncles.

"But, of course," said Miss Annabelle, "now I remember. Dear Uncle Oliver often mentioned you before he went to India."

I could not help looking my doubts concerning the accuracy of her memory, for I recalled her Uncle Oliver only as a snub-nosed boy like any other, and after Winchester I had met him once only. Divining something of the sort, the young person laughed, and said :

"Well, he *might* have mentioned you, you know. Please let me believe he did. You see, if you had been close friends it would be natural for you to have escorted me from London, and then Mrs. Firestone would have no cause to wonder. But, of course, I couldn't trespass on your kindness like that, although I feel that you must be very kind indeed."

So there I was, my dearest Louisa, without escape from the position of a conspirator, into which an unknown minx had persuaded me. You will smile with understanding when I admit that I enjoyed the experience. I little knew the surprises into which it would lead me.

We alighted at Reading station, and were met by Miss Helen Firestone and her brother, neither of whom I had seen since they were small. After the two young ladies had embraced, with the usual cooings, my companion of the train remarked, taking my arm : "I am so glad you are acquainted with dear Uncle John here. He is an old friend of the family, and I like him so much that I have adopted him as a relative. Wasn't it charming of him to accompany me ?"

I was uncomfortable for the instant, particularly when I noted what was suspiciously like a wink from Miss Annabelle to Miss Helen. The deception, clearly, was only for the brother.

Meanwhile, the two young Firestones made themselves pleasant in their landau, which carried us from the station, followed at a distance by a luggage cart. Behind two spanking greys we drove through winding country roads, almost as dusty as ours in Italy, but easier for carriages because of the high camber which the roads now have. Miss Firestone made purchases in the village of Theale. As we returned to the landau, young Firestone picked up a glove dropped by Miss Annabelle, and returned it with a bow, saying :

"I wish I were a glove, that I might daily clasp that dainty hand."

"Goat !" was Miss Annabelle's comment, and both the ladies took to tinkling laughter. It was clear that the three of them understood each other well, without sentiment. Yet, had this not been so, the compliment would have passed serious muster—it seems that such arch expressions are now in the mode. This was emphasised by Charles Firestone when he remarked: "I'll wager a new pair of gloves that you can't make Oakers say something like that to-day."

Miss Annabelle promptly accepted, and explained, "Mr. Oakshott, Uncle John, is to be a fellow-guest. A fairly young M.P. and a friend of Charles's elder brother. I hear he is awfully clever, knows most things."

"And he has a . . . well, a knowing technique with the ladies," said Charles.

Behind the horses, we walked leisurely up the hill to Bucklebury Common, and drove on, with rich gorse on either side, to Beddums Grange. The heartiest of welcomes met us from more of the Firestone family—Roger, his lady, and a schoolgirl daughter. Again my supposed connection with Miss Annabelle's family was proclaimed.

I began by pitying Mr. Oakshott, M.P., for what the madcap would thrust upon him as a result of the wager ; but when I met him the pity vanished. As Charles Firestone had said, he had a knowing technique. Wearing an eye-glass during tea-time in the drawing room, he stood with conscious nonchalance below the overmantel, stroked his long moustaches, and showed very white teeth when he smiled at the ladies. There were also present a cavalry subaltern and a curate of the local church (a cricket team collected by the squire is to play against the Village to-morrow, and it appears that the curate is devastating as our fast bowler).

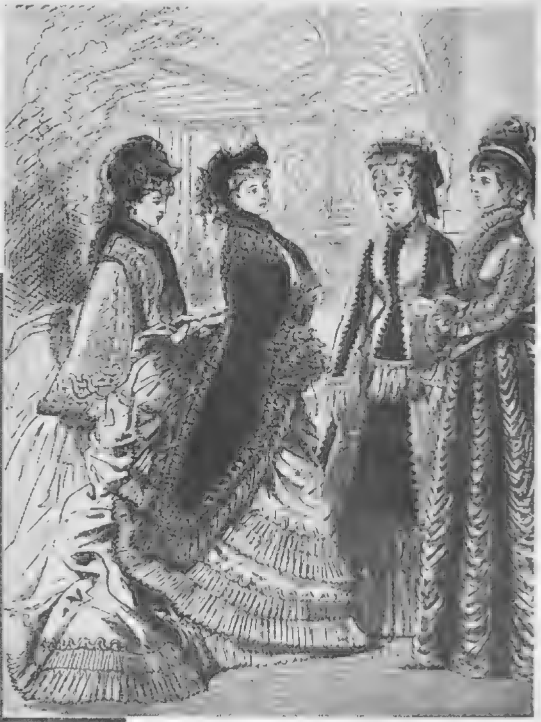
Miss Annabelle had brought her gloves into the room as though by accident, and I waited for her to drop them near Mr. Oakshott. She began with the curate, however. I heard her telling him that her embroidered slippers were famous in a dozen vicarages ; at which the reverend young man blushed.

The time soon came for an assault on the lady-killer. She claimed to have admired his maiden speech in the House, and drew me into the conversation by saying I had commented favourably on it. You could almost see him fanning himself with the flattery, although he deprecated discussion about himself from one who was herself a more delightful topic.

"As to that," said Miss Annabelle (using her eyes to invite Charles and Helen nearer), "you should enquire of Uncle John here. He has known me since childhood—for years he never failed to pat my head, and, until I put it up, to stroke my hair. I cannot say whether he enjoyed it, but I did."

Mr. Oakshott : "How I envy him the privilege, and his good fortune !"

Miss Annabelle raised her eyebrows at Charles, but he signalled that this was insufficient as a compliment. Thereupon my step-niece informed Mr. Oakshott that it had also been my habit to take her on my knees. She paused for an answer, and when he delicately stayed silent, she gave him the bridge for an awkward moment : "But that, of course, was long before we

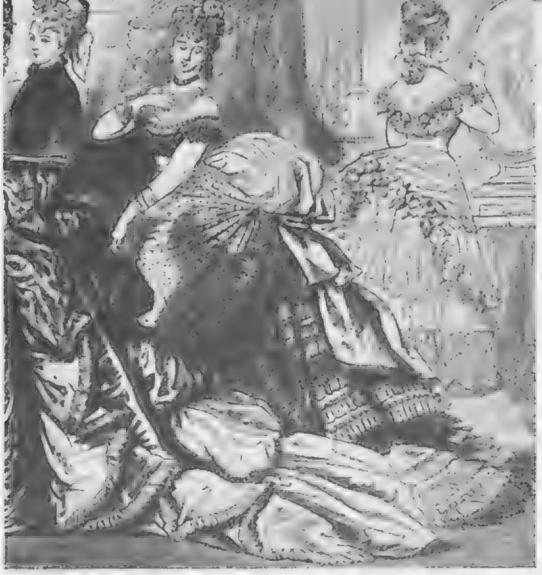


THE latest

THE Croquet Girl of the Period

took to the bustle." I moved across the room, but five minutes afterwards I saw Miss Annabelle drop a glove beside Mr. Oakshott. But it was the curate who hurried forward and retrieved it; and Helen and Charles went outside to vent their laughter.

Leaving our host to talk with the curate, we moved to the croquet ground, a raised plateau within a plantation of young firs; a perfect ground, smooth as a bowling green and unbroken by shrub or flower-bed. I protested against playing, as one who had almost forgotten croquet, but was made to partner Miss Helen against Miss Annabelle and Mr. Oakshott. It was a pleasant game, and not the least pleasant part was to watch the slim toe-tips of the two young ladies appearing from their voluminous dresses when they placed the balls in position. Miss Helen carried me round splendidly, but in the end we were beaten. I noticed that Miss Annabelle always asked Mr. Oakshott's advice, and deferred to him in their strategy. Yet it was frequently she who hit their balls into favourable spots, leaving him to press the advantage through the hoops. The two girls competed in hitting each other's balls far across the lawn, but when mine was prisoner to Miss Annabelle's, she gave a small tap and remarked: "I will treat you tenderly, my Uncle."



Fashions from Paris (1874)

After their victory Miss Annabelle brought her partner to the iron seats, took up her gloves, and said, while flourishing them: "Mr. Oakshott was my irresistible knight. No obstacle could withstand him."

Mr. Oakshott: "It would delight me, Miss Musgrave, if knights still wore their lady's glove. I should cherish one of those that you carry. Happy gloves, to have known such fragrant contacts!"

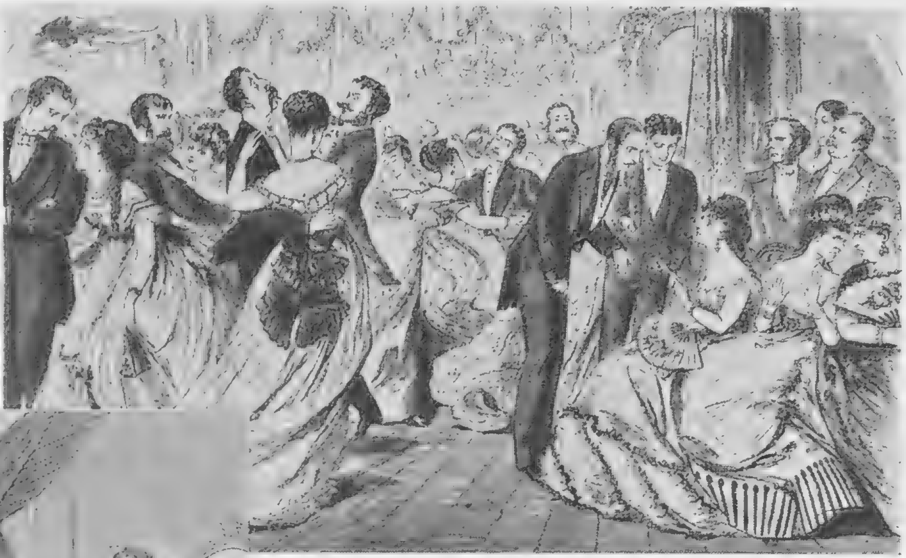
"Pray accept one, with my thanks for the *nicest* compliment," said the minx; while Helen and Charles, from the background, pretended to applaud.

A change happened to Miss Annabelle's croquet when Charles had taken the young parliamentarian to see the horses. She played a match with the subaltern, two balls apiece, and won with ease. Never was there such virtuosity with the mallet. In charge of the blue and yellow, she dispersed the black and red to the four winds, and bore her flags up and down the hoop lines as though undertaking a promenade. I commented on this to Miss Helen, as we watched from the seat, and she explained:

"Anna is a wonder. She can excel at anything, but knows when not to do so. She is a daring horsewoman, and drives a tandem pair like a charioteer. She wins prizes for archery, is a skilful swimmer and can sail a small yacht. She is among the very few girls permitted to shoot with the men, or stand in a rushing river while landing the salmon. She is a divinity in the ball-room, a good musician, a talented painter in water colours. She wields alike the fiddle bow and the billard cue. She is what I would like to be, and if I bore her less affection I could scratch her from jealousy. She is what girls in the future should become."

This outburst of enthusiasm was followed by the smiling and pertinent reminder: "But why, sir, am I telling you all this, when you know it well from *long* acquaintance?"

I was not to be diverted, and asked what the future of such a paragon might be. She replied that there was no satisfactory future for any girl, except marriage. But until marriage, Annabelle Musgrave would be a pattern for other girls and would enjoy herself vastly. As to whom she married, there would be plenty of choice, and doubtless she would decide on somebody unusual.



THE County Ball (reproduced from "The Girl of the Period" Almanack, 1874)

"It might be somebody like James Oakshott," added Miss Helen. When I raised eyebrows at this, she continued: "Oh, he's unusual, and has great originality in his own sphere. It's only among the ladies that he can grow absurd. I believe his family are in trade, but at thirty he has already made a name at the Bar, and I am told that Mr. Disraeli thinks highly of his parliamentary talents.

"As for Anna, now that she has his interest, I predict that you will find her leading him a pretty dance during his visit. The men will surround her, as they always do, and if I am right, she will begin at dinner by putting him in his place."

The dinner, truth to tell, was a heavy occasion. I had forgotten how heavy were the meals in the English countryside. Roger Firestone's family plate is heavy, and so is the dining-room itself, with its vast mahogany table, its black marble mantelpiece beneath a chimney glass, its ponderous sideboard surmounted by a ponderously curled mirror, its dark, plush window curtains and its darker portraits of the Firestone forbears. And the fare, though good, was as overwhelming—soup well fortified by sherry, two kinds of fish, a choice of two brown and two white entrées, woodcock, substantial pudding, fancy sweet, five different cheeses, and dessert.

The conversation, unlike the claret, was the reverse of mellow. It ranged from the eternal verities to the latest fashions; but however it wandered, usually it returned to the qualities of the Sex, or of both sexes. It was plentifully interlarded with opinions on "you ladies," or "you gentlemen," with ornate similes for either (one which I overheard was, "You volatile feminine essences are forever floating toward the imaginative regions").

It had been my privilege to lead our hostess into the dining-room, and although strict social precedence did not give me the honour, I was at her right. My other neighbour was a rather lugubrious lady of middle age, and on her right was Mr. Oakshott. Mrs. Firestone was good enough to express her pleasure at having me at their board, after the long interval, and was charmed when I recorded the absence of change in Roger.

"He will always be the same," she said, "caring more for horses and the land than for anything except his family. His second bible is *Ruff's Guide*; and the way to his heart, as our lively Miss Musgrave has discovered, is to show an interest in short-horns or steam ploughs. And always he mourns the slaughter of a favourite pig."

I turned in duty to the lady on my right, who remarked: "Talking of death, I hear Lord L.'s illness was owing to drinking iced water. It gives a shock to the system, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it," facetiously declared Mr. Oakshott. "I have drunk water often, and it has not shocked my system."

"Shocks are serious things," the lady continued. "That is why I think sudden death is so terrible to the survivors. Still, I must not be melancholy. I was thinking of something rather sad before I came here, but (*Continued on page* 112)

Cannons of Hollywood

Beauty Culture

The Springtime of Loveliness

The Season of Regeneration is often a Difficult one for Human Beings, but Modern Science comes to the Rescue of Beauty in Distress

By "Chrysis"

It seems strange that in the Spring, when the whole of Nature is renewing its vital beauty and perpetual youth, the human constitution is often at its worst. There is a lassitude, consequent upon a long and probably "trying" Winter. Skin troubles frequently supervene and not seldom there is a feeling that it is difficult to keep pace with Nature's ebullience and face the bright sunshine and the urge to renewed activities.

At such moments a tonic is indicated. But a tonic which is merely artificially and temporarily exhilarating is not greatly or lastingly helpful. What is really needed is renewed youth in oneself. To feel the healthy, life-restoring blood in one's veins, to look in the glass and see that one's skin is fresh and clear and youthful, and the lines of fatigue and age are disappearing, to know that natural energy and interest have come back—that would put one in touch with the spirit of Spring and the joy of living.

Thanks to modern science, this is all possible. Within the scope of this article it is impossible to examine the progress of those branches of clinical and bacteriological experiment which have dealt with glandular rejuvenation. Their outline is roughly known to the public.

Nearly thirty years ago Dr. J. F. Kapp, of the University of Leipzig, dedicated himself to the study and practice of cosmetic therapy. He was even then performing plastic operations which did not become what we may call "popular" until after miracles of facial restoration performed on men mutilated during the war had proved to the public the serious possibilities of this delicate branch of surgery.

Subsequently the work of Drs. Voronoff, Steinach, Ian Block and others opened up new fields of experiment in rejuvenation. After sixteen years of experiment and attention to the importance of hormones in the human constitution, Dr. Kapp discovered a new skin serum, which he called originally novipithel, that, acting directly on the subcutaneous cells and tissues, literally regenerates and renews skin which, through age, illness or fatigue, is atrophying and ageing. Further experimentation caused him to combine this serum with certain glandular extracts in order to make it more readily assimilated by the human constitution.

The ultimate product, which is in tablet form, has been named "W.5," and is now available to the general public. Its action is to activate, feed and increase the epithelial cells. These underlie the epidermis, and their gradual shrinkage results in the sagging, wrinkles and loss of colouring which are the concomitants of age or symptoms of ill-health.

By improving circulation and the natural physical attributes of youth, these tablets not only regenerate and rejuvenate the skin, but act as a general tonic and recuperative.

Articles in serious German medical journals, the reports of doctors who have prescribed "W.5" tablets to patients of all ages and both sexes, as well as testimonials from the patients themselves, leave no doubt about the efficacy of this treatment. A course of W.5 tablets restores the blood supply to the cutaneous tissues, and the skin of the whole body is regenerated and rejuvenated. New cells are formed, dead tissue thrown off, and the skin regains clearness, vitality and the beauty of actual youth.

An extremely interesting booklet, which, although scientific, is capable of comprehension by the lay public, describing, with explicit illustration, the action of Dr. Kapp's formula on the subcutaneous cells and general circulation, may be obtained on application, and a study of this brochure is both edifying and convincing.*

Since "W.5" tablets are a serious and scientific contribution to cosmetic therapy, no fantastic claim is made that they work a miracle in a night. A regular and full course, taken according to instructions, is necessary if the best results are to be obtained. But the effect of the tablets is perceptible after a short time, which varies, naturally, according to the recuperative powers, age, constitution and condition of the subject.

There are two separate formulas, one for men and one for women. The natural, human desire to retain the attributes of youth is not confined to the "weaker sex" and is not merely a matter of vanity. It embraces the whole subject of efficiency, mental, physical and psychological, and to many people the appearance and the energy of youth are essential to success in their professions as well as their "private lives." So, although this might be described as a "beauty treatment," since the tablets eliminate wrinkles and restore youthful colouring and firmness to skin which has become impoverished, sallow and coarse in texture, it is necessary to stress the fact that their effect is not merely superficial and that the outward and visible signs are symptomatic of a real and inward regeneration.

It is certain that the general tendency of beauty culture to-day is towards a serious alliance with science, and it is encouraging that doctors are taking these matters seriously. Such an alliance promises arrest of decay.

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*A postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2, will bring it to you, post free.

Your Very Good Health

BALANCE

Care of the feet, ensuring perfect poise and comfort, is essential to the health and beauty of the whole body

IT is deplorable but indisputable that the majority of people "suffer," in one way or another, from foot trouble. Without being too Darwinesque, it may be suggested that in the history of the world the time during which the human animal has stood upright and has had to support the considerable weight of his or her physical construction on two comparatively small and intricately designed pediments is short, and the feet have not yet perfectly adapted themselves to the demands thus made upon them. Social and sartorial conditions have outstripped their progress and adaptability.

A perfect foot is a lovely thing, but deplorably rare. If too much strain is put on the bones and muscles, or pressure of the wrong kind of shoe assaults the joints, the results are not only painful and unsightly but actually harmful to balance and to health—which is the harmonious action of the whole body. It therefore behoves us to study the health and happiness of our feet, to provide the necessary support, correct any tendency to faulty shape, with consequent maladjustment of weight and the pain and deformity which ensue.

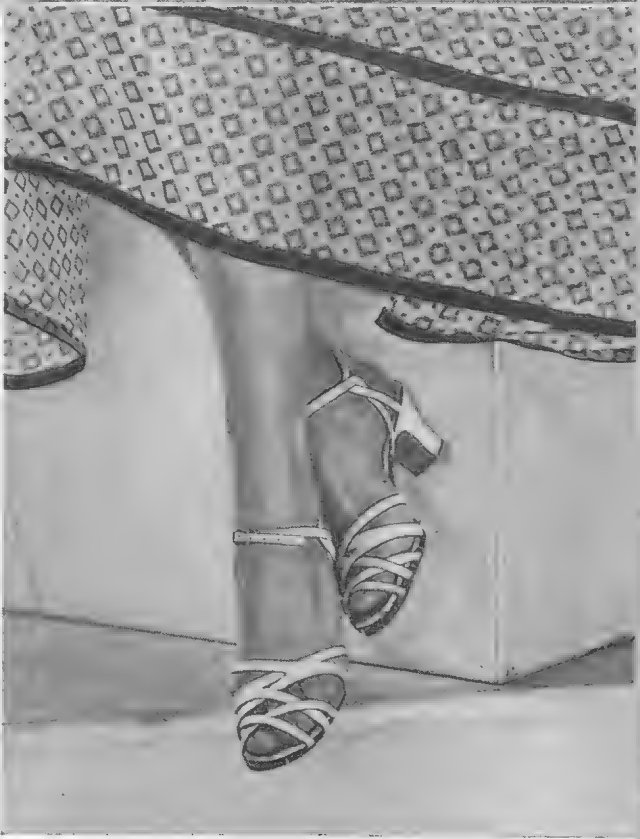
To begin with, the feet should enjoy all the amenities of a careful toilet afforded to other parts of the body. If there is any tendency to rheumatic or gouty conditions, foot-baths containing alkaline anti-acid salts are helpful, and the feet should afterwards be carefully dried and dusted with a talcum powder. A friction with eau-de-Cologne is also useful in keeping the skin in condition, and if intelligently carried out will help to strengthen the muscles.

This daily ritual may be said to be a preventive measure. If the arches of the feet are weak or have already broken down, treatment and support are absolutely necessary. Physical weakness after illness, the necessity to stand for long hours, maternity, ill-fitting shoes, feet too small to support the weight of the body—numerous reasons bring about this painful and unlovely condition. It is then essential to remove the strain, which may cause pain in the back, thigh and hip, and give accurate support to hold the bones of the arch in their true position and equalise the weight of the body from the heel to the ball of the foot.

There are numerous foot supports on the market of varying efficacy, but it is evident that, in so important a matter, the advantage of specialised and scientific experience is desirable, and I have no hesitation in recommending the supports made according to the designs of Dr. Scholl, who has devoted himself for many years to the study of orthopædic structure and the various needs of the feet, and these are made in a wide variety of shapes to suit individual types of foot, in the same way that his Zino pads are designed to correct the faulty position of the toes and thus relieve the pressure which causes the acute pain of corns and callouses. The versatility of these correctional and curative aids to foot comfort is invaluable, and advocated by doctors and pedicurists throughout the world.

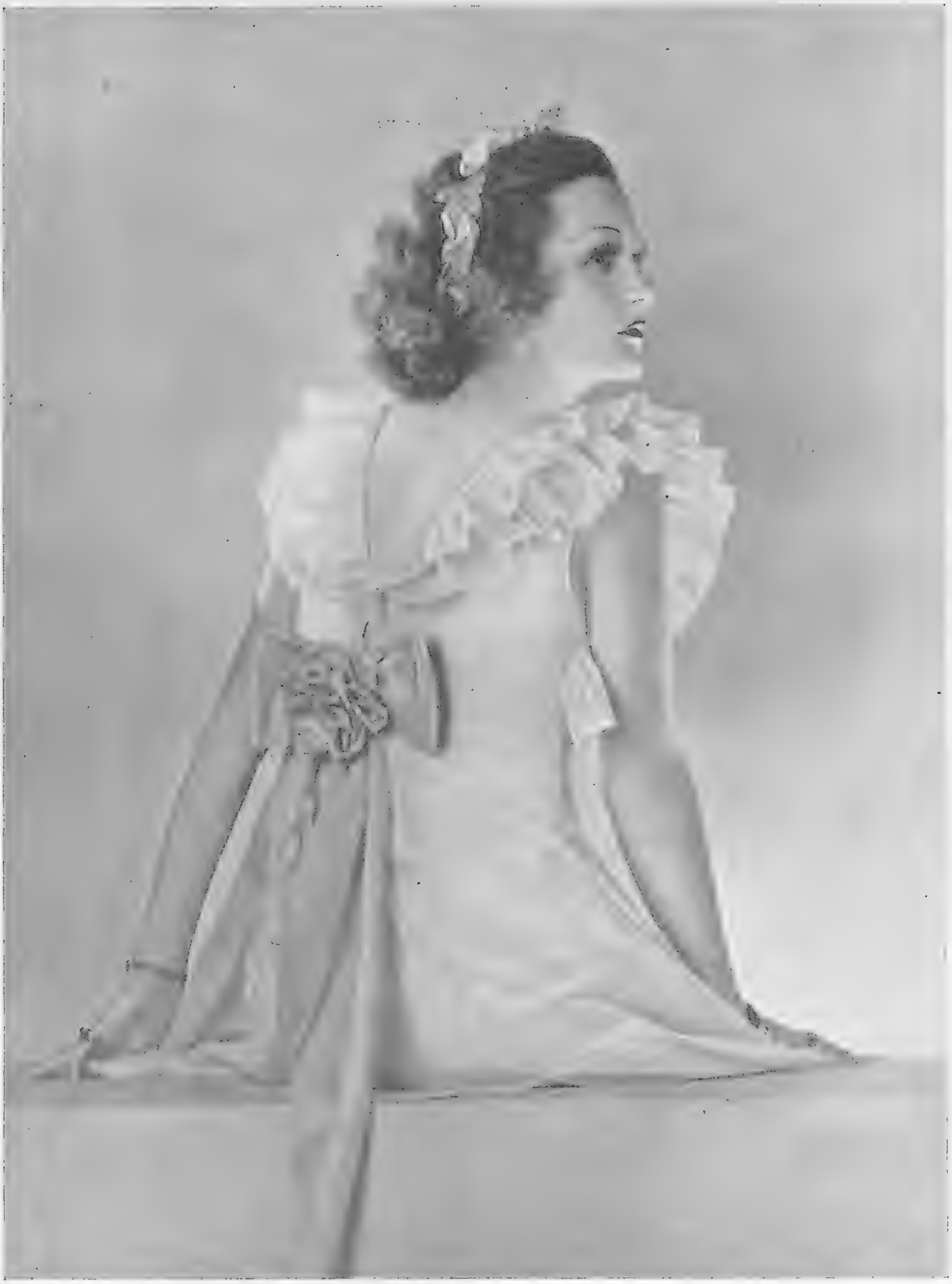
So far I have confined myself to the elements of health and comfort in relation to foot and ankle culture. (A broken-down arch will cause the ankle bones to fall outwards and entirely spoil the shape of the leg.) But there is also the question of a justifiable vanity to consider. Nobody wants to have deformed and unsightly feet and legs and clumsy carriage and gait, which are inevitably associated with malformed and painful feet.

It is impossible to ignore the fact that in an age when athleticism, dancing, and aquatic sports are so much in vogue, it is desirable not only to have healthy feet and legs but beautiful ones. It is almost unnecessary to reiterate here the connection between health and beauty. The presence of hair on the legs is often the cause of distress and humiliation. It is to-day quite unnecessary. There are two complementary lotions in existence which will entirely and scientifically eliminate this trouble. The first, which has none of the malodoriferous disadvantages of the ordinary depilatory, removes the hair from the surface of the skin, while the (*Continued on page* 134)



Hoppé

WELL-GROOMED feet and legs are essential in these days when stockings are often dispensed with and shoes are of the sandal variety



Hoppé

A lovely film
star illustrates
two fashion
whims of the
moment

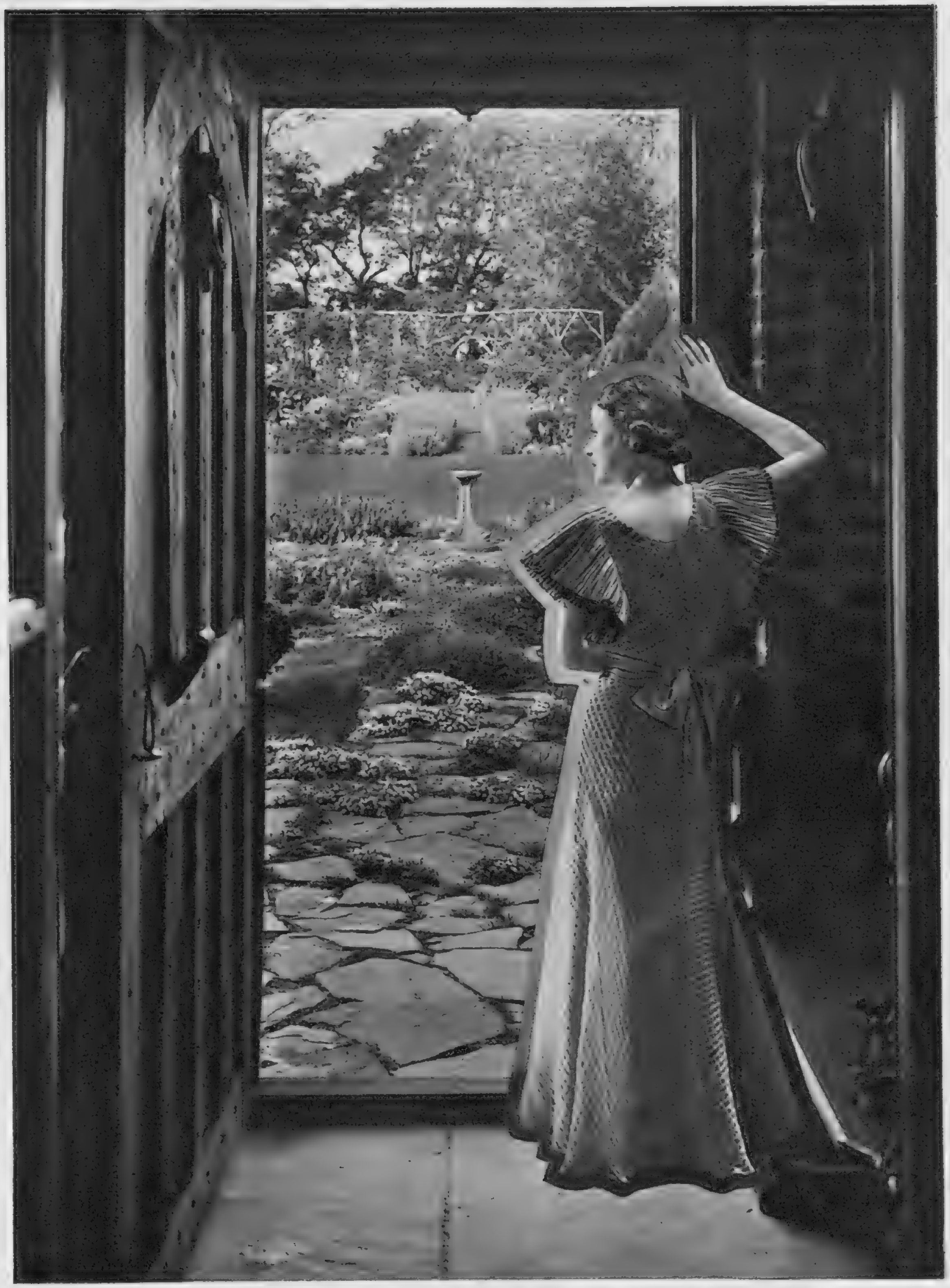
A NOTE OF THE MONTH

AN Alice in Wonderland style of hair-dressing appears to have been accepted by the younger generation, among whom a permanency may be reckoned upon as about three months, so with the waning of summer we may expect to see other and more sophisticated styles adopted. In the meantime Miss Camilla Horn is the perfect exponent of this type of coiffure, and her soft golden curls look enchanting held back by a garland of pink organdie flowers. The frills over her shoulders illustrate another mode of the moment which is having an unprecedented success, and is also the perquisite of the younger generation. Miss Horn has recently made a picture for Wyndham Films entitled "Matinée Idol," which is due for pre-release this month, and is now working on another film

LOOKING OUT to SUMMER

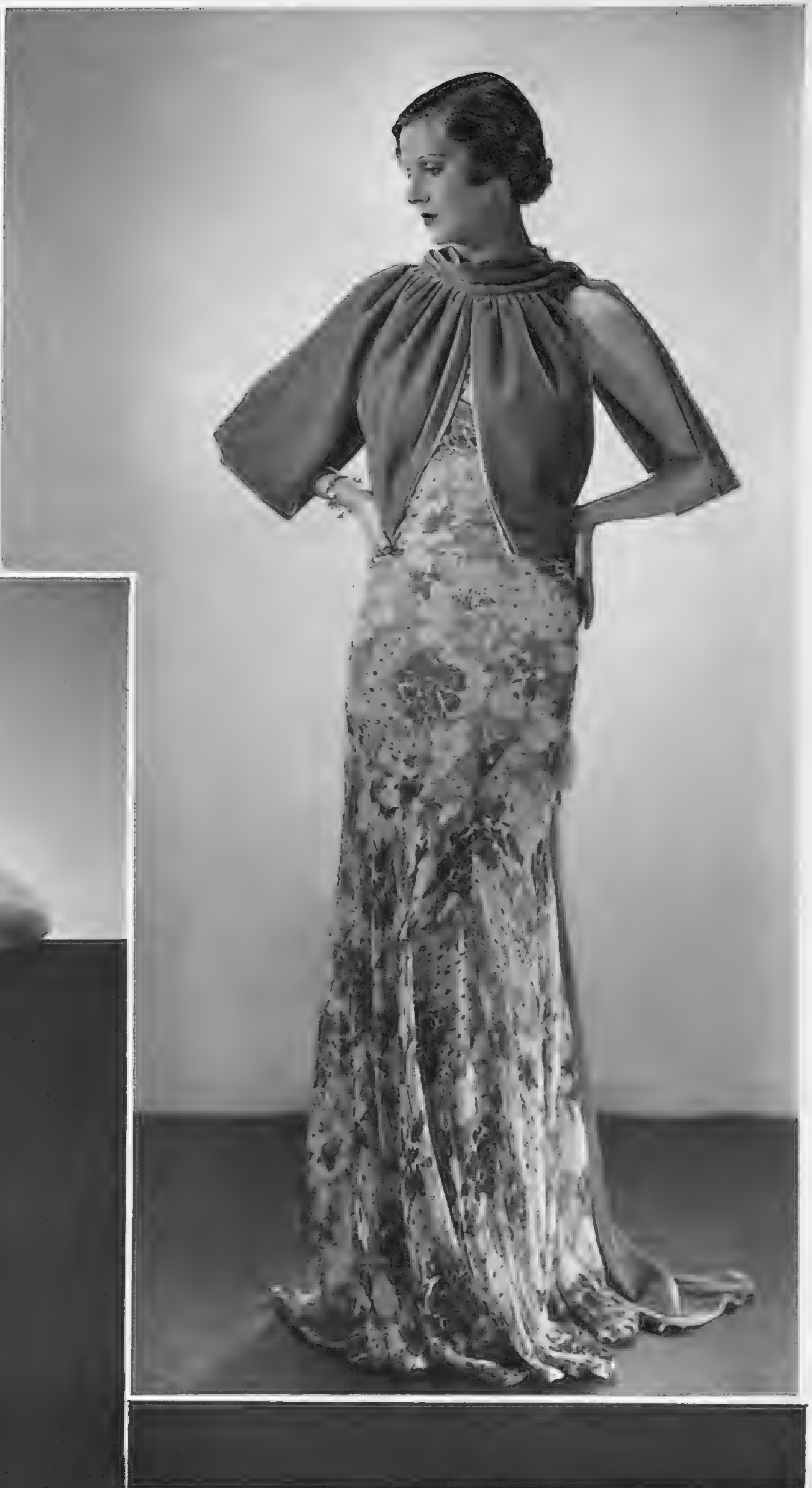
LONG, RUFFLED DRESSES OF ORGANDIE, CRÊPE ORGANDIE AND ORGANZA ARE AMONGST THE FIRST FAVOURITES FOR SUMMER WEAR, BOTH FOR FORMAL AFTERNOON AND INFORMAL EVENING WEAR

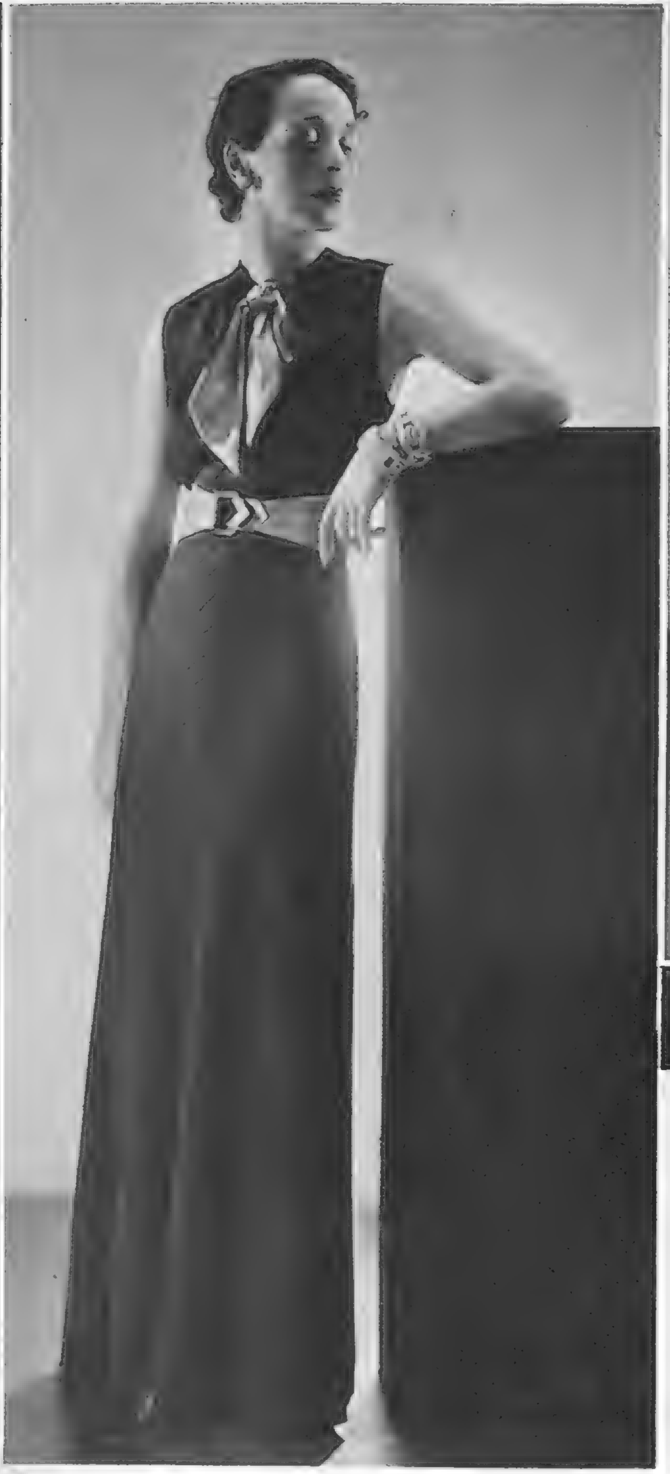
THE charming dress shown on the girl standing by the doorway is made of a new material—a crinkled organdie which gives a crêpe effect and does not crease nearly as much as that which has a smooth surface. This model is carried out in red and white stripes used diagonally and has a moderately low oval décolletage. Sleeves are dispensed with in favour of two pleated frills which encircle the armholes, one of the same material as the dress and one of black-and-white striped organdie. This gown, which may be obtained in other colours, comes from Marshall and Snelgrove



Scaioni Studios

SUMMER STYLES



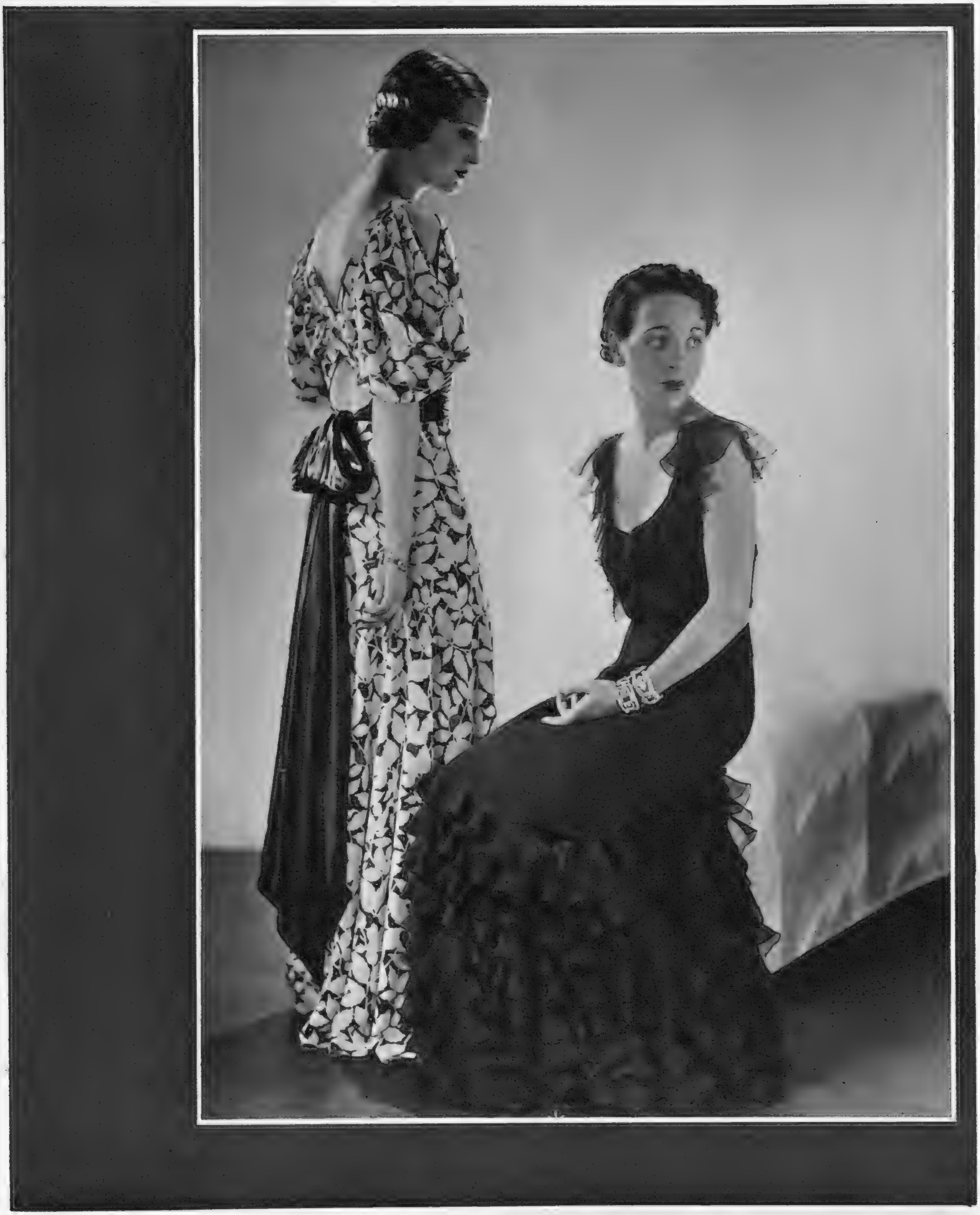


A PRINTED chiffon in pale shades of yellow, pink and green on a white ground makes the evening gown above which has a high neckline in front. With this Miss Jeanne Stuart wears a tiny apple green velvet wrap consisting merely of loops of the material attached to a wide band. From Harvey Nichols

MISS Margaret Rawlings wears this very smart dinner gown from Richard Sands which is made, surprisingly enough, of a thin black woollen material trimmed with chevrons of pin tucks and which has a wide belt and a bow at the high neckline of aquamarine blue satin. Bracelets of Ciro diamonds and platinette

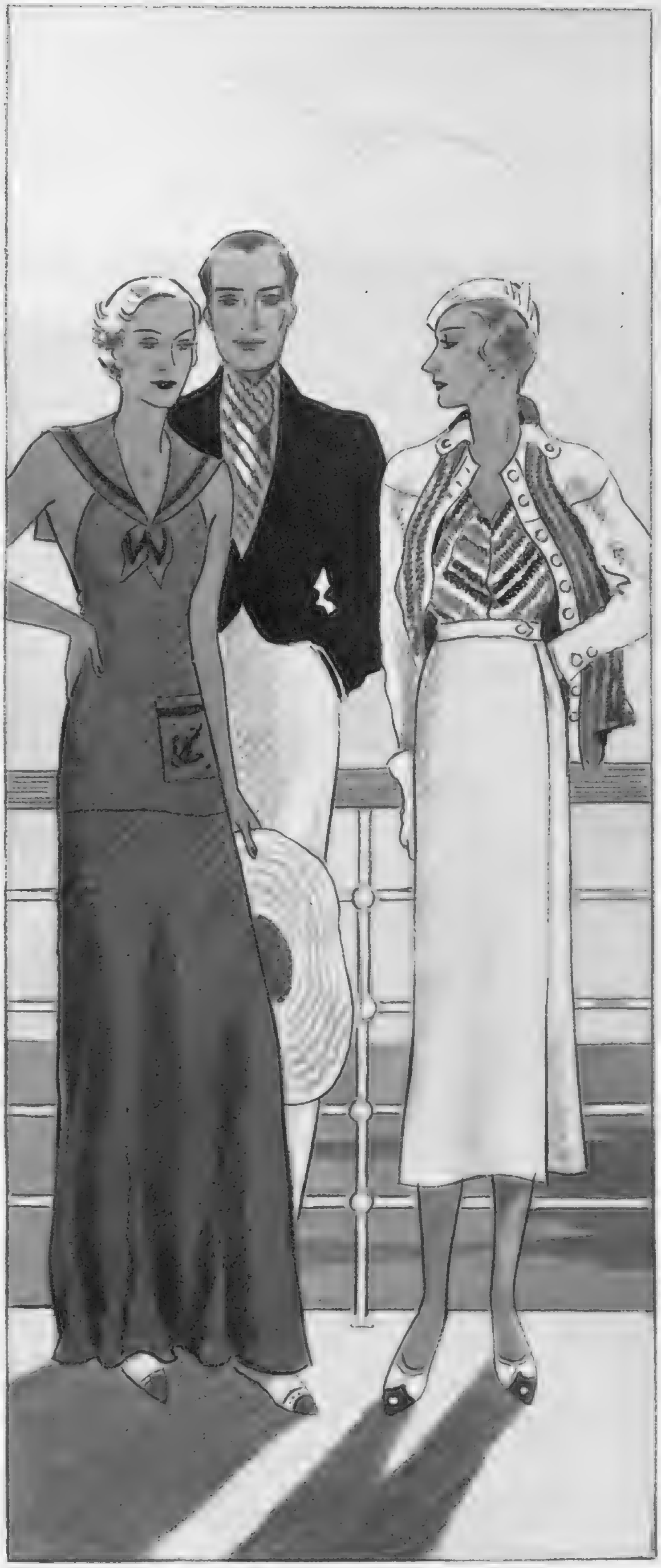
A LANVIN model from Richard Sands is carried out in green and white printed crêpe de Chine and has an amusing décolletage at the back and a sash of black ciré satin. The sleeves consist of gathered loops of the material. The black chiffon gown from Harvey Nichols has no trimming other than innumerable frills of the material but it is cut on unusually becoming lines and has the new uneven hemline. Posed by Miss Jeanne Stuart and Miss Margaret Rawlings

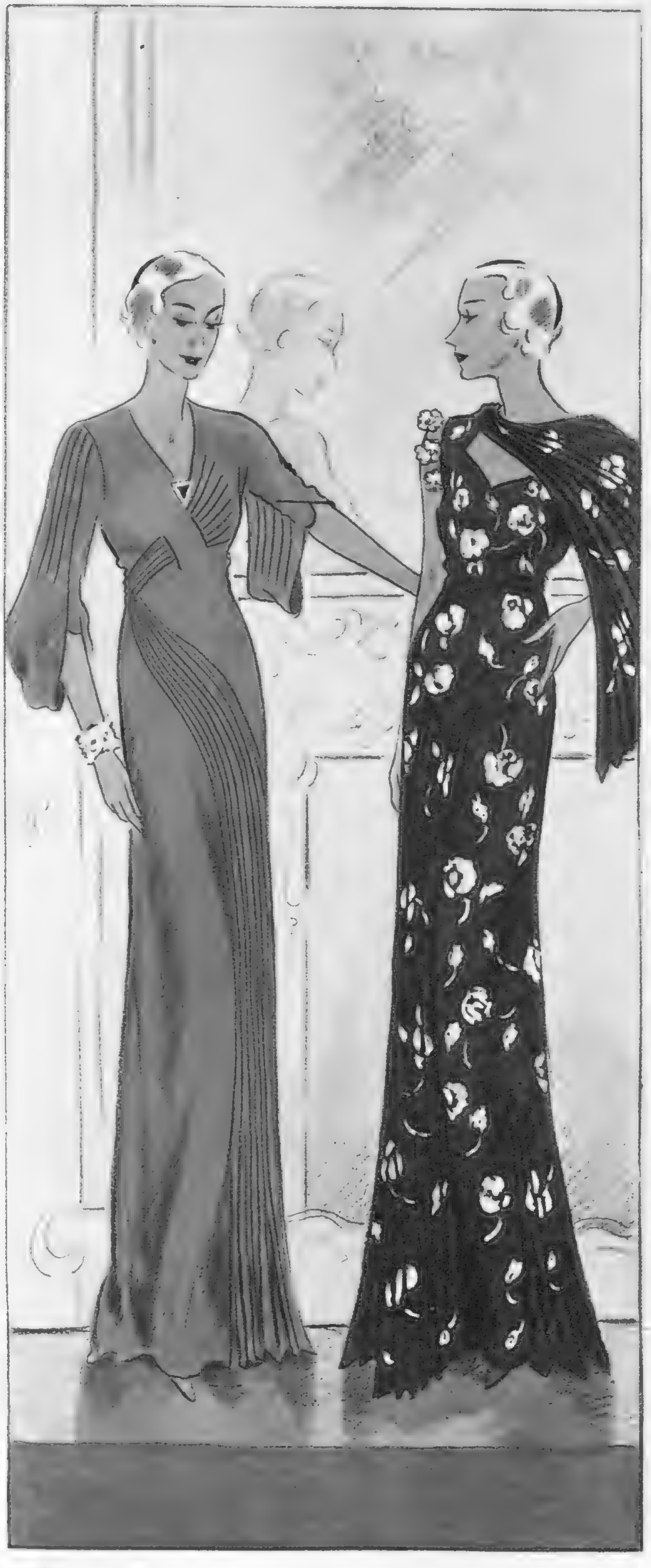
Photographs by Scaioni Studios



(Below):

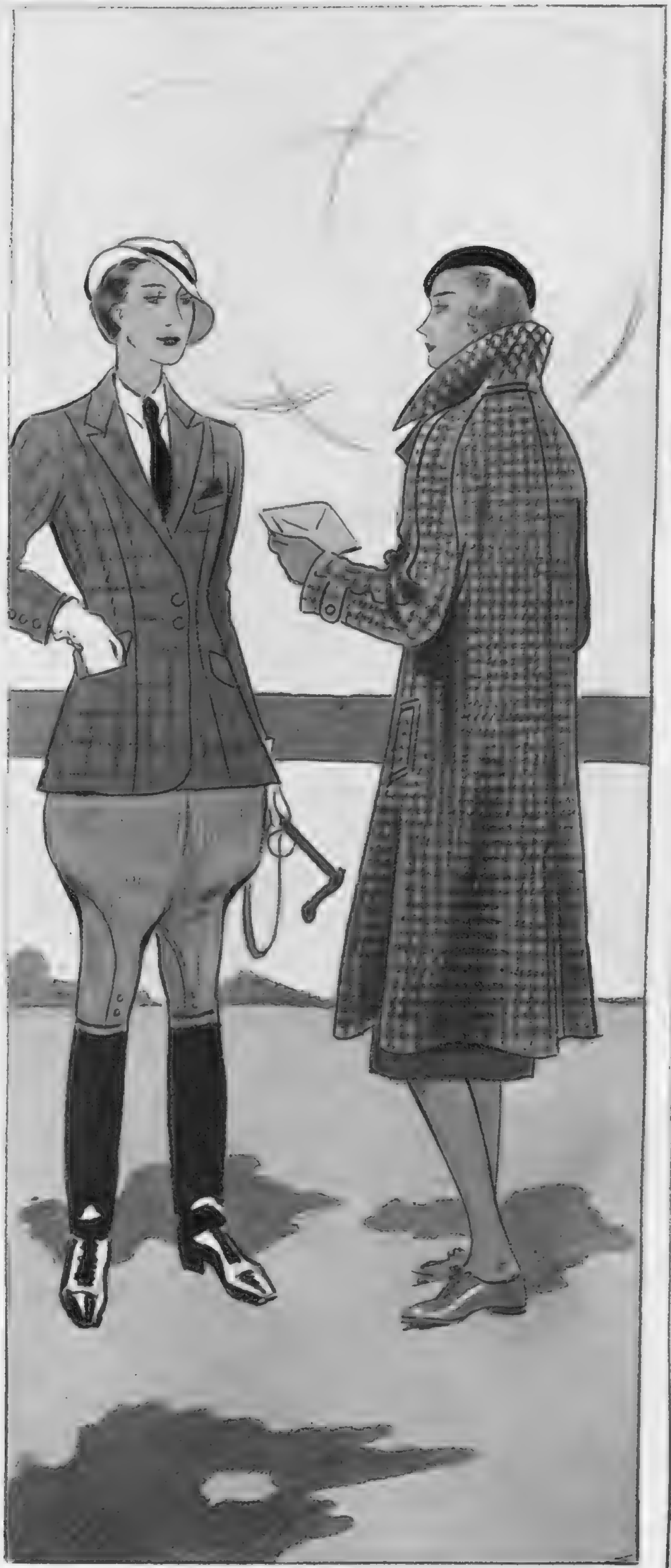
ON the left is a lovely Agnès dinner gown carried out in deep hyacinth blue crêpe romain. This has no trimming other than tucks which develop at the hem into fine pleats and which accentuate the unusual and most becoming lines of this dress. Next to it is shown a Mainbocher evening gown which also features pleating. The material chosen is black crêpe de Chine patterned in red and yellow flowers, and has panels and a scarf of sunray pleating. Both these models come from Gorringe





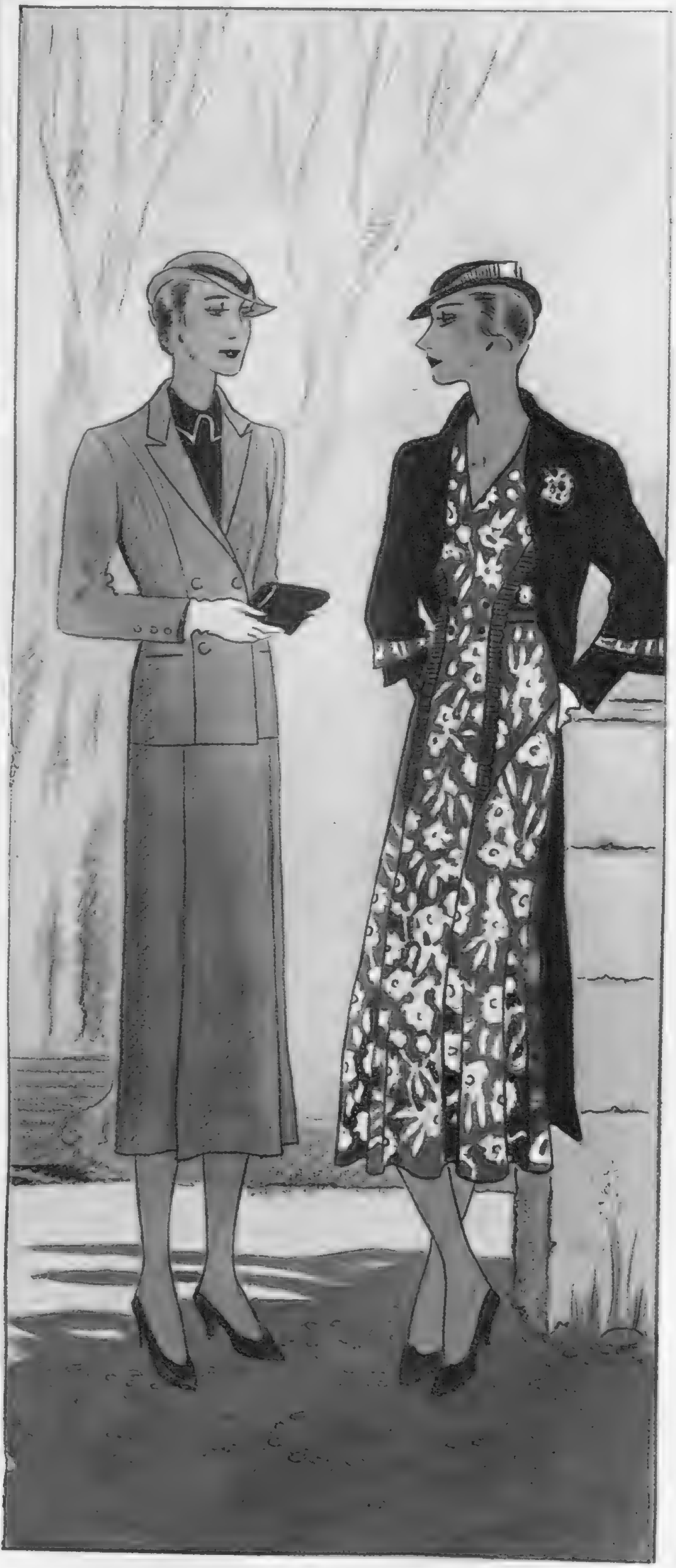
(Above):

AN amusing version of that novelty, the summer evening gown of cotton fabric, has a very nautical air and is carried out in butcher blue linen. A sailor collar and a red and navy anchor complete an attractive costume, which has the added advantage of being procurable from Corot on their famous deferred payment plan. Another excellent costume for boardship or holiday wear consists of a white woollen coat and skirt and a blouse and scarf of navy, red and white striped silk. From Richard Sands



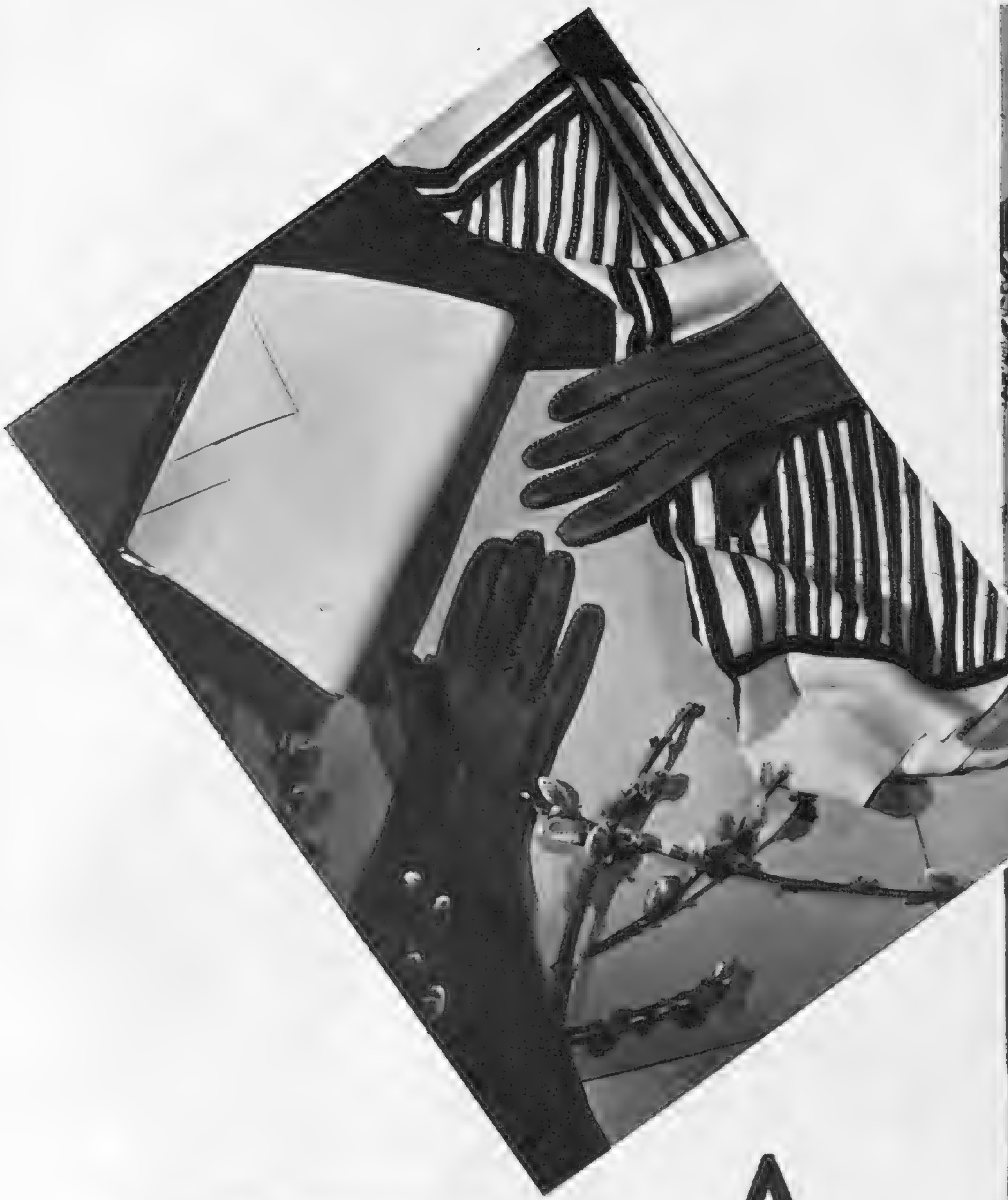
(Below)

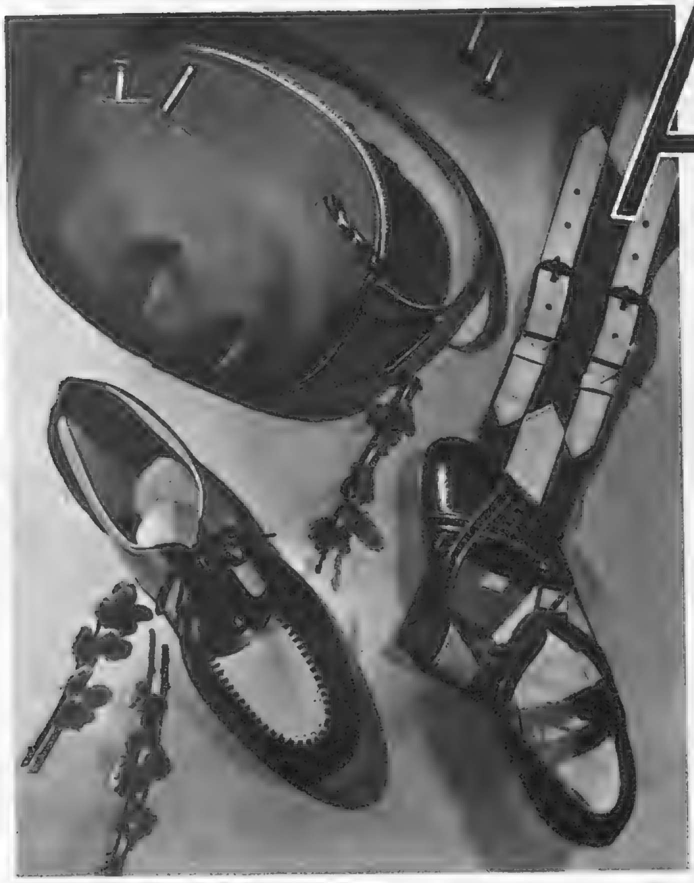
A really well-tailored suit of classical cut is carried out in pale grey flannel and comes from Studd and Millington, who make costumes of this description to order from as little as 7½ guineas. It would look particularly smart worn with one of the new high-necked blouses in either navy blue or black. The figure on the right is wearing a summer ensemble from Corot which consists of a dress of brown and white printed crêpe de Chine and a brown cloth coat trimmed with bands of the printed silk



(Above)

A speciality for the horsewoman is sketched above, and shows a riding costume from Harry Hall specially designed for the summer months. The beige coat is of light-weight tweed with a faint brown over-check, and the pale beige corded breeches are also specially light weight. Costumes of this description may be obtained from 6½ guineas. The figure on the right is wearing one of the new swagger coats which, carried out in tweeds of various types, may be obtained from Studd and Millington for 6 guineas





ACCESSOR

For Town and Country Wear

(Above Left):

A WHITE piqué calf bag which can be sponged clean comes from Harvey Nichols and costs 21/-. Cape leather gloves in black or brown with white stitching can also be washed; these come from Marshall and Snelgrove and cost 9/11. The black-and-white striped triangular scarf of Rodier material comes from Gorringe, price 18/11

(Left):

THE Sunningdale golf companion is made of Persian morocco in beige or several colours, and is fitted with all the accessories a woman golfer can require. Price 21/- from Gorringe. On the left is a Norvic golf shoe made in aquatite and elk in either white and brown or beige and brown, price 26/9. The low-heeled shoe in beige and brown from Gorringe costs 12/9. The red and white belt costs 4/9, from Marshall and Snelgrove

(Left):

IN the upper left-hand corner of the photographs is a smart ostler belt in coloured wool, with a twin leather buckle, price 10/6. The Rodier neckerchief can be obtained in various colour combinations, price 39/6, and the beige, brown and yellow striped tapestry bag costs 15/9. These three accessories from Marshall & Snelgrove

IES

(Above):

BLACK - AND - WHITE shadow lace evening gloves cost 10/9 at Harvey Nichols. A set of drawn thread pink organdie collar and cuffs costs 18/9, and diagonally striped linen handkerchiefs, all colours, price 1/1 each, both come from Marshall and Snelgrove. The hand-carved prystal bracelets, in all colours, price 8/9, and the Bemberg mesh stockings, with diagonal openwork stripes, price 5/6, come from Harvey Nichols

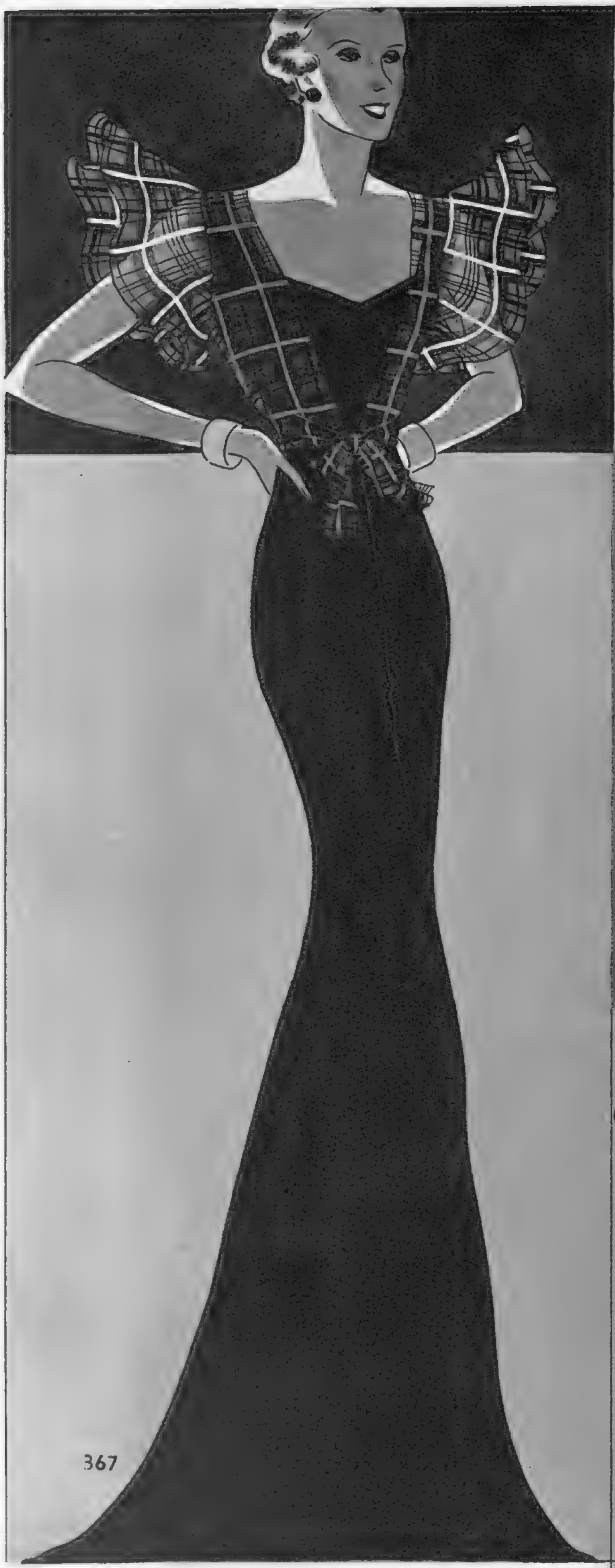
A SMART black-and-white or brown-and-white fabric hand-bag has an ivory elephant for a clasp, price 25/9. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and so does the belt, made of silk cord with chromium studs. This can be obtained in any colour and costs 5/9. The court shoes in stitched glacé kid can also be obtained in navy, grey, and white, and cost 29/6 from Harvey Nichols

Photographs by F. J. Gutman

PATTERNS

How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post



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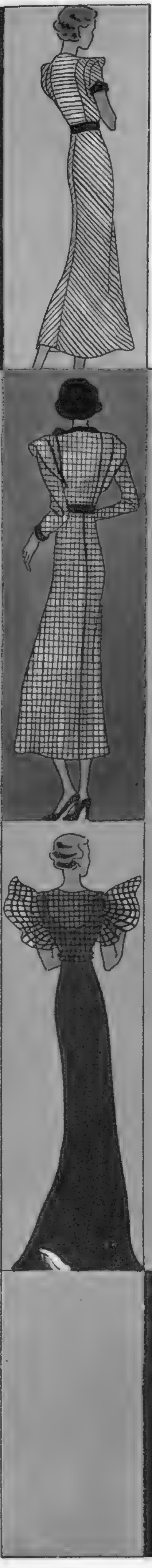

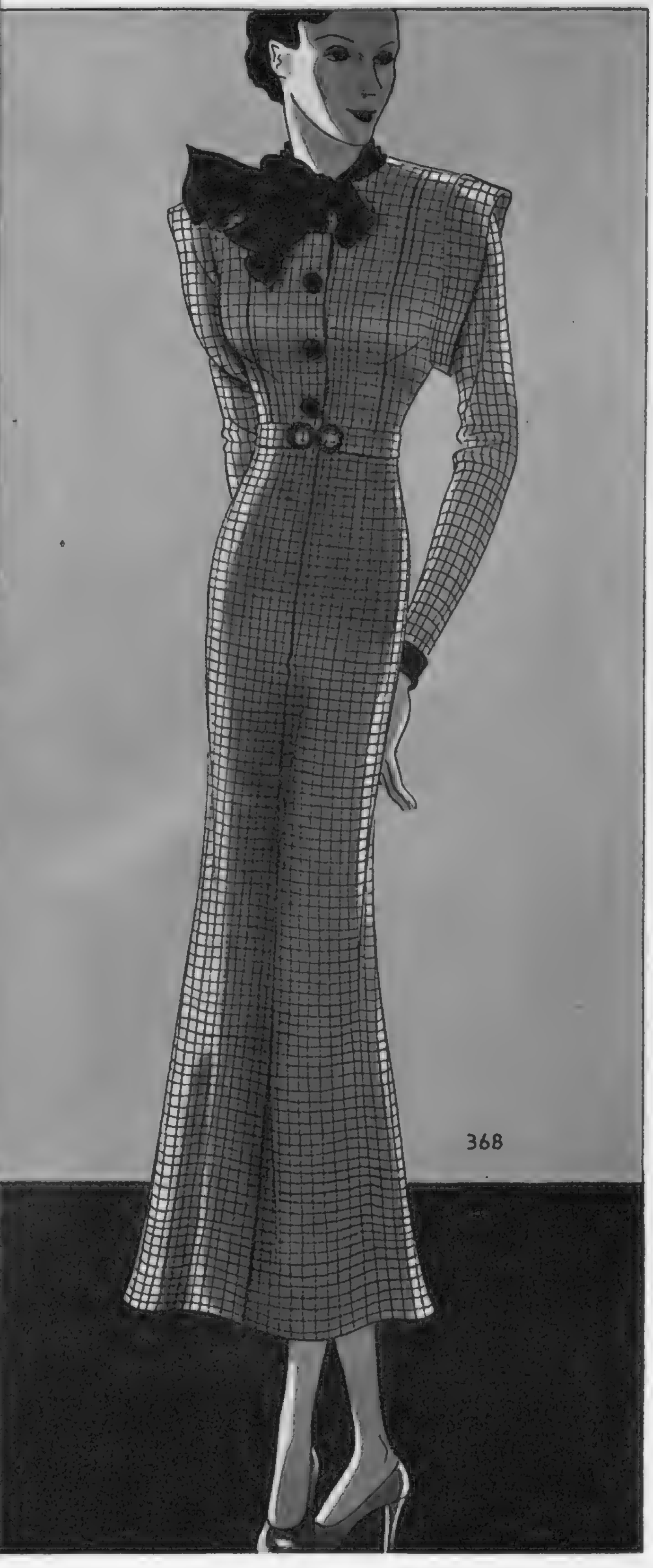

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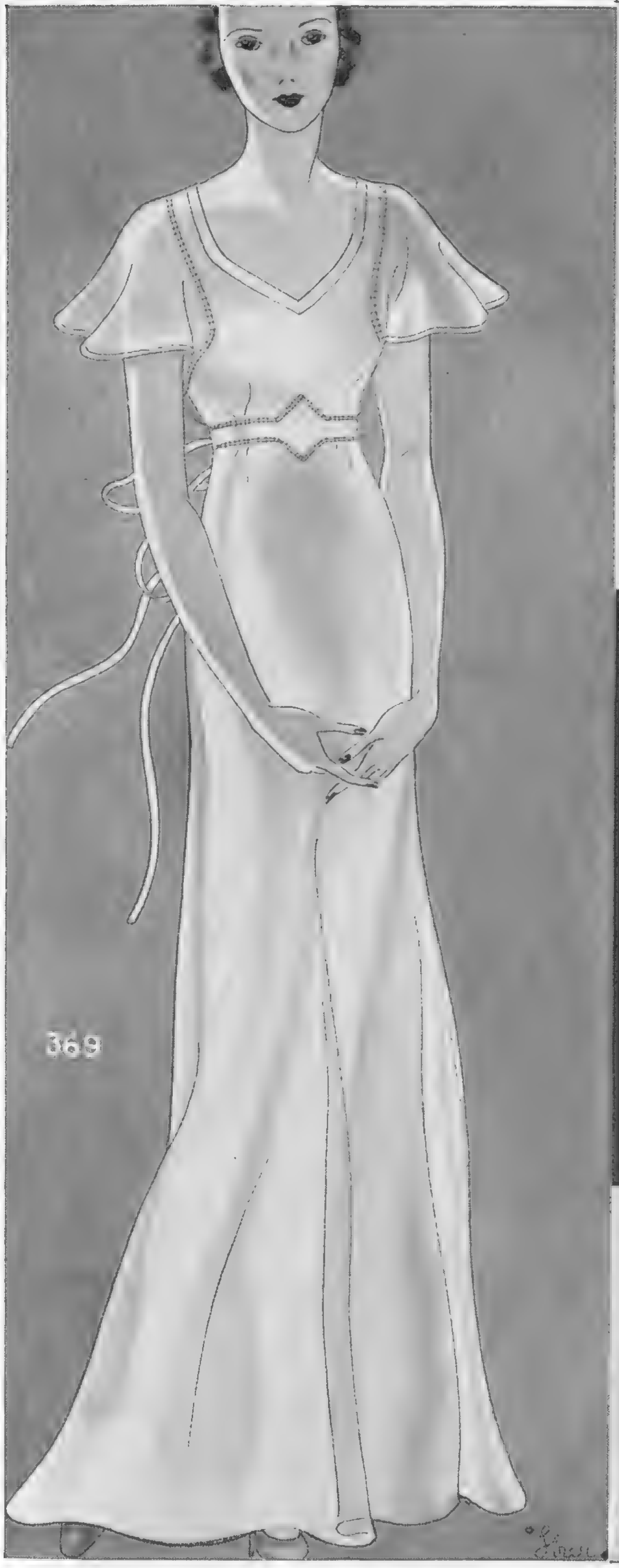
367. *A slip of crêpe marocain and a separate coatee of checked or spotted organdie would be easy to make and would lend itself to various colour combinations. Black-and-red plaid, with a black slip, or pink-and-white with a white slip would look attractive; or several coatees could accompany the same slip. This latter requires 5½ yards of material, and the coatee 2 yards. Price* 1s. 6d.

368. *Washing silk or a cotton material printed with diagonal stripes would be a good choice for the dress on the right. This has a shaped skirt, a neckline which can be buttoned up or left open and turned back into revers. The sleeves can be either short or long, and are finished with cuffs to match the scarf.* 4½ *yards of* 36-*in. material is required. Price* 1s.

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER



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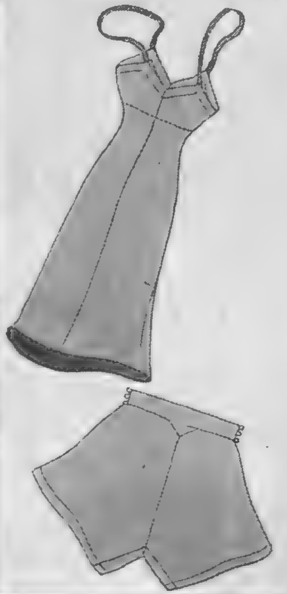

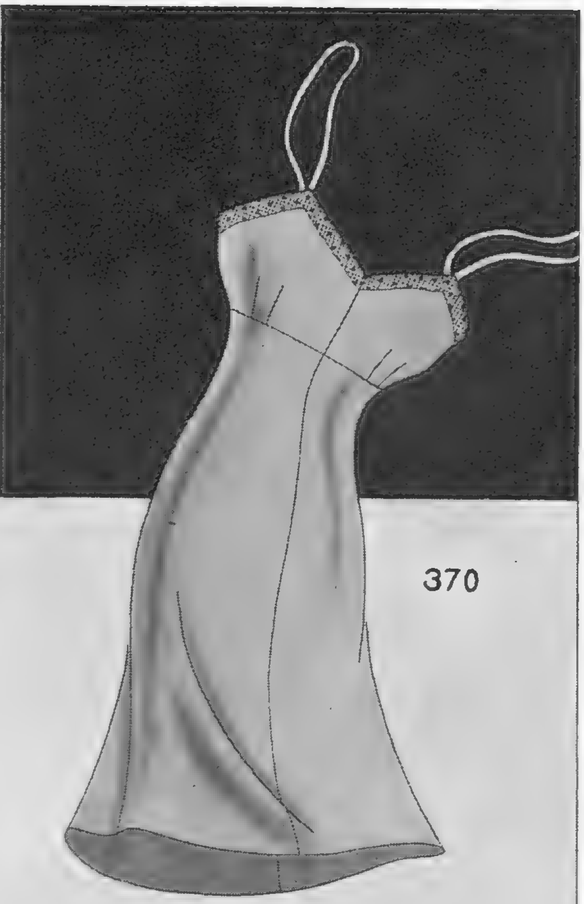

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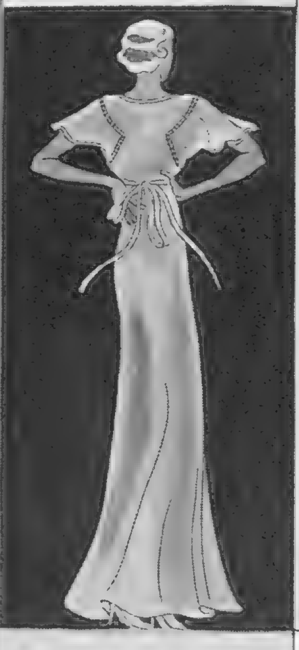

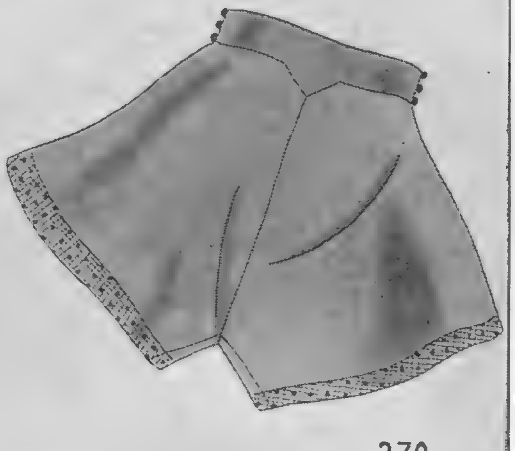

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369. *An unusually attractive nightgown pattern has short shoulder capes and a fitted band around the waist, which ties in a bow at the back and gives a very good figure. It would look charming in patterned crépe de Chine with a plain binding around the neck, or in two plain materials of a contrasting colour. 4½ yards of 36" material is required. Price* 1/-

370. *A simple chemise with a fitted brassière top requires 2½ yards of 36" material, and the matching drawers 1¼ yards. The latter have a fitted waistband, which buttons on either side, and they and the chemise are finished by a spotted net edging. This set would look equally well in a patterned crêpe de Chine with a plain binding of a contrasting colour. Price* 1/- *the set*

Studies in Psychology: No. 5

The World's Pre-Vision in Hollywood

By Hannen Swaffer

THE Blue Pig was full. It always was on Thursday nights. If you came late, there was no table free. Unless you knew the head waiter, you could not find a seat, except near the door.

On Thursday nights, all Hollywood's stars seemed to gather in the Blue Pig. Cafés and restaurants all had their few months of boom. Now it was the Blue Pig's turn.

Baby Tweeneyes was at one table with her set, and with a blasé-looking waitress tending her. Strangers got excited in the Blue Pig. The waitresses were used to it.

Some former waitresses had become film stars. Other waitresses had chanced their luck in the big studios, and then decided that waiting at table at night was much easier than waiting about all day for a job that never came.

Bessie Longlong, the world-famous vamp, was there, too, with a bunch of boys. Karlsky, who was a ghoul, famed for his make-ups, had his tame-looking wife with him, for a change.

If you had looked all round and counted up the salaries, it would have sounded like a million dollars.

The conversation sounded like nothing. Only those who have talked with film stars know how abysmal is their ignorance of everything except the new picture somebody is making, whether or no somebody else's contract is to be renewed, or why the star had cut out 300 feet of some unknown girl who had suddenly been found good or bad, which was often the same thing in Hollywood.

Yes, when you listened, you knew that "pictures" were not an Art, but a Business, something in which there was money to be made, something that cost somebody else a lot of money, something that might make some for you.

Only those who have heard such talk have any idea of the sordidness of it all.

You go to Hollywood expecting Romance and Colour. The reality hits you like a blow.

Still, while they were practical enough, in all their talk, the film stars that night were, as usual, posing. They had no private lives. Always, they behaved as though the camera were recording what they did, and how they looked, and what they said, and the clothes they wore. Besides, the gossip writers were around, as usual. And what they wrote in some obscure paper in Los Angeles sometimes became a cable sent right round the world.

Beattie Lovely had a spare table that night, one still unoccupied.

No, Beattie Lovely was not really her name. They do not have names like that on the Ohio farmland from which she came. They happen somewhere in the train, during the four-days' journey to the Coast.

You think you are going to be a star, and so you write down a lot of names. Then you imagine them in electric lights outside a theatre, and decide which will look the most attractive.

The Beattie was really true. The Lovely was true in so far as it described somebody. For Beattie's looks justified the name, even if she were not born with it. But then, in Hollywood, loveliness was cheap. Every girl who sold cigars, who was a chambermaid, or who worked in a dry-goods store, was beautiful. For they had all come to the Coast to be stars, and, when they had failed, they had driven out from most of the jobs the local homeliness.

That was why no one noticed Beattie Lovely in her waitress's dress. In London, all eyes would have been on her, had she been a waitress in a Corner House. In Southern California, she was merely one of many glorious-looking failures.

Still, she never knew. . . . Some director might come in and discover that she was a type. . . . Some producer might hear her voice, and say, "That'll record well. . . ." Anything might happen.

That was why, month after month, and year after year, beautiful girls went on, hoping, growing plainer every day.

Then Wendell Holmes came in. Not even then was there much excitement.

He was the World's Lover of the hour. His name, which he had read somewhere in a book, was better known to millions than the author from whom he had borrowed it, "to make it famous," as he said.

Women of several countries nearly swooned, sometimes, when they thought of him. They gasped when his name was shown before a picture started, or they saw his photograph on a wall.

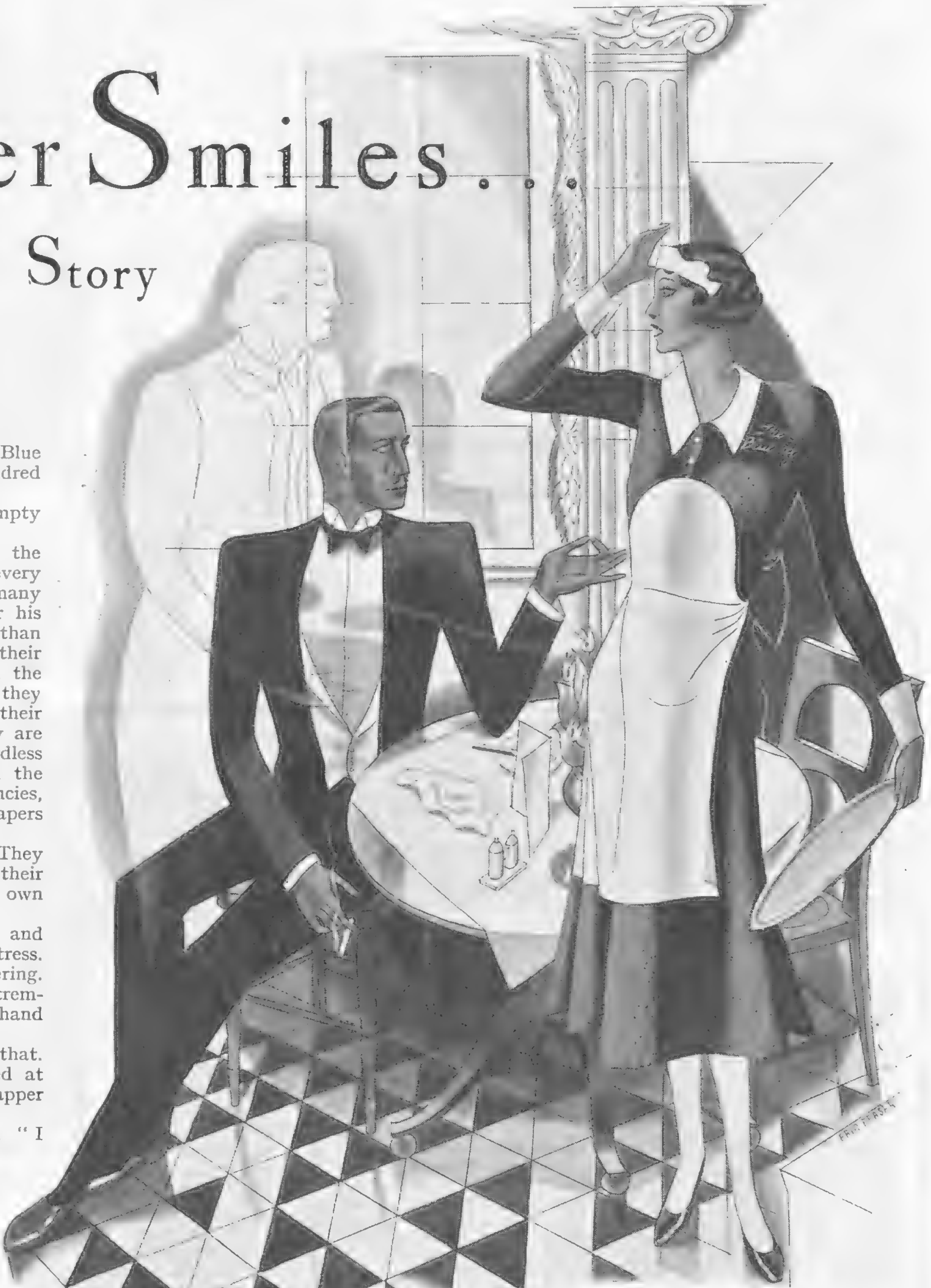
To them, he was Love, a magical being from another world.

"Why isn't he married?" they said, not knowing that his wife was still in the Brooklyn tenement from which he had gone West in search of the fortune which, ultimately, he had found.

Lover Smiles...

—A Queer Story

Illustrations by
Eric Fraser



He left his car outside the Blue Pig, parking it among a hundred others. He checked his hat.

Then he found Beattie's empty table, and sat down, alone.

He sat there, going over the menu, glancing up from it, every now and then, to see how many people were looking, whether his arrival caused more attention than usual. Film stars check their popularity that way. When the morning's newspapers come, they rush through them to find their own names. And when they are not there, they remark, regardless of the falls of Cabinets and the collapse of country's currencies, "There's nothing in the papers to-day."

You cannot blame them. They are their own currency, and their own country, yes, even their own world.

Wendell Holmes looked up, and saw beside him—merely a waitress.

Yet she seemed to be shivering. Her hands appeared to be trembling. She was holding one hand above her eyes.

Still, he was used to that. Maiden innocence often gazed at him hysterically. Any flapper might do it, any hour.

Even when the girl said, "I want to talk to you," and went on, "I must talk to you," it did not surprise him. It was strange that a waitress was doing it, he thought, for they were a blasé lot, as a rule, in Hollywood. But perhaps this was a new one.

"Yes?" he said, encouragingly, seeing that this particular waitress did not look so stupid as most of them. For beauty is usually a very stupid thing.

"Can I see you after?" said the girl.

"Certainly not," he replied.

His life was largely spent in resisting females, administering rebuffs, courteously as a rule. But this one was a waitress, and she ought to know her place.

"I must see you," urged the girl. "I have something to tell you."

"If you say anything like that again," he replied, "I shall speak to the manager."

And he ordered his food.

The girl brought course after course, until his supper was finished. He noticed that she kept on staring at him—no, not exactly at him, but near him—and seemed in a condition of distressed nerves and fearfulness. (*Continued on page* 102)

BOOKS

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

Some *Spring* Novels: Mr. Mottram *and* Others

SOME people, including all artists, are convinced that critics like finding fault. Why, are not the two words, criticism and faultfinding, synonymous in ordinary conversation? It would take too long to expose this fallacy, to expound the functions of the critic. But if I admit that there are some weaknesses—pretentiousness, for example—which a reviewer will attack with a savage zest that is almost pleasure, then I must ask you, in return for that admission, to try to believe that critics, like the rest of the world, often feel a longing for enthusiasm, an ache to praise. During the month this satisfaction has come to me in double form. I have enjoyed *The Lame Dog*, by R. H. Mottram (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), and I have delighted in my enjoyment.

I have long respected Mr. Mottram as a serious and conscientious writer; and when in the company of people whose judgment I revere, I have refrained from argument even though I could not share their admiration of his work. But I have realised with sorrow that Mr. Mottram and I were safety match and sandpaper. No flame resulted from our encounters. According to the popular belief, this should have given me an outlet for my bursting spleen, accorded me relief, made me happy. It made me unhappy. To be conscious of insensitiveness is no fun, as I understand fun.

It is, perhaps, a chance that has opened my eyes. *The Lame Dog* deals with a countryside and a class that I know well—the small farmers of the eastern counties—and the author has rendered them both with a loving and beautiful fidelity. There is a slow patience about his writing which exactly suits his theme. He has given us that rare thing, a work of pure imagination; though every word is informed by his literary personality, he has entirely suppressed his social personality, and there is not a shadow or an echo to tell us, obtrusively, what manner of man is known to his friends as R. H. Mottram. He has written a lovely book, which makes me want to go back and read the others again and catch up with the rest of civilised England.

Mr. Richard Aldington's long novel, *All Men Are Enemies* (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.), also founds itself on the English countryside. But Mr. Aldington's case differs from Mr. Mottram's. We soon learn a lot about him—what an active, well-furnished brain he has, how intellectual he is, how impatient in argument, how swift in attack. Mr. Mottram may

Mr. W. H.

"The True History of Shakespeare's Sonnets": *by Lord Alfred Douglas*
(Secker, 8s. 6d.)

"The Human Approach to Literature": *by William Freeman*
(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 6s.)

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

ALL books on the Sonnets enjoy some reflection of the beauty and mystery of the lovely poems on which they gaze. To the student of Shakespeare they offer this further attraction—that he never fully agrees with any of them. Lord Alfred Douglas's essay, which follows Butler's opinions in the main, is sound in essentials, and only in detail does it sometimes fail. For instance, in his introductory Note the editor chides all earlier editors for their carelessness in reprinting the text. Yet he gives, in full or in part, the 20th Sonnet ("A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted") on four different pages, and in no two cases do the versions of the first two lines agree. He seems to have misunderstood the famous 135th and 136th (or punning) Sonnets; but on the difficult 129th his judgment is to be preferred to Butler's. His book is always stimulating and lively; and if it probably will satisfy nobody completely, it is thereby merely failing where all its predecessors have failed. Young readers must be warned that the commentators with whom Lord Alfred Douglas finds himself in disagreement are not always as despicable and worthless as he believes.

It is not easy to feel so certain of the interest and value of Mr. Freeman's book. This, we learn, is "an attempt to make real and living some of our greatest writers," and at those familiar words the heart instinctively sinks. Shakespeare, with Marlowe, Burbage, Greene and Jonson, seated in a tavern; Swinburne playing truant from Watts-Dunton; Johnson standing Goldsmith a meal, and using his advantage to utter sententialities; the Lambs, the Shelleys, the Carlyles, they are all here. Possibly the book has a public. In those who have any knowledge of the authors it "humanises" it will merely produce discomfort.

Troubles, New and Old

"Eight Republics in Search of a Future": *by Rosita Forbes*
(Cassell, 8s. 6d.)

"India Marches Past": *by R. J. Minney*
(Jarrolds, 16s.)

MRS. FORBES'S eight republics are the South American States—Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador. Everybody seems to know that these are the coming countries, and almost everybody is prepared to leave it at that. Let us hope that Mrs. Forbes's book may tempt a few people to look for support for their arguments. A certain amount of good will is required from the reader, for there is a relentless rattle, a hammer quality, about the author's style; like a road drill, it ends by wearing the nerves. But she has acquired a great deal of information in the course of a year's journeyings, and she possesses a clear head and a gift of marshalling her material. Anyone who, commercially or otherwise, is interested in South America should read her book, for it is hard, matter-of-fact, comprehensive, and has a real value. Lord D'Abernon has contributed a preface.

The object of Mr. Minney's volume is to give, in popular form, a potted history of India and an account of the present conditions in that country and how they have arisen. It is not meant for the serious student; but the ordinary reader, who has neither the time nor the stomach for Blue Books and White Papers, will find it helpful, and not difficult to read. The author has had considerable first-hand experience of the questions he discusses, and his conclusions, even when they seem debatable, have a right to be respected. The book is illustrated, and the selection of the photographs of works of art does great credit to Mr. Minney's feeling for beauty.

ROSITA FORBES

The Irish Problem Personified

"De Valera": *by Denis Gwynn*

(Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.)

An excellent photograph, reproduced as the frontispiece of this book, is worth study. It shows a very capable face, with a long, argumentative nose and a general expression of ineradicable obstinacy. It is the face of a man who would always make his presence felt in any company, but never be understood or loved by his associates. As one reads Mr. Gwynn's most interesting volume, one turns back more and more frequently to this photograph. It seems to corroborate every line of the biography. The enthusiasm of the Irish people for Mr. de Valera is not, apparently, shared by those who come into contact with him, not even by his political associates. A series of extraordinary chances led to his adoption by the Irish as their typical hero and martyr—although he escaped, thanks to his American citizenship, all the more serious inconveniences of martyrdom. Fixity of purpose, an iron will, an inexhaustible casuistry, have enabled him to maintain himself as the first representative of a nation of which, in fact, he is utterly unrepresentative.

DE VALERA, whose biography by Denis Gwynn is reviewed herewith

Mr. Gwynn's object is twofold. He tries to discover the nature of the leader, the reason of his extraordinary ascendency, and, secondly, the details and shape of his political programme. The inquiry is complicated by the fact that long after he had risen to the position of the foremost figure in Irish politics, Mr. de Valera remained an amateur politician. In 1916, when he was already 34 years of age, he began to take an interest in politics for the first time. Two years later, most of the interval having been passed in prison, he was the dominant man in the country of his adoption, and in pompous and pedantic speeches was calling the attention of his experienced colleagues to the simple truisms and trite platitudes on which he had just stumbled and of which he believed himself to be the discoverer. It is an amazing story which Mr. Gwynn tells, and every Englishman should read it. The book suffers badly from the lack of an index.

Top: R. H. MOTTRAM, whose new novel, "The Lame Dog," is a story of the small farmers of the eastern counties. Centre: GEORGETTE CARNEAL, author of "The Great Day," an American who sees very clearly the mixture of good and bad in American life. RICHARD ALDINGTON, author of "All Men are Enemies"

(though I doubt it) be just such another, but he would, as a novelist, die rather than show it. And, indeed, it is a question whether Mr. Aldington has found, in the novel, the right medium for his undeniable talents. He never lets one feel that his imagination has taken charge and built a new, a separate, a self-supporting world. On the contrary, his work appears to be a purely intellectual effort, and he is unable or unwilling to allow it to escape, even for a moment, from his rigid control. He gives us many beautiful descriptions, many interesting discussions, many admirable pages of one sort and another; but he never succeeds in making us forget that we are reading a book, or even the author's name. It seems as if he could not bear to let us, or his characters, out of his sight. We and they, like guests entertained by a too anxious host, are unable to throw off constraint.

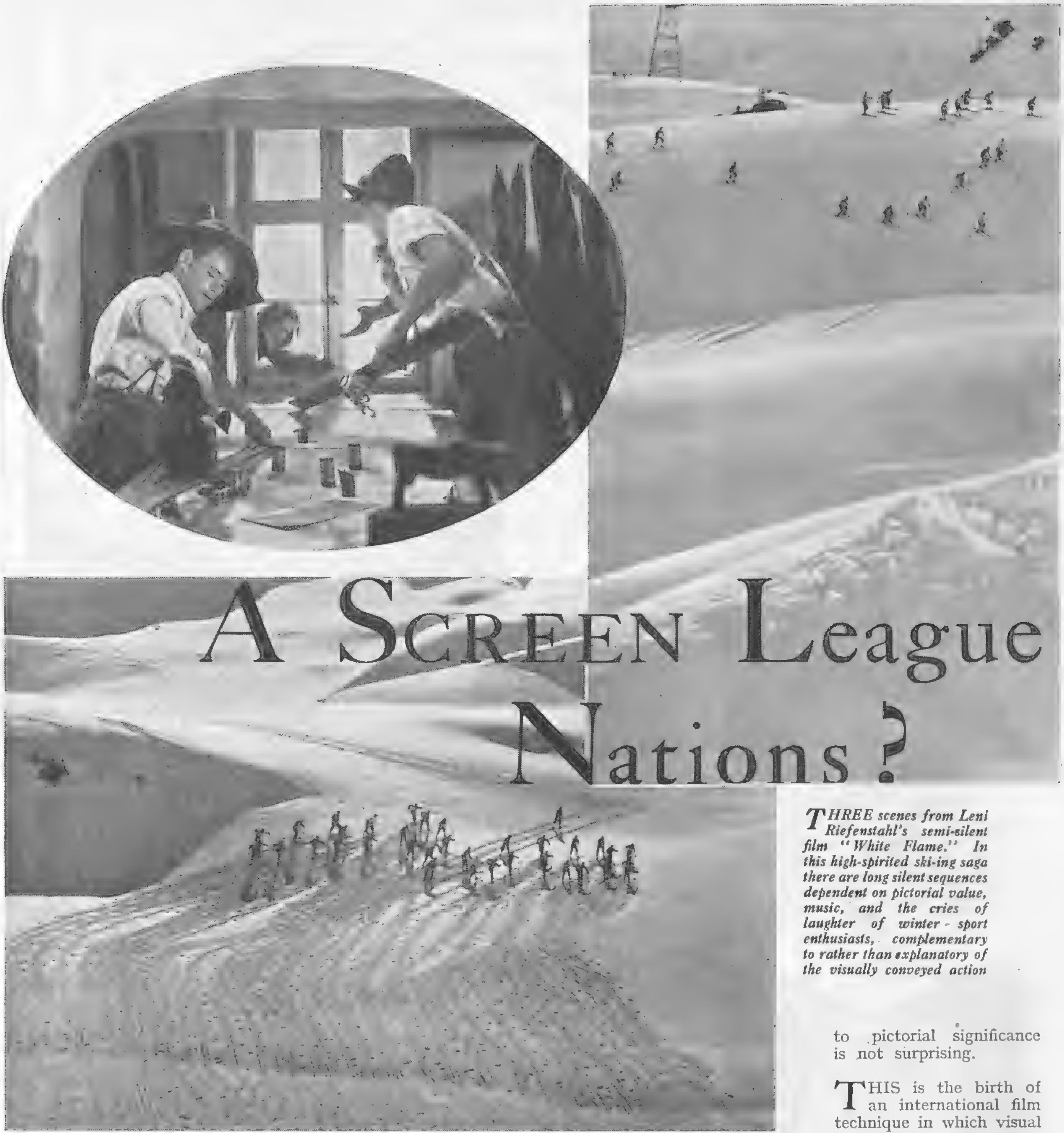
A CURIOUSLY confused effect is produced by Georgette Carneal's novel, *The Great Day* (Constable, 7s. 6d.), for here is an American who sees very clearly the mixture of good and bad in American life, yet reveals in herself the very same ingredients in the same proportions. There are some fine ideas in her book, and some good writing. There is also an excess of sentimentality, and long passages where the writing deteriorates into mush. Miss Carneal might be an author of importance if she possessed a vestige of self-criticism. She describes, with what seems like inside knowledge, a big newspaper office in New York, and it may be that she is apt to underrate the effects of journalistic training. She is a good reporter, and can make a vivid job of a street or an office. On soul states she is less impressive.

There can never have been a more topical novel than Mr. T. F. Tweed's *Rinehard* (Barker, 7s. 6d.), for it tells of a new American President and of his methods of dealing with the more important crises of our times. Slight concussion, the result of a motor accident, turns the President from a happy, genial creature into a tearing reformer, half Mussolini, half Maxton. The story is quite amusing, but, like all novels which attempt to present a genius, it demands a good deal of collaboration from the reader. It is so difficult to make an earth-shatterer speak earth-shatteringly. Rinehard's words rouse the whole world. Yet they sound very like poor Mr. Hoover's, which didn't.

Yet another novel from across the Atlantic is Mr. Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* (Secker, 7s. 6d.). This is a far more impressive affair than the two books just mentioned; and, indeed, Mr. Caldwell has a high reputation in his own land. He has written a story of a primitive agricultural district in Southern America, in Georgia—a wonderful story of earth, hot sun, and animalism. That so primitive an existence is being lived anywhere in the civilised world will come as a surprise to many readers. The conditions described by Mr. Caldwell sound incredible; yet he compels us to believe utterly in his earth, his sun, his lustful men and women. His book is not for everyone. But in spite of some perverse and unsuitable

(*Continued on page* 119)

A SCREEN League of Nations?



THREE scenes from Leni Riefenstahl's semi-silent film "White Flame." In this high-spirited ski-ing saga there are long silent sequences dependent on pictorial value, music, and the cries of laughter of winter-sport enthusiasts, complementary to rather than explanatory of the visually conveyed action

HOLLYWOOD needed something new with which to beat the world in film-making. Colour photography, stereoscopic effects and the wide screen were mooted, but the Sound film achieved what was desired. European competition was routed: it was more than two years before the film industry on this side of the Atlantic showed signs of "catching up" with American "talkie" improvisations.

But unanticipated difficulties confronted American production companies. Many markets were automatically closed to them by the language problem: Southern America, Central Europe, the Latin countries, and even in England American diction proved less attractive than American physique. Some of Hollywood's most valuable "box-office" stars were wiped out by the language question, and it was necessary to resort to expensive expedients such as the importation of English and Continental actors and actresses and the making of films in several different languages.

These problems have not been solved to this day, but there are symptoms that the solution is at hand. It comes from Central Europe and indicates a partial return to silent film technique. There has been a growing popularity of the sincere and beautiful pictures from Germany and Czechoslovakia. The imposition of captions translating the foreign dialogue is frankly clumsy, disturbing and inartistic, and the tendency to escape from this artless formula by eliminating all but essential dialogue and the reversion to pictorial significance is not surprising.

THIS is the birth of an international film technique in which visual and musical significance eliminate linguistic separation, and should revive stage vitality by making it a thing apart from screen representation and invigorate filmic creation by obviating the photographed stage-play, a poor and foreign expression of filmic art.

The best examples of the new technique are Leni Riefenstahl's "White Flame" and a semi-silent film made by the Slavia Company of Prague called "Ekstase," shown by the Film Society. In the high-spirited ski-ing Saga, "White Flame," there are long silent sequences, dependent on pictorial value, music and the cries and laughter of winter-sport enthusiasts, complementary to rather than explanatory of the visually conveyed action.

I hope that by the time this article appears "Ekstase" will have been publicly shown in England, but there are probable

EDDIE CANTOR as the bullfighter San Sebastian II in the amusing "semi-musical" comedy film "The Kid from Spain"

Symptoms *of* a New International Film *Technique* emanating from *Central* Europe

By

Sydney Tremayne

difficulties in regard to censorship, because action is often more explicit than speech, and the main theme of "Ekstase" is the restlessness and discontent of a young wife married to a man devoid of youth and ardour. She returns to her father, the proprietor of a large horse-breeding farm, meets a young engineer and finds contentment in the "ecstasy" of her love for him.

The theme is frankly emphasised by the photography showing the mating of animals and insects. There are some very beautiful pictures of prancing stallions.

Dramatic sequences include the discarded husband's attempt to wreck himself and the unconscious young man who, he realises, is his wife's lover by a frantic motor drive to meet an express train. The musical accompaniment, which is significant throughout, intimates the approach of the train before the thundering wheels of the engine are actually shown on the screen.

When dialogue is introduced in "Ekstase," it is laconic and explicit, used in the same way as the captions and titles of the past, and always accompanies long shots, not close-ups, so that synchronisation with lip-movement is unnecessary, and the explanatory speech could be added in *any* language, thus introducing a new and universal Sound technique.

When we compare films like "The White Flame" and "Ekstase" with recent American and English pictures their superiority, for the purposes of international distribution, is obvious.

In order to make "Cavalcade" the Fox Company imported a complete cast and numerous executives of English people, and this very expensive and excellent picture can only appeal to English-speaking people.

"The Good Companions," the best of recently produced English films, with its essential dependence on the rich and racy Midland dialect and characterisation of Edmund Gwenn as Jesse Oakroyd, and the back-chat between Jessie Matthews as Susie Dean, and John Gielgud, who is supremely good as Inigo Jollifant the ex-schoolmaster and successful composer of modern "song-and-dance" numbers, must have an appeal limited in the world markets to England and the Dominions.

The same criticism applies to Sydney Howard's drolleries in "Up for the Derby," and Cicely Courtneidge's personal triumph in "Soldiers of the King."

When Hollywood "goes gay" and gives us an amusing "semi-musical" comedy such as "The Kid from Spain," barring the final, very funny and brilliantly faked bull-ring scenes, the film is entirely dependent on Eddie Cantor's "wise-cracks" and the untranslatable manner of their delivery.

"Strange Interval" and "Bill of Divorcement" are photographed stage plays by Eugène O'Neil and Clemence Dane, respectively, and apart from the limited appeal of hereditary madness as the main theme of both, are necessarily dependent on dialogue which will soon be as old-fashioned as captions.

Nationality, like character, must emerge, but, in view of financial as well as artistic considerations, it is obvious that a film technique must be evolved which will make pictorial and verbal translation international. Here is a League of Nations for which one might predict success.

To-morrow's Servant

Electricity *is* steadily acquiring *more* universal utility; and *here are* several *novel* uses *for* it

By Baseden Butt

A TROPICAL plant bay warmed and heated by electricity is the latest idea in bay window treatments for adding charm and interest to the modern flat

SINCE the great plan for electrifying Britain known as the National Power System and popularly called "the grid" has now been completed, it may reasonably be hoped that the cost of current for light and power will be further reduced in the not very distant future, and electricity will therefore come into more extensive demand than ever, especially in rural districts where a supply was not previously available. There are literally no limits to its usefulness. Cheap electricity can make life easier, more comfortable and more delightful in numberless ways.

Of these uses, lighting is certainly capable of greater development. Instead of two or three "direct" lamps to a room, why not have indirect concealed lighting—a score of lamps concealed behind cornices, or strip lights behind opaque glass panels? With this method the effect is infinitely superior, the light much softer, more evenly diffused. Moreover, at nightfall, both summer and winter, we can flood-light our gardens, changing the familiar scene to fairyland.

THE "Victor," seen in the picture above, is one of Ediswan's most successful electric fires, for its radiant heat efficiency, greatly enhanced by the chromium-plated reflector, is very high. This model costs £2 : 10 . 0. Photograph taken by courtesy of the Electrical Association for Women

ELECTRIC light behind a dummy window gives the perfect illusion of sunlight in this lounge-hall decorated by Raymond McGrath

Another use for which electricity could be employed more effectively is in lighting up dark corridors, entrance halls and hall lounges where windows are few or inadequate. Opaque glass panels can be fitted in the walls exactly to resemble windows and behind the glass can be electric lamps which, when switched on, give the impression, even on the dullest day, of sunshine streaming through the glass.

Another worth-while suggestion is the electric clock. It is not always realised that electric clocks are not only reasonable in first cost, but the current consumed by each clock per year amounts to less than one shilling. A modern electric clock requires practically no attention, no winding or adjustment, and it is marvellously accurate. The hands move steadily, not in jerks, and are controlled by pulsations of the current. Moreover, electric clocks are available in some effective modern designs which often seem the *only* perfect timepiece, from the decorative point of view, for modern style interiors. It should be noted that these clocks can be had only on alternating current circuits, which are in the majority.

AN electric clock, the perfect decorative timepiece for a modern interior—and always reliable, too!

Photographs by courtesy of Raymond McGrath, B.Arch., A.R.I.B.A.

An idea which has extraordinary fascination is an electrically heated plant bay in which one keeps a choice collection of tropical plants. A plant bay in a modern flat recently decorated by Mr. Raymond McGrath is seen among our illustrations, where the electric lighting and heating elements are both included within the architrave of the window, the bay being then kept always at the required temperature. With a plant bay such as this one can enjoy

(*Continued on page* 120)

Linen for the BRIDE

AN attractive set for the bed is carried out in Irish linen with a border of pale pink, green or blue. Price 28/6 for one single-bed sheet and one pillow case. Robinson and Cleaver

A NOVELTY is a luncheon cloth and napkins of pale green artificial silk and cotton, which has a very lustrous surface. The set costs 5 guineas and comes from Robinson and Cleaver

THESE Irish linen tea cloths and napkins, copied from the famous Basque linen, come from Robinson and Cleaver. Checked in red or blue, they cost 7/6 each

What *to* Buy *for the* Small Modern Home

By Anne Blythe

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, for all her sighs and blushes, was a very practical young person when it came to getting married.

Long before he had bent the knee and asked parental permission, her bottom drawer was brimming with linen, and she could sit down calmly through the days of her betrothal to sew trousseau and choose furniture.

In comparison, the bride of to-day just seems to flounder along. A few blind shopping expeditions lead up to a merry orgy of spending, and it is not until after the honeymoon that she realises that household linen, dusters, dish-cloths, and all the rest, should be bought with as much care as the wedding gown.

Luckily for the limited spare time and the small purses of modern brides, we do not lay in huge stocks of linen nowadays. We are quite content to buy enough sheets and towels to last us a few years and let the generation ahead take care of itself. Besides, where great-grandmother had a large house with many beds and many wash-stands, we are beginning housekeeping in a small labour-saving flat, and our linen must be bought to suit that.

Only in one way do we keep the tradition of yesterday. The bride still provides the linen for the new home, and it remains hers in law throughout her married life.

But how much linen ought a modern bride to buy?

A great deal depends upon the size of her new home, the amount of entertaining she is likely to do, and if she intends to keep a maid. However, the following list is drawn up to suit the young couple who are beginning housekeeping in a flat with two bedrooms, a small dining-room, and accommodation for one servant. One bedroom has twin beds, and the other a double bed, but quite a good plan of interchangeable linen could be worked if all beds were of the same size.

For the Twin Bedroom

2 pairs hem-stitched linen sheets.
4 pairs cotton sheets.
2 pairs fine hem-stitched pillow cases.
2 bolster cases to match.
4 pairs plain or cheaper hem-stitched pillow cases.
2 bolster cases to match.
2 pairs cotton underslips.
2 unbleached linen mattress slips.
4 night spreads.
Blankets, etc.

For the Spare Room

1 pair hem-stitched linen sheets.
1 pair cotton sheets.
1 pair fine hem-stitched pillow cases.
Long bolster case to match.
1 pair cotton underslips.
1 mattress slip.
1 night spread.
Blankets, etc.

The small stock for the spare room is on the assumption that guests will be rare in the

(*Continued on page* 126)

Madam, *did you* Know . . . ?

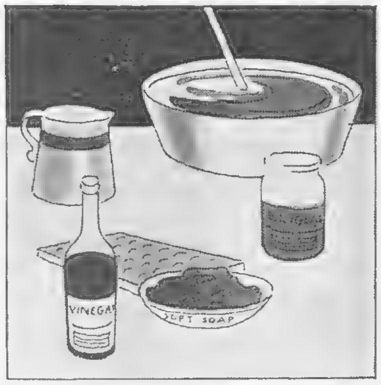
Some H*ousehold* Hints that *Help*

By J. M. Bainbridge, M.Sc.

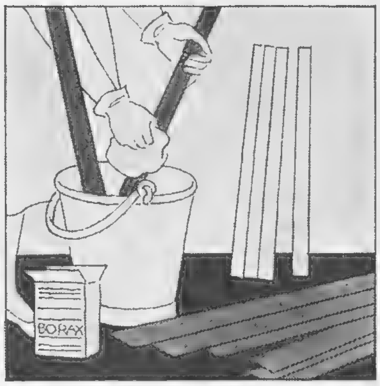
Leather Furniture

A good leather reviver may be made by bringing 1 pint of linseed oil to the boil, allowing to cool and when nearly cold stirring in ½-pint of vinegar. This reviver should be rubbed well into the leather, using a soft cloth and exposing a clean surface of the cloth whenever necessary. When the whole surface of the leather has been treated with the reviver, it should be polished with a clean, soft duster.

To make an excellent leather polish which can be guaranteed to keep leather in good condition: 1 oz. of glue, broken into small pieces, should be dissolved, over a gas, in a mixture of ½-pint of vinegar and 1 gill of water. When the glue is all dissolved, ½-drachm of isinglass and 1 drachm of soft soap should be added, the whole boiled gently for 20 minutes, and finally coloured with turmeric or other colouring matter according to the tint of the leather.



A REALLY good polish is required in order to keep leather furniture in proper condition



When cleaning venetian blinds, the laths, cords and tapes should be separated

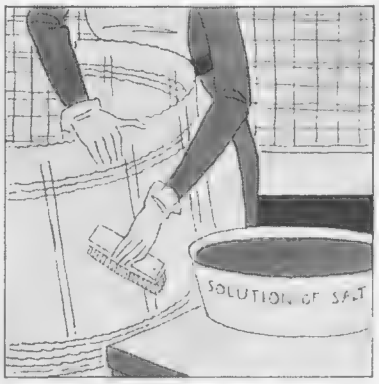
Blinds

If linen blinds are washed they may stretch, after which they may not fit the rollers. They may be cleaned quite satisfactorily by means of powdered bath-brick, which should be rubbed on to the linen by a stiff nail brush. With Venetian blinds the cords, tapes and laths should be separated, the tapes washed and ironed and the laths, if unvarnished, washed in warm soapy water. Varnished laths should be washed in cold water to which a little borax has been added, dried and polished with a little furniture cream or polish.

Stains made by hot dishes on a polished surface are extremely difficult to remove

Wooden Furniture

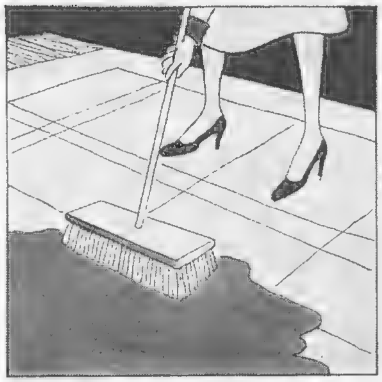
Enquiries are frequently being received asking how white marks caused on polished tables by hot dishes may be removed. Old marks cannot be removed. If a polished surface is badly marked in this way, particularly if the marks are old ones, the only cure is to strip off all the old polish, using a spirit solvent, and then to repolish the wood with linseed oil only. Fresh marks which are less than 48 hours old can usually be removed by rubbing them gently with a mixture of olive oil and fine salt. (*Note* : Spirit solvents are inflammable, and care should be taken to use them well away from naked lights of any kind.)



A SOLUTION of salt should be used instead of soap for all wicker furniture

Cane and Wicker Furniture

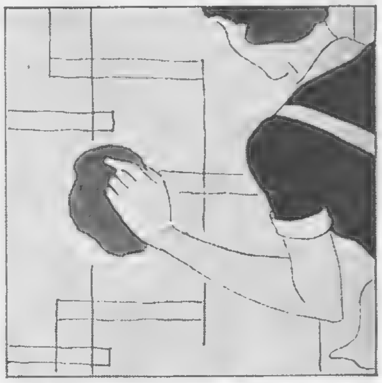
Soap causes white cane or wicker furniture to turn yellow. The furniture should therefore be brushed with a solution of salt (4 tablespoonfuls in 1 gallon of water), using a stiff nail brush, rinsed, wiped as dry as possible with a soft cloth and dried out of doors. The drying should not be carried out before a fire or in strong sunlight, or the furniture may squeak horribly every time it is used. Discoloured white wicker furniture may be improved by washing with lemon juice and water.



An excellent mixture for cleaning carpets and rugs may be made at home

Carpets and Rugs

An excellent washing mixture for carpets and rugs may be prepared by adding 1 oz. each of ammonia, amyl acetate and glycerine to 2½–3 gallons of water, and dissolving 2 lb. of curd soap in the same mixture. This should be applied warm, not hot, by means of a long-handled deck scrubber, always working the same way as the pile.



Wallpapers can be satisfactorily cleaned if one is careful to use the right mixture

Wallpapers

A good cleaning medium for wallpapers may be prepared by dissolving 1 oz. of white soap in 1 pint of boiling water, cooling, adding 1 gill of petrol and then stirring in sufficient flour to give a thick, non-sticky dough. The wallpaper should be rubbed lightly with a ball of this dough, working downwards, and afterwards wiped with a soft, dry cloth.

Fuller's earth mixed to a stiff paste with water may be used to remove grease spots. Press paste over spots, and brush off when dry.

A TRANQUIL and well-ordered household can only be achieved by the woman who really knows

THE essentials for a day in the country are contained in this Leatherette attaché case, price 5/6. British made, it holds an aluminium sandwich case and a genuine Thermos flask

THIS breakfast set gives the day a better send-off. It is made in Adderley ware with hand-painted sprays on a cream ground at 18/6. The perfectly harmonizing tray is made in orange or green at 4/6

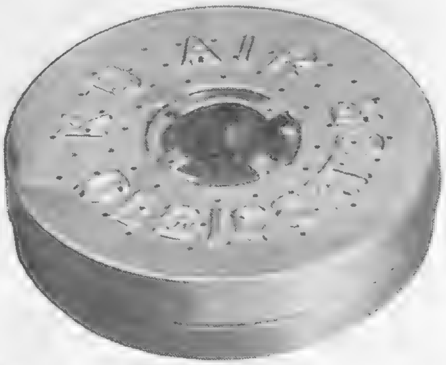
THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Stamps must be enclosed for a reply

What I *have* Bought this Month

THIS original jug and six glasses costing 15/11 are in leaf-green glass. A fine Irish linen cloth in the same shade is priced at 3/11 and is made in six sizes and four colours

Atherstone
Hinckley
Nuneaton

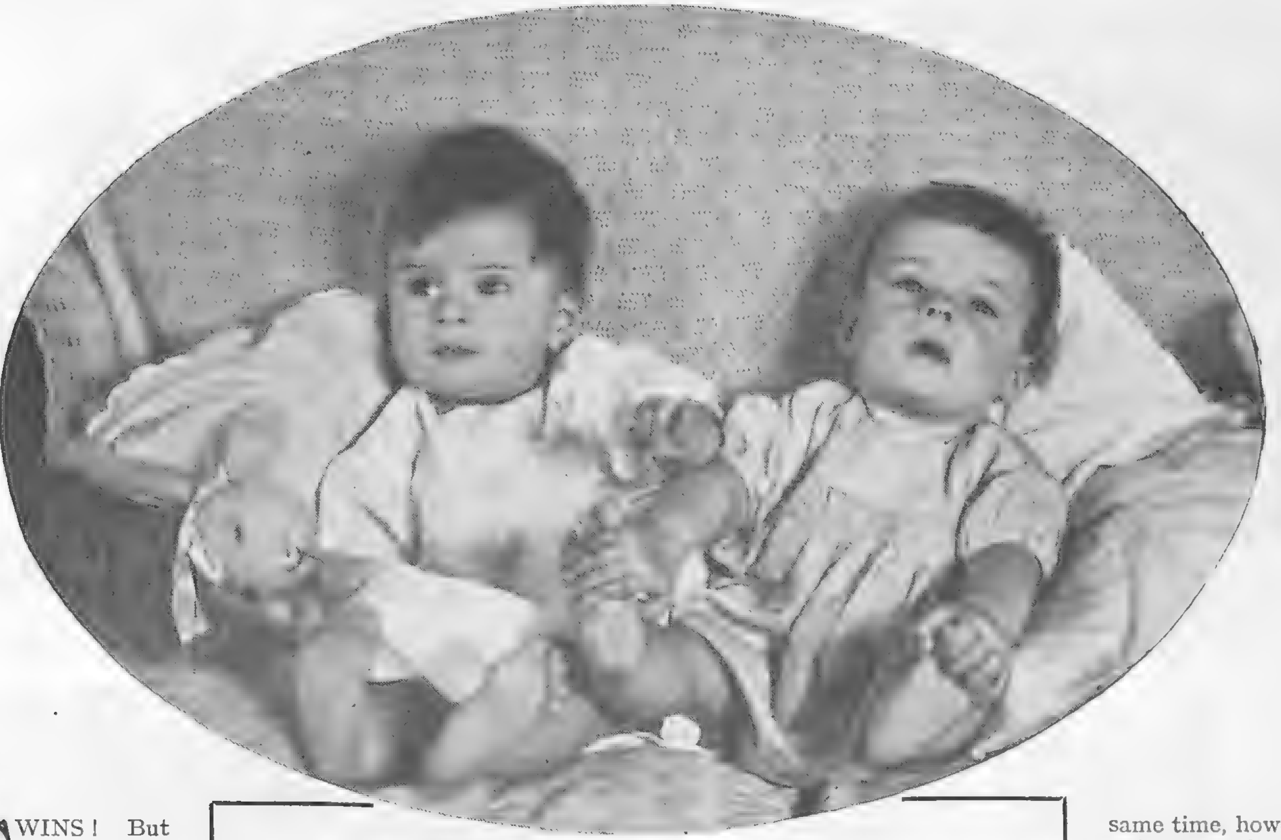
ANYTHING can be read clearly and quickly in the dark by means of this magnifying torch, price 27/6. The Dunlop morocco map-case contains thirty-two maps showing every section of the British Isles. Price one guinea



THE discovery of an instrument whereby our possessions can be kept free from moisture is most important. The K–D costs 3/- and attracts to itself any dampness in the surrounding atmosphere, thus keeping the object containing it perfectly dry

(*Left*)

AS holidays draw nearer the family's travelling equipment must be looked over. This extra-light and extra-strong shagreen-patterned cloth valise costs 17/6 in grass-green with a beige stripe



T.W.I.N.S!

or two of a kind . . .

By Len Chaloner

TWINS! But how lovely! What a shock! There are people who contemplate the idea of twins as altogether desirable, and others who think what a terrible business two babies at one time would be. The truth lies somewhere between these two poles. If all FIRST babies were twins it might be quite a good arrangement, for there would be no "only" or lonely children, and the over-anxious mother would certainly find it quite difficult to be over attentive to two small people at once. But if, as sometimes happens, there is already a baby of a year and then twins arrive, the problem of looking after what becomes a diminutive "crêche" is certainly a serious one, if only from the point of view of possibly two perambulators, with two people to push them, or else a perambulator that must hold *three* children of rapidly expanding dimensions for a period of three years at least. (After that, of course, they can ride to some extent in turns.)

It is possible in some cases to know beforehand that twins will arrive, and then adequate preparations can be made, but it is not always the case and where there is any family history favouring twins, it is certainly worth while insuring against them, bearing in mind that the policy must be taken out during the first three months of pregnancy. The premium costs 2 guineas per cent.

If one baby needs a wisely planned day and adherence to routine, this is even more true of two. There are people who suggest that the best plan is to nurse one of the babies and give the other a bottle. This practice should definitely be avoided in all but the most exceptional circumstances. Each baby should have a fair share of whatever is to be had, and it may be possible to manage to feed naturally both on a four-hourly basis, or else give each baby alternately a natural feed and an artificial feed. It is hopeless to expect good temperamental development where the mother shows, or seems to show, or even grows, through the personal tie of feeding, unconsciously to feel a closer link with one child than the other. Frequently one of the babies is smaller and more delicate than the other, and this may influence the care and routine of feeding and so forth.

The inherent closeness of twins makes both their mutual affection and sense of rivalry, which may involve at times hot dislike, stronger than is the case with ordinary brothers and sisters. At the same time, however, no twin starts by being a "first-born" or an "only" child, and knows no existence without the other, so that they escape the difficult adjustments that a first child often has to make on the arrival of a second.

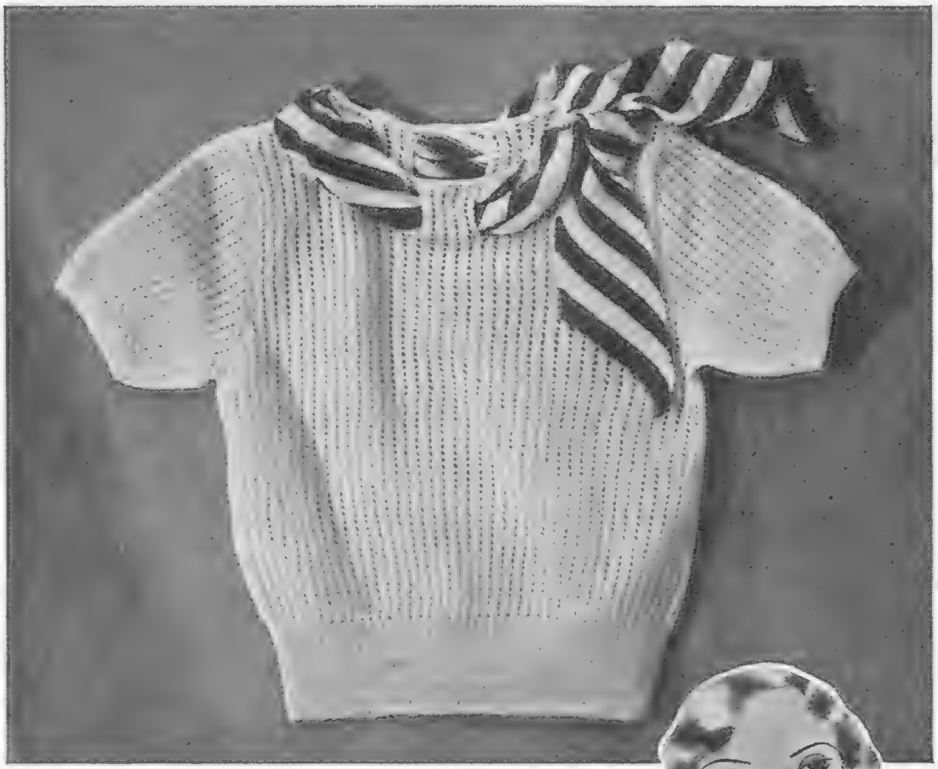
Nevertheless, for their sound development it is necessary to avoid stressing the closeness of identity between the two children, so that the one shall on occasion be quite happy without the other, and each have the freedom to develop on individual lines. Contrary to tradition, many twins have really marked individuality and should be encouraged to progress on the lines of their natural inclination. The dressing of twins as duplicates of one another is apt to be a mistake and if clothes of the same cut are adopted, then the children should be allowed the expression of their individuality by retaining different colours, like ordinary brothers and sisters might do.

The fact that twins are frequently under-weight babies—one, if not both, giving cause for some anxiety in the first weeks—may well make it necessary for us to revise our ideas of treatment compared with a first-born of seven or eight pounds. Three-hourly feeding and water-bottle warmth should be accorded these very little babies for some months if they are to do well, while every month that the mother can manage herself to feed them is of immense value at this stage.

Yet though they may start under a disadvantage, it is of comfort to realise that the "little" baby when wisely handled often does extremely well and in a year or two is as sturdy as those who started with three or more pounds in weight ahead of him. We should guard ourselves against letting this rather anxious start lead us unconsciously into the idea that these children must be always "delicate."

A Tennis Jumper
in Red and White Wool

Made in an open-work lace stitch which is simple but effective



ALWAYS knit into the back of cast-on stitches.

Materials.—4 oz. Patons and Baldwins 2-ply Scotch fingering of white and 1 oz. of red. Three pairs of needles, sizes 9, 11, 12.

Measurements.—Length from top of welt to top of shoulder, 15½ in. Bust measure, 34 in.

The Lace Stitch consists of 2 rows, as follows:—

1st row.—Plain throughout.

2nd row.—Knit 1, * knit 3 and then slip the first of these 3 stitches over the other two, make one. * Repeat from * to * throughout row, ending with make 1 and knit 1.

Front.—With No. 12 needles cast on 130 stitches and work in ribbing of 1 plain 1 purl for 3 in. Increase 1 stitch by making 2 stitches out of the last one—now 131 stitches.

Change to No. 9 needles and begin the pattern as above and continue until the work measures 8 in. from top of welt.

To Shape Armhole.—Cast off 8 stitches at the beginning of next two rows, then 2 stitches at the beginning of next 6 rows, and then 1 stitch at beginning of next 2 rows, making 15 decreases on each side. Continue on these 101 stitches until the work measures 12 in. from top of welt.

For Slots.—Beginning on right side of work, knit 43, turn and work backwards and forwards on these stitches for 16 rows, ending on the right side. Break off wool. Re-join wool and work backwards and forwards on the next 15 stitches as before. Break off wool. Re-join and work the last 43 stitches to match. Now work back along the row, joining up the separate pieces.

For Neck.—Knit 43 stitches, cast off the next 15 stitches and finish row. Work backwards and forwards on these stitches, casting off 2 stitches at the beginning of each row on the neck edge until 27 stitches remain. Continue until work measures 7 in. from under arm, and then cast off 9 stitches at beginning of next 3 rows at armhole edge. Break off wool. Re-join at neck edge and work left shoulder to match.

Back.—As for front, starting to make the slots 13 in. above the welt instead of 12 in. as in front.

For Neck.—Knit 43 stitches, cast off next 15 stitches and finish row. Work backwards and forwards on these stitches, casting off 4 stitches at the beginning of next row on neck edge, then cast off 3 stitches at same edge, at beginning of next 3 rows, then 2 stitches at beginning of next row, neck edge, and lastly 1 stitch at this edge. When work measures 7 in. from under arm, cast off 9 stitches at beginning of next 3 rows at armhole edge. Break off wool. Re-join at neck edge and shape right shoulder to match.

Sleeve.—With No. 12 needles cast on 92 stitches and work in ribbing of 1 plain 1 purl for 1 in. Increase in last row to 107 stitches by knitting 2 stitches into 1 stitch 15 times at equal intervals. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 stitch at each end of the needle every 6th row for 4 times, taking care to work the extra stitches in pattern as they appear. Where there are 113 stitches on needle, work for 6 rows and then cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row until 23 stitches remain. Cast off.

Work the second sleeve the same.

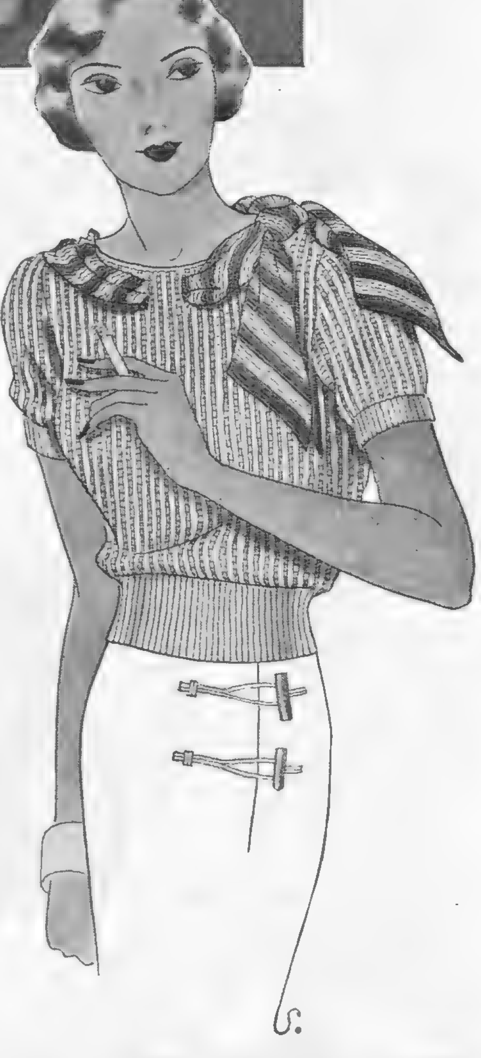
Scarf.—Knitted in garter stitch (plain every row). With No. 11 needles and red wool cast on 40 stitches.

1st row.—Knit, increasing 1 stitch at end of row by knitting 2 stitches into last stitch.

2nd row.—Knit, decreasing at end of row by taking the last 2 stitches together.

Repeat these 2 rows throughout, changing the colours every 10th row, until the work measures 1 yd. 24 in.

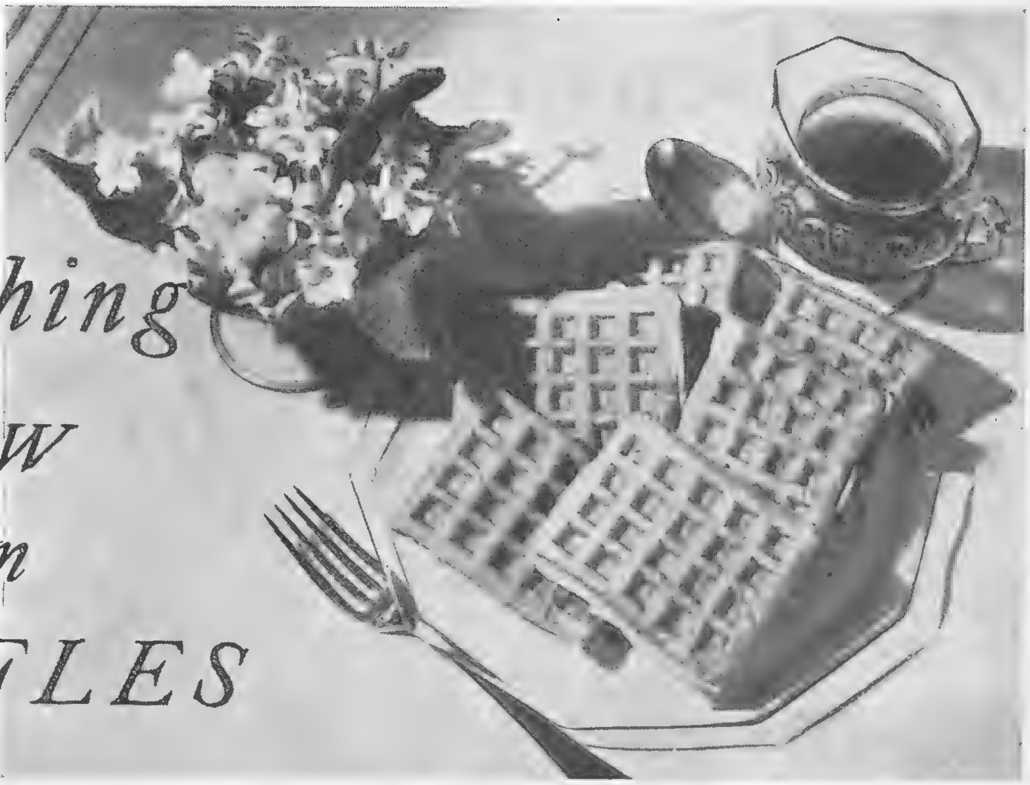
To Make Up.—Finish off loose threads and then press each piece carefully with fairly hot iron under a damp cloth. Sew up side seams, shoulder seams and sleeve seams. Place sleeve seams to side seams and sew. Work 1 row of double crochet round neck edge. Thread scarf through slots and tie loosely on left shoulder. Tack in place as desired.



THIS attractive jumper would look charming with a red and white or blue and white striped scarf. It is not difficult to knit and can be carried out for 2/8½

These delicious looking waffles are so simple to make, and can be served in many appetising ways

Something New in WAFFLES



A FEW years ago waffles were only seen in restaurants, and then only in one or two which catered for the tourist. Nowadays the housewife serves waffles as often as pancakes, but, alas, too often the waffle tastes like a pancake—which it should not do! The safest method is to use Bird's ready-made preparation.

Here are some ideas for varying the waffle dish.

Waffles with Caviare and Sour Cream

For a small supper party after the theatre this dish makes a great change.

For the Waffle Mixture.—Use for preference yeast batter, or the special waffle preparation, "Wafflex."

For the Sour Cream.—Whip one gill of cream with one or two drops of lemon juice. See that the cream is not over-whipped.

Method of Serving.—Serve the waffles piping hot. Place one teaspoonful of caviare (the inexpensive kinds do quite well) in the centre and cover with a heaped spoonful of sour cream. Serve with a quarter slice of lemon, at once.

Cheese Cream Waffle

Have ready some hot thick cream, to which add, just before serving, grated parmesan cheese, salt and a sprinkle of cayenne pepper to taste. The cream can be warmed in a water bath. Pour over the waffles and serve immediately.

Waffles with Tomato Cream Purée

Make a good tomato purée with either tinned or fresh tomatoes, season to taste, but do not thicken with flour. When the waffles are piping hot add a little warm, thick, half-whisked cream to the purée, pour over and serve at once.

Spinach Cream and Waffles

These are prepared in much the same way as tomato cream waffles. The spinach purée is mixed with warm cream and poured over the hot waffles.

Toffee Waffles

This dish requires some ready-prepared ice cream. The toffee syrup, which is good flavoured with almond, is made as follows:—

4 oz. brown sugar.
½ gill cream.
2 oz. butter.
1 dessertspoonful Maple syrup.
Almond essence (if liked).

Dissolve the butter and add the other ingredients. Boil until like thick treacle.

Place a dollop of ice cream on each hot waffle and pour over the hot syrup.

Chocolate Cream Waffles

Dissolve very slowly (without boiling) one heaped tablespoonful of chocolate in a teaspoonful of cream. Do not boil. Add about three-quarters of a gill of double cream (slightly warmed). Keep warm and when ready place a pat of butter in the centre of the waffle and pour over the hot chocolate cream.

Waffles and Stewed Fruit Salad

Prepare some fruit and cut up into small pieces. Stew gently in as little water as possible. Just before serving add a little suitable liqueur to the fruit salad and heap on to the waffles. Pour over slightly sweetened thick warm cream.

Some Waffle Hints

If possible do not wash waffle irons in water. By far the best way to keep them in excellent condition for cooking is to sprinkle over dry salt after using and brush hard with a stiff brush. Any particle of batter left on will cause sticking the next time the irons are used, so be extra careful to remove all food particles.

A stout brush for oiling or greasing is necessary, and here a word. Do not attempt to grease with a solid fat, as even when the fat melts there is a possibility of its not covering the entire surface. A far better method is to use oil.

If using a powerful gas ring, etc., use an asbestos mat underneath the irons.

Do not have the irons too hot.

Do not keep the waffles hot a long time in the oven while waiting to serve, as they become hard and brittle.

Remember the waffles iron will break like glass if dropped, so be extra careful when turning the heavy cast iron ones.

On receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, a most useful little booklet giving "do's" and "don'ts" and many recipes for making sweet and savoury waffles, will be sent to interested readers.

WAFFLEX
BIRD'S 6d
"WAFFLEX" IRONS
GRIDS AND MOULDS FOR MAKING WAFFLES

Bird's "Wafflex," a waffle powder which is already mixed, the proportions being most carefully balanced and blended, is a tremendous asset to the would-be waffle-maker. Various shapes of grids and moulds can be obtained for 6d. each

Early Summer Sweets

By A. H. Adair

THE nourishing and rather heavy puddings of the winter are now definitely unsuitable, but, on the other hand, fresh fruits are not yet very plentiful or cheap but . . .

WE must, however, have lighter sweets, and it is hoped that the recipes which follow will assist in providing a little welcome variety.

Banana Junket

Junket is a very healthy food, but is considered by many people to be equally dull. This is a matter of opinion, but there are endless ways of treating junket by which it becomes a really pleasant dish. It can be flavoured with coffee, chocolate, vanilla, rum, and many other things, but one of the most agreeable arrangements is made with bananas. For each person peel and scrape half a banana, put them in a bowl, mash with a fork and then beat as you would cream. The bananas will become quite soft and frothy.

Heat and sweeten the milk, and put in the essence of rennet according to the directions on your bottle. Put the whipped banana into the serving bowl, pour over the prepared milk, stirring very lightly, grate some nutmeg over and place the junket in a cool place to set.

The best way of serving junket is to put it into individual bowls, one for each person, in which case you put a little of the bananas into each bowl, filling it up with the prepared milk.

Banana Mousse

Another good banana sweet is made by peeling and scraping some bananas—one for each person—mashing them and beating to a froth. Add soft sugar and the juice of an orange, also a few powdered macaroons—one orange and three or four macaroons for every six bananas. Work the whites of egg lightly into the banana mixture and put in a bowl, which should be allowed to stand for one hour in a cold place. Serve some macaroons or other sweet biscuits with the *mousse*, which can be decorated or not with whipped cream.

Apples in a Mist

Choose good, firm eating apples—one for each person—peel them, cut them into quarters and remove the core. Put them in a flat fireproof dish or a pie dish, but there must be only one layer. Sprinkle with demerara sugar and a little cold water, add a few tiny pieces of butter, and if the flavour is liked a little powdered cinnamon. Place the dish in a cool oven and bake slowly until the apples are quite soft. Remove the dish and let the apples cool.

Meanwhile beat to a stiff froth some cream and white of egg, using the same quantity of each, and sweeten to taste.

Arrange the apples in a flat serving-dish, cover with the whipped cream and serve with sponge fingers or fancy sweet biscuits.

Apples with Ginger

Peel, core and cut into pieces some good eating apples, put them in a saucepan with sugar, cover with cold water and bring to the boil. Let the apples simmer gently until they are quite cooked, by which time most of the water should have disappeared. Let them get cold, and then pass them through a fine sieve. See that the mixture is sweet enough, and add some preserved ginger very finely chopped, the quantity of ginger being a matter of taste. Serve very cold with or without whipped cream.

Ginger Soufflé

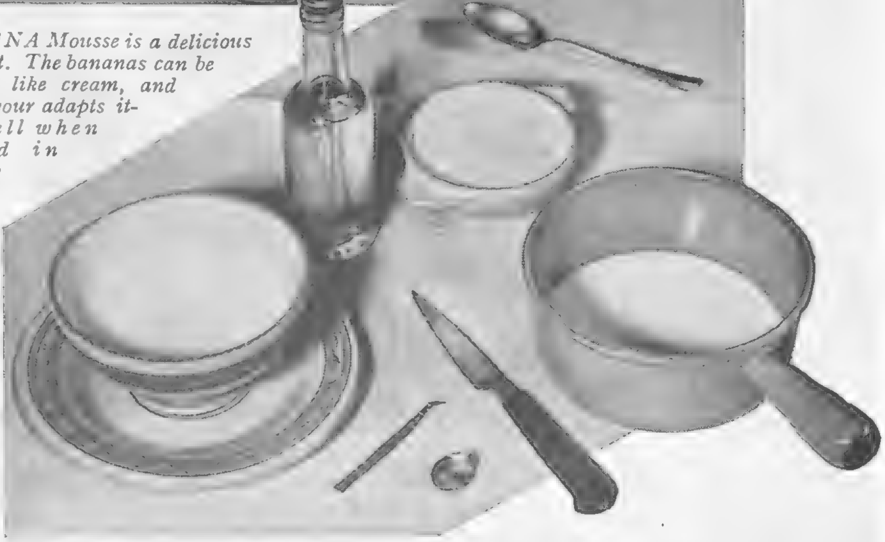
Take four pieces of ginger preserved in syrup, chop them very fine and put into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of the syrup, the same quantity of cream, a small piece of butter and two tablespoonfuls of soft sugar. Stir over a slow fire until the mixture is nearly boiling, remove from the fire and break in the yolks of four eggs, stirring vigorously so that you have a smooth paste. Put this aside to get quite cold.

Beat the whites of six eggs to a very stiff froth and fold them, little by little, into the other mixture. When you have well but lightly mixed the two together, pour into a buttered soufflé dish, the size of which must be such that it is only three-quarters full.

Bake in a moderate oven for twelve to fifteen minutes, and do not be afraid of opening the oven door from time to time to see how it is getting on; in fact, you must do so, as if it is browning too quickly it must be moved to another part of the oven. We must not, of course, bang the oven door.

Sprinkle the top of the soufflé with fine white sugar and serve at once.

BANANA Mousse is a delicious sweet. The bananas can be whipped like cream, and their flavour adapts itself well when treated in this way



THE most attractive way of serving junket is in individual bowls. The whiteness of the milk is intensified by the simple pottery ware

Better Value *than* Ever

The New 16 h.p. Morris Oxford

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE new Morris Oxford, in addition to its numerous concrete virtues, is a remarkably good-looking car

IT is not given to many cars to make for themselves a position in the realm of motoring which may be regarded as permanent and generally accepted. Only a few cars have done so, and the Morris Oxford is among them. It is not, perhaps, commonly realised that cars bearing the Morris Oxford badge have now been running on our roads ever since the earliest model was designed in 1912.

I do not know, and few people now will remember, exactly what sort of a car the original Morris may have been. We may assume, I think, that, for its day, it was a sound enough proposition, sold at a relatively modest price. Then came the war, following which the first of the Oxford and Cowley models began to make their appearance on a substantial scale.

THE controls are well placed, and instruments neatly grouped. The gears, though on orthodox lines, are remarkable for their unusual ease of operation

This Month's Motoring Hint: The Art of Overtaking

THE act of overtaking a slow-moving vehicle is one which is practised so constantly by motorists that it may seem remarkable that anything should remain to be said of it. Frequently, however, this apparently simple manœuvre is mismanaged, and the driver who invariably judges it correctly is by no means common.

The usual fault lies in originally getting too close behind the vehicle to be overtaken. It is then difficult to see what traffic is approaching, and the driver is forced to "bob out" at intervals, looking for an opening, in a manner which is highly disconcerting.

A better method is not to get too close behind, but to wait at a little distance for a favourable moment. When it is seen, a few moments in advance, that an opening may be expected, this distance may be reduced by the driver commencing to accelerate. When the opening occurs, the car, already gaining speed, may then be swung out to pass without any waste of time, the whole movement, carried out in this way, being perfectly smooth and progressive.

The first Morris Oxford which I remember clearly was a four-cylinder 14 h.p. car. Its keynote was "value for money," and it was even then enjoying an enormous sale. It provided practically everything to which the motorist of the time felt himself to be entitled, and yet cost very little more than many of the recognised "cheap" cars.

In this sense, I should be inclined to say that the modern Morris Oxford, an example of which I have recently been driving, has altered not at all. It is still selling, and for the same good reason as before.

In other respects, of course, it has altered a very great deal. It has, for instance, a six-cylinder engine of exactly 16 h.p., transmitting its power through a four-speed gearbox. These are notable improvements, the engine now being as remarkable for its silence and smooth running as for its liveliness and vigorous acceleration. An old-established virtue, happily retained, is its complete freedom from vibration periods, so that it appears to be almost equally "happy" throughout its entire range.

The four-speed gearbox is likewise a real asset to the car. A very useful third gear is employed, low enough to be capable of "picking up" comfortably from a walking pace, but high enough to permit of a maximum speed around the 40 m.p.h. mark. Not many hills demand a change of gear, but, on occasion, this ratio can be very valuable for climbing.

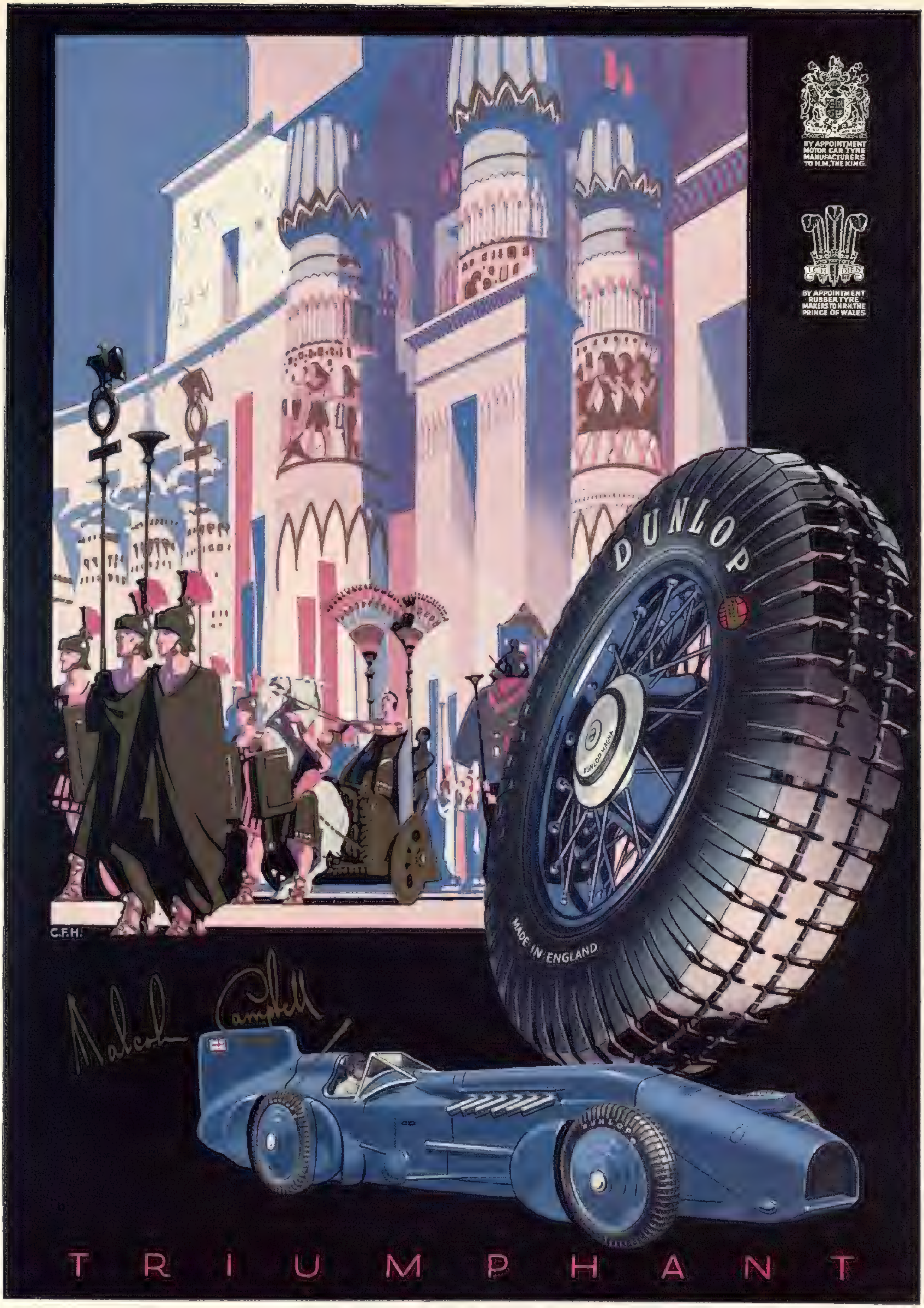
Nowadays, when quasi-automatic gear changing is so much in vogue, it is worth noting that these gears, although of orthodox type, with a "constant-mesh" third ratio, are nevertheless exceptionally simple to engage. They are not literally "fool-proof," but they should be proof against anything less than a grossly incompetent driver, and genuinely easy to the average individual.

On the open road, the Morris Oxford shows itself capable of a good turn of speed. Nowadays it cannot be claimed that an honest 60 m.p.h. is remarkable; but it is at least as fast as any ordinary person wants to go. Perhaps a better indication of the car's capacity is to say that 50 m.p.h. is a comfortable cruising speed. A really useful average can therefore be maintained without any undue effort.

The springing and road-holding qualities are good, and the steering pleasant, without being in any way exceptional. More striking are the brakes, which now operate on the popular hydraulic system. In many ways, this is perhaps the ideal arrangement; for one is assured, with hydraulic brakes, of consistently progressive action, combined with an absolutely even pressure upon all four brake drums. These virtues, which one obtains only by careful adjustment of a mechanically operated brake, are natural and inherent in the hydraulic method of transmitting braking power.

As for the coachwork of the saloon car which I tested, it is remarkable first of all for the really handsome "lines" which have been achieved. Several changes have, of course, recently been made in the radiator design and general appearance of the Morris cars, and, certainly in this case, a thoroughly good-looking model is the result.

Interior comfort has obviously not been neglected, and the driving position, formerly a weak point, has been carefully studied. There is no lack of space or of head room, so that really comfortable seating is available for four full-grown adults. One's general impression, therefore, is of a thoroughly substantial car, built on practical and yet attractive lines. With its very efficient all-round road performance, the new Morris Oxford, at £265, must be regarded as a genuinely sound investment, well worthy of its enviable reputation.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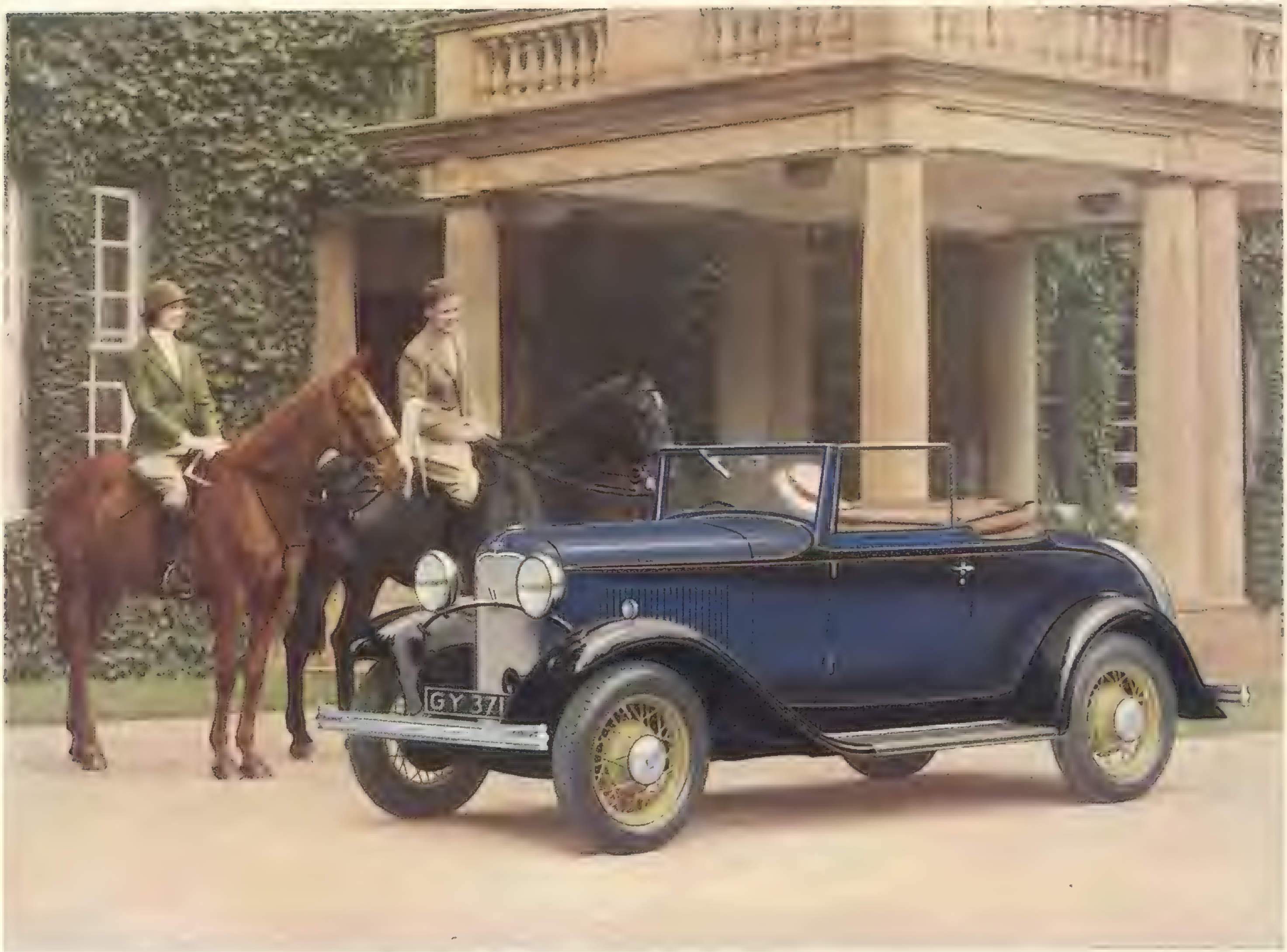

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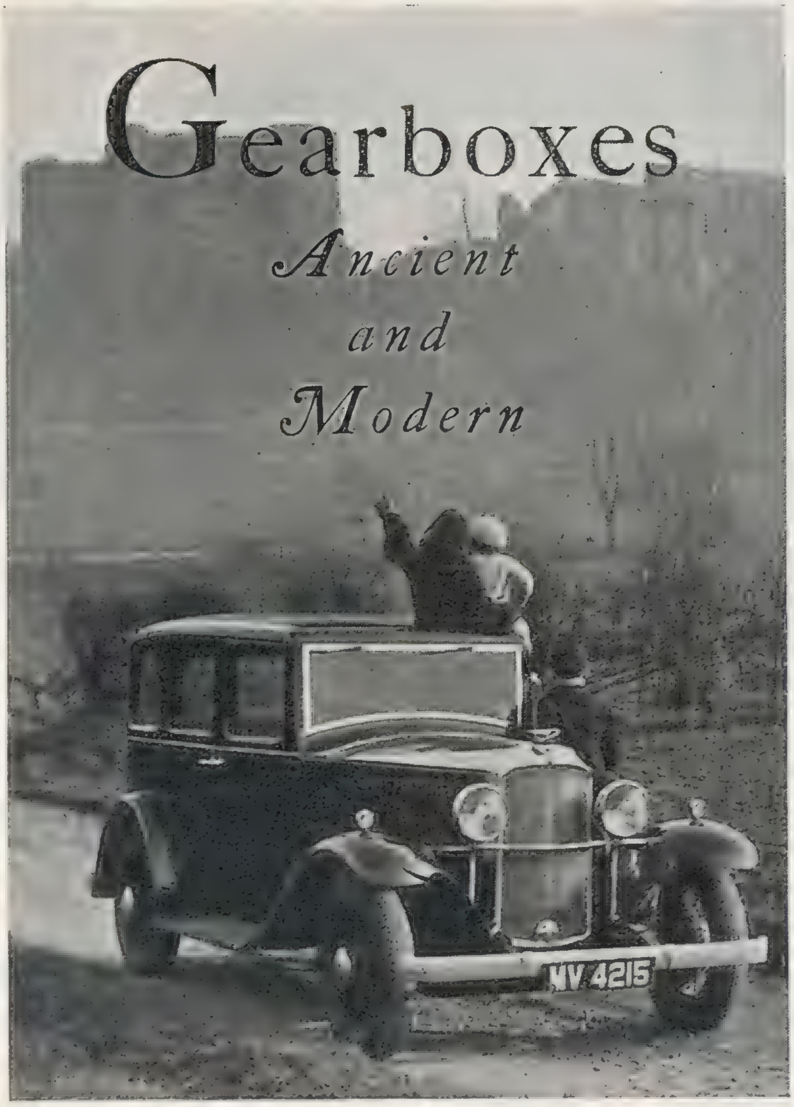
Gearboxes

Ancient and Modern



A HISTORY lesson for the children. A view of the famous Kenilworth Castle with a 1933 Vauxhall "Cadet" in the foreground

By the Earl of Cardigan

EVEN though, for some years, I have contrived to keep these columns free from an objectionable degree of technicality, I suppose that an article dealing solely with gearboxes calls for some explanation, and perhaps apology.

I have not, let me say at once, any intention of describing, in a detailed manner, the interior of these interesting units. It merely happens that, at the moment, I can think of no less than six different types of gearbox which are being offered to the public—for all of which certain advantages may be claimed—and it seems reasonable to try to differentiate, to some extent, between them. One often hears the vague expression, "fool-proof gears." To what exactly may this be taken to refer?

Let us consider, first, the simplest and most obvious type of gearbox. To operate this, the driver must engage a set of pinions, or toothed gear wheels, bringing them together at a speed and in a manner which will enable them to mesh. With a little study, this is not particularly difficult; but if a mistake is made, the unfortunate result is a harsh, rending noise, caused by the teeth of the gear wheels grinding together at unequal speeds. The perpetrator of such noises tends to develop a sense of inferiority, and often fails entirely to engage the gear desired. The element of skill plays an important part; and mechanical skill is not granted equally to all of us.

On this gearbox, therefore, has been based a second type, in which the meshing of gear wheels has been considerably simplified. This is commonly referred to as the "constant mesh" type, and provides at least one indirect gear, commonly "third," which is fairly readily engaged by means of "dog" teeth. Such a gear runs silently, and, at reasonably low speeds, does not make any real demand upon the driver's skill. At higher speeds, however, a considerable degree of judgment still remains an essential factor.

A THIRD type of gearbox is of the original variety, but distinguished by the provision of a "free-wheel" mechanism. This permits the car to free-wheel after the manner of a bicycle, and has an additional great advantage. Any gear-change can be made, at any speed and in any manner whatsoever, without producing either a jerk or anything in the nature of a "crash." So far as my experience goes, such a gearbox does not positively obviate all tell-tale noise. A clumsy change produces a slight jarring sound, but nothing more. For practical purposes, it may be regarded as a completely "foolproof" unit.

A fourth type of gearbox, based on the same original design, is commonly known as the "synchro-mesh" variety. The essence of this is that small friction clutches are fitted to one or more of the indirect gears, and to top gear. The duty of these clutches is to set right any error which the driver may commit, speeding up a gear wheel which is going too slowly to be meshed, and slowing down a gear wheel which is going too fast. The result is, in every case, a completely perfect change, and it may truthfully be claimed that no noise can possibly be made in engaging a synchro-mesh ratio. The name given is a good one; since the gears are, in fact, *synchronised* before being directly *meshed.*

A fifth type of gearbox is of a different design altogether. This works on the epicyclic principle, and the gears are engaged, not by meshing toothed wheels, but by the gripping of bands on to revolving drums. The original epicyclic gearbox was a heavy unit, often providing only two speeds. Nowadays it is reasonably light, and four speeds are therefore common.

THE modern epicyclic gearbox is variously known as the Wilson (from the inventor), the "self-changing," or the "pre-selective" gear. The latter title gives the best description; for the gear is not, in fact, self-changing. It is, however, pre-selective, since the driver, by means of a small lever, may select in advance the gear which it is next proposed to use. The actual engagement is effected by the action of a pedal.

Like all epicyclic gearboxes, this is absolutely silent in operation, and demands no skill whatever from the driver. This simplicity applies to each of the forward gears, and likewise to reverse gear, so that complete freedom from all gear-changing problems is assured.

The sixth type of gearbox is just such an epicyclic unit, to which is added what is commonly known as a "fluid flywheel." The description is not a good one, since the fluid mechanism plays the part, not of a flywheel, but of a clutch. This fluid clutch, as I prefer to call it, assists smooth gear-changing by absorbing, to some extent at least, any jerk which may be caused by clumsy handling of the gears. It has also another function, not directly connected with gear-changing, in that it renders it impossible for a driver involuntarily to stop his engine. A car so equipped can be brought to a standstill, and restarted, with top or any other gear engaged, without the engine being stopped or in any way harmed by such peculiar treatment.

To recapitulate, we have the following six gearboxes in common use:—

1. The ordinary.
2. The ordinary, with one or more constant mesh gears; "dog" engagement.
3. The ordinary, with a free-wheel.
4. The ordinary, with one or more "synchro-mesh" ratios.
5. The epicyclic, pre-selective type.
6. The epicyclic, pre-selective; assisted by a fluid clutch.

A comparison between these various types would, no doubt, be odious; and I do not propose to venture on such dangerous ground. The modern motorist is in the gratifying position where "you pays your money and you takes your choice." It may be, however, that the choice of some will be simplified by a clear statement of the different varieties available, such as I have been attempting.

NICE?
MEN WEREN'T SURE UNTIL

a Drastic Change
made her look
more like herself !

NICE eyes, yes. But men took one look at her mouth . . . and asked themselves what was wrong. ***Were her lips common, conspicuous . . . or simply over-painted?*** . . . Luckily, she settled the question for herself. She gave up her ordinary lipstick. Why? Because she found a lipstick that suffuses the lips with warm, natural colour . . . ending that painted look!

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TANGEE
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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BRITISH MADE
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A Gallery *of* Women

(*Continued from page 19*)

night. Asked if I had anybody in mind for Fay's part. I said you.

MADELEINE : Bless you.

I (*not so blessedly*) : He's never seen you. He wants to have a look at you.

MADELEINE : When ?

I : Now. This evening.

MADELEINE : That's impossible. You know I'm in the new play to-night at the Arts Theatre. I've got heaps to do.

I (*who have known it*) : Yes, but just to meet him and have a cocktail. It won't take two minutes. He's going abroad the day after to-morrow. (*Which is quite true.*)

MADELEINE : I'm not nearly ready for to-night. Are you sure to-morrow won't—— ?

I : He said to-night. His only chance.

MADELEINE : What time is it now ?

I : Six o'clock.

The slightest of pauses while Madeleine faces up to life.

MADELEINE : Where have we to meet him ?

I : At his place in Piccadilly. Can you meet me first at the Ritz ?

MADELEINE : Allright. In ten minutes. But I look awful.

SHE is at the Ritz within ten minutes—fresh, cool, lovely. I look at her, a little amused. She knows that I am thinking of the ambition in her that can make her do this for a future play on the evening she is opening in the present play, but she only screws up her nose at me, which she can do expertly. Like two children we dash off hand in hand to meet the man who has money enough to back a play.

THE second scene follows immediately on the first. We are standing together in a huge room hung with tapestries. Almost priceless first editions lie on the tables. The eye is assaulted at every turn by evidences of fantastic wealth. There is none of the quietness of good taste ; only the over-abundance of ignorance. MADELEINE looks about her. I look about me. Our eyes meet and we burst into quiet laughter.

MADELEINE (*softly*) : Gord !

I (*casually*) : Just one of my friends.

The BUTLER REAPPEARS and tells us that MR. X. is detained for a minute or two. Would we like a glass of champagne or sherry, or what ? We both plump for sherry and are again left together.

MADELEINE (*looking about her*) : It's a bit too too, isn't it ? Tell me about this man.

I : I can't. I never heard of him till yesterday. Someone had sent him the play. He was interested enough apparently to want to do something about it. I met him. You'll now meet him. And in a few months' time the play'll be such a success that you'll be living in a house like this. God willing.

MADELEINE (*fervently*) : God forbid.

Presently OUR HOST APPEARS. He is well dressed, of medium height, a pleasantly spoken, rather nice-eyed fellow. Good at handling people in his own way, I should say, and I watch to see what effect MADELEINE will have on him.

HE offers MADELEINE a cigarette, WE talk lightly about the usual things, and between these two I can read just nothing. Then I mention that Madeleine is opening in a new play that evening, and that as time is rather short perhaps we'd better . . . and so on. MR. X. is very interested in the Arts play, asks Madeleine about it, discusses it with intelligence. Finally he comes to the point.

MR. X. : You've read this other play, of course ?

MADELEINE : Yes.

MR. X. : You like it ?

MADELEINE : Terribly.

MR. X. : I don't know very much about these things myself, but it seems to me like an interesting play.

MADELEINE : It's awfully human.

MR. X. : And you would like to play the part of—what's the name of the woman ?

I : Fay.

MADELEINE : Very much.

MR. X. : Do you think it'll be a success ?

MADELEINE and I stare back at him. Who can tell, our eyes say, what will be a success in this mad game ?

MR. X. : A gamble, eh ?

MADELEINE : Everything on the stage is a gamble. The most doubtful things are sometimes the winners ; the most hopeful the awful flops. A lot of experienced people seem to believe in this play. Robert Loraine has taken an option on it.

MR. X. (*tranquilly*) : Well, I rather feel like a gamble with something like this. I've just pulled off something good in another direction, and I'd like to have a smack at the stage.

HE continues talking, but I do not hear. I am trying to discover from his eyes, from his manner, just what he thinks of Madeleine for the part. He has not said anything that will give us a clue. I try to read Madeleine also, but it is hopeless.

MADELEINE (*eventually*) : I really must go now. I've got a lot to do before eight o'clock.

MR. X. : It's too bad we've got so little time. I'm going abroad the day after to-morrow. (*To* MADELEINE) Perhaps you could lunch with me to-morrow ?

" Hurrah " I say to myself. " Clinched !"

MADELEINE : Thank you. That'd be lovely.

MR. X. : We can talk things over then. Do you like the Ivy ?

MADELEINE likes the Ivy, and the engagement is made. We shake hands with Mr. X. and go down to the front door.

I (*beckoning to a taxi*) : Well, what do you think of him ? Pretty hopeful beggar, don't you think ?

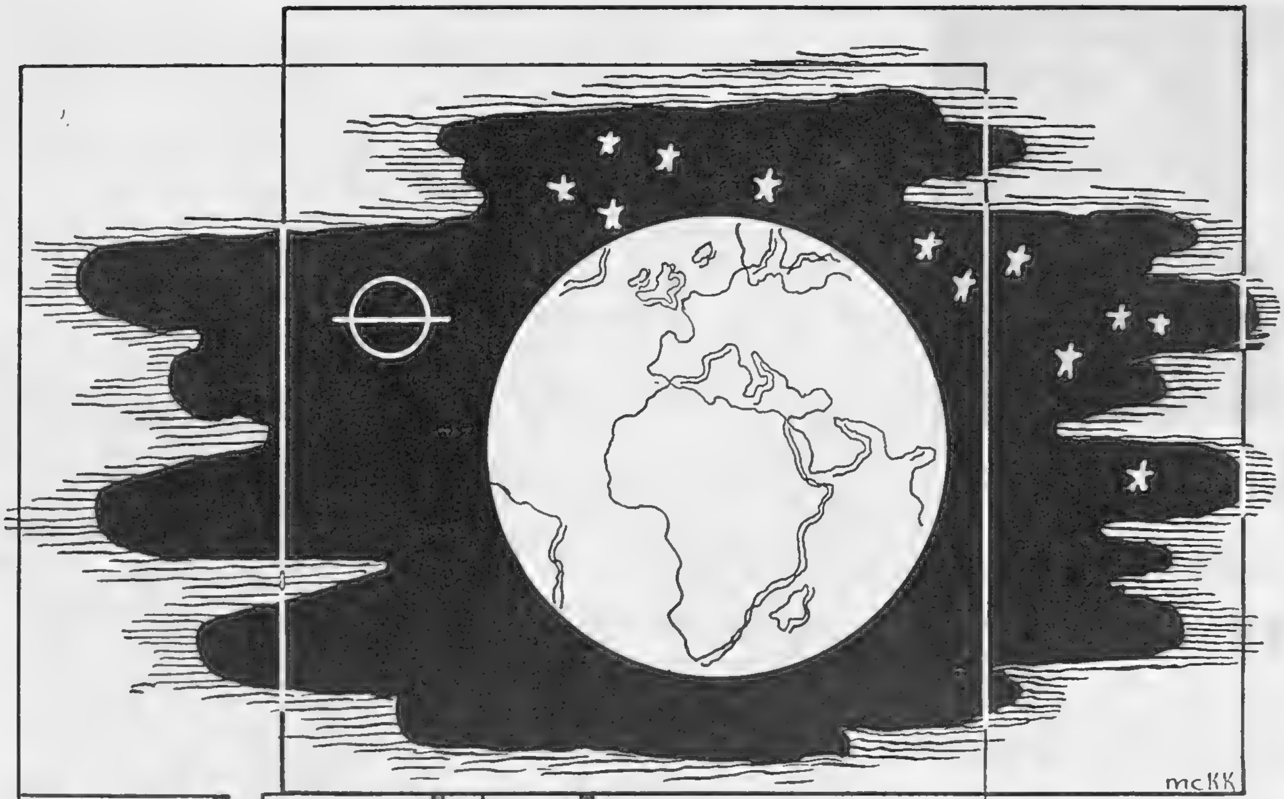
MADELEINE : Mmmmmm.

THE third scene is not so much part of a play as a movie. MADELEINE, with a first performance of a new play looming ahead of her within the hour, remembers that she needs a certain sort of nightdress or dressing-gown or something for one of the situations. She stops the taxi in Regent Street at Lafayettes to buy it, implores me to telephone Antoine to say that she is on her way to have her hair dressed (will they please remain open for her?) and dashes into the shop.

The taxi goes on ticking. I telephone. Madeleine secures some kind of substitute for what she wants. We throw ourselves into the taxi again, bound for Antoine's, Madeleine suddenly remembering on the way something else she should have done or has yet to do for that evening's show. She drops me in Piccadilly Circus so that I can do some further necessary telephoning. She smiles at me as the taxi whirls her off to her hairdresser, an anxious little smile that shows her thoughts are elsewhere.

I stand, a little dazed, looking after her. I remember that she is playing in someone else's play this evening and that much depends upon her for that play's success She should go on to the stage cool, sure of herself, prepared for the ordeal. She has spent the last hectic hour with me dashing about London. I feel that the author of the

(*Continued on page 94*)



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play might not like me if he knew about it. I feel that my contribution to the drama this day has not been all that the drama would desire. As I go into the telephone box, I think again of that anxious little smile on Madeleine's face.

ACT III.

About ten days later. MADELEINE is at the other side of the table. I am reaching for the matches when a waiter forestalls me. When the waiter has gone I broach the subject that has lain silent between us like a dead past.

I (*casually, as one might say that Dolomite had a slight chance for the Derby*): Oh, by the way, what do you think has become of that fellow?

Madeleine (*who knows the fellow I mean*): Who?

I: That Mr. X. You know: the man who was so eager to lose his money on our play.

Madeleine (*casually*): Oh, I had lunch with him last week.

I: And——?

Madeleine (*not very helpfully*): A very nice lunch.

SHE proceeds to tell me all about the food they ate and what the women at the Ivy were wearing. I wait patiently, searching her face.

I: You got on well with him?

Madeleine: Quite well.

I: He seemed pretty keen about the play. Funny he should have dropped out like this.

Madeleine: Yes. Isn't it?

I: Damned funny! You'd think we would have heard more from him.

Madeleine: I've heard.

I (*eagerly*): Tell me the good news.

There is a moment's silence. MADELEINE'S eyes rest on me for a fleeting second, very blue and very clear. Then she shakes her head slowly and turns away to look round the room.

Madeleine (*quietly*): I like this place. It's got so much atmosphere. It's restful. I'm glad we came here. (*And in the same casual voice*) You knew he was going abroad? He wrote me from Paris. Said he was still keen on the play. Wanted me to go over there for the week-end to talk it all over with him.

Curtain.

EPILOGUE.

Two years later. The grill-room of the Savoy. Lunch time. MANETTA has just brought a beautiful bunch of violets to our table and presented them to MADELEINE. She turns to the man at her side, who is Philip Astley, her husband.

Madeleine: Philip, aren't they lovely?

PHILIP leans forward and smells the fragrance of the flowers. He murmurs something and MADELEINE smiles at ME.

Madeleine: Isn't Philip silly?

I: You're both idiots. Do you know I'm quite aware that you've been holding hands under the table for the last ten minutes? In the Savoy grill!

Madeleine: Ah, that's the puritan coming out in you at last!

Philip (*to Madeleine*): But, of course, it's wrong, darling, to hold hands under the table.

I: Of course it is.

Madeleine: Of course it is. Let's hold them above the table.

THEY do. Openly, unashamed, with the cynical eyes of the sophisticated world looking on, they clasp hands on the white tablecloth and smile at me defiantly.

End

All Quiet on the Crime Front

(*Continued from page 17*)

No gang in this backward island has yet had the bright idea of "snatching" among the smash-and-grab men, the forgers, the receivers of stolen property. Possibly this is largely because the wages of crime are so meagre that it really is not worth while. The British criminal who can put his hand on even £200 in cash for a ransom is rare.

American crime has about as much chance of being transplanted here as a tropical orchid has of surviving a British winter. But there are certain potentialities . . . and, there is no doubt about it, the British criminal is developing along American lines and learning from American technique. Even the great Dartmoor revolt of last year, which touched off trouble in other prisons, had its roots in American crime phenomena.

We possess certain unique safeguards, the chief of which is that the police here work in the most compact country among the most law-abiding people in the world—and on an island, too, whose ports are bottle-necks, easily guarded and watched. We are not cursed by large Irish, Polish and Italian colonies, reservoirs of violence (the bulk of American crime is Mafia in mentality and method; racketeering is an old Sicilian custom). We are free from an electoral system which enables bosses to command the protection of police chiefs, public prosecutors, and even judges. And, although revolvers and ammunition are becoming dangerously easy to obtain here, criminals cannot get hold of machine guns and ammunition for the same *ad lib.* as they can in the States.

In short, and keeping the crime picture to the metropolitan area (a good cross-section of national crime, and anyway accounting for a sixth of all the crimes committed annually, and a fourth of all the murders), if Scotland Yard cannot keep on top of the underworld here, and either record a diminution of crime or at least "break even," there must be something wrong with the system.

There was something wrong. There was something so wrong that a police sergeant was left for years unsupervised in the pleasure quarter. He managed to collect £12,000 in graft among the speak-easies and disorderly houses before the now celebrated police shake-up put some pep into headquarters, and finished this crooked policeman's career. That was only one weak spot. But we will say no more about that; and we will skip Lord Byng, called in by an excited Home Secretary to restore shaken police morale, and come to Air-Marshal Lord Trenchard and the most interesting experiment in modern crime history—the handing over of police control in the world's biggest city, not to a professional policeman, nor to a brigadier-general from the administrative side, but to a professional warrior of the highest type, rank, and prestige, a man accustomed to large-scale command and immense responsibilities.

A very remarkable man, Trenchard—very tall, heavy-browed, given oddly to the use of pince-nez, which look incongruous against his large and rugged face. He failed in his examinations for the Army and finally slipped in through the militia. His military career up to 1912 was a restless, roving one; it was held up for a little by a severe wound in South Africa. He was ten days off forty when he applied for transfer to the newly formed flying arm. And forty was the age limit. He was told he would have to get his pilot's certificate before his birthday, or he was out. He got it in a week. In another six weeks he was instructing. And when war came, and Britain's five squadrons went to France, Lieut.-Colonel Trenchard was left to build up a new air force out of nothing. He learnt (*Continued on page 96*)

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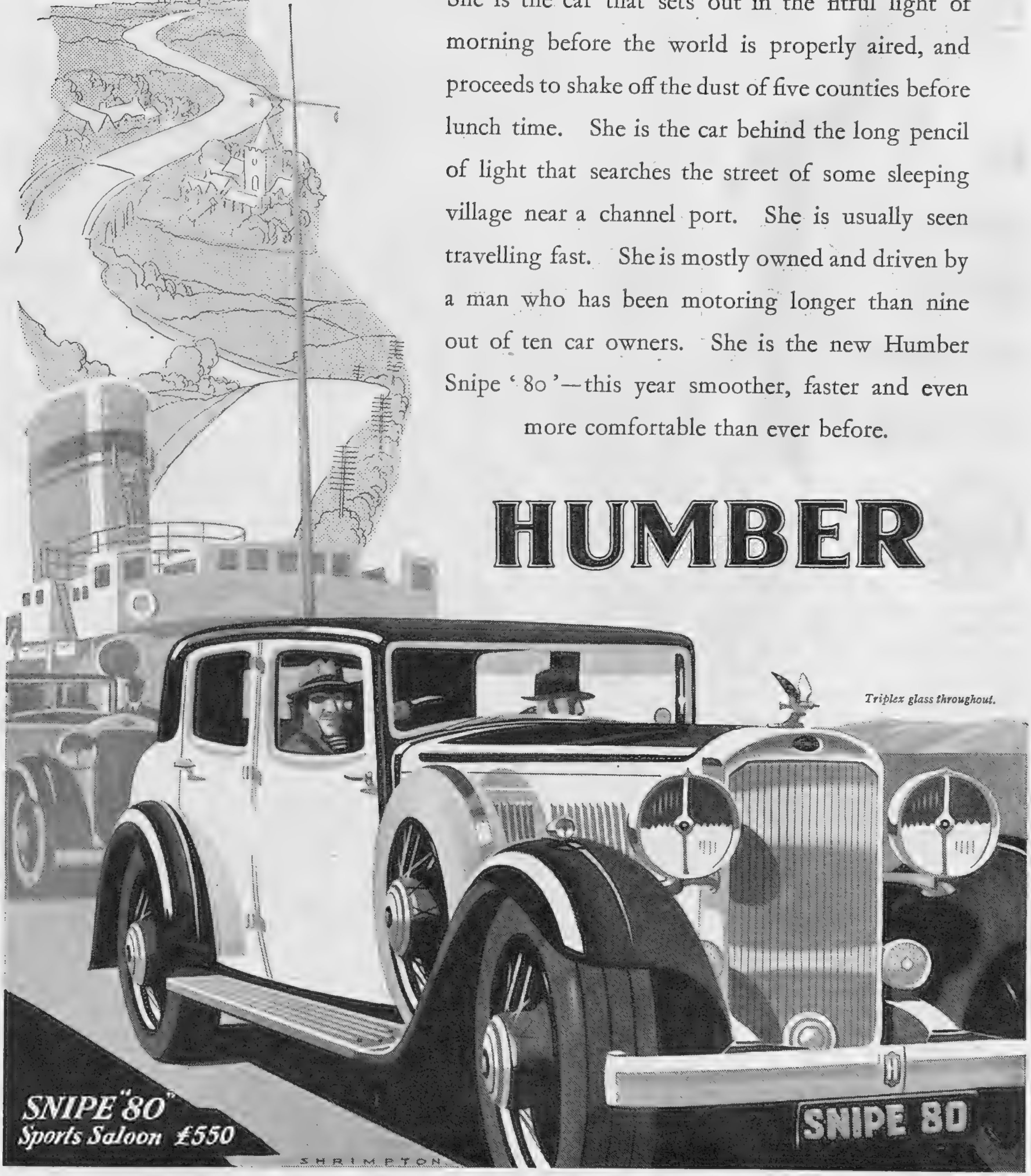

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a lot about organisation and men in those days. He had to build up character and fighting spirit. Later, when he commanded the shock troops of the air in France, his main problem was to keep a jump ahead of an enemy who had long been used to the shoe being on the other foot. He emerged from the war one of the few high commanders whose record was unassailable.

Take that character, that tenacity, that enormous experience and knowledge of human raw material and what it can be trained and inspired to do in face of difficulties and odds, and apply it to the crime problem, and the result of the experiment should be interesting. It is interesting. The Furnace case, and the counter-offensive against the mechanized bandits, cast some light here.

The Furnace affair did not call for a Sherlock Holmes. It demanded routine police work, but with the utmost drive and energy back of it. It was only a question of finding a man, but that can be the most difficult jub in the world when he has reasons for not wanting to be found, and a good start. The energy behind the Furnace hunt was terrific. At one time or another 50,000 police were working on the job. The newspapers were harnessed to the search. For the first time the radio was used. It took fourteen days to get Furnace, and by that time he knew he had been tied into such a knot that the only way to cut it was to kill himself; which he accordingly did. The fact that he killed himself while in police hands is of minor consequence. Half of the murderers in this country commit suicide either just after the crime or as soon as they know the police suspect them and are on the track; and the chief point about the Furnace affair is that the Yard demonstrated its ability to get its man, and to get him quickly.

The motor bandits were still making rings round the police when Trenchard arrived at headquarters. Why? The police high command had failed to anticipate and to prepare effective counter measures. The bandits had the cars, the drivers, the technique. The police flying squad was inadequate. The mobile police force, tardily formed, had had 100 accidents in six months. Again and again motor bandits would execute a smash-and-grab raid, and get away while the nearest squad car was getting mixed up with a taxi at the cross-roads.

Trenchard wasted no time. He got in a wartime flying officer and put him in charge. The results to date have been good. The bandits used to step on the gas and thumb their noses at a police car when it appeared. Now when the lookout reports a police car on the tail-light, the gang chauffeur knows that he has an even chance of being overtaken, cut in on, and crashed; and as often as not he tries to swing up a side turning to give the boys a chance to jump out and run. "Two men were later detained" is how the newspapers phrase the usual sequel.

Not that this means the complete conquest of the motor bandit. In February one optimistic newspaper did print a story of conquest, attributing this interpretation of the situation to high Yard officials, and announcing that six of the biggest and most dangerous gangs had been broken up and their members put behind bars, while the rest were so frightened they dared not show their noses on the street; and the very next day a young man slammed a paper-covered brick through the grille and window of a Duke Street jeweller's shop, hooked a rajah's £7,000 ring through the narrow opening, jumped into a cruising gang car, and got clean away.

But the exploits of the motor bandits are a minor affair compared to the case of one murderer who kills and gets away. The murder rate is not rising yet; it stays steady at less than 100 a year. There will always be the murderer who kills in passion. Nearly half of all our murderers commit suicide either at the time of the crime or soon after. Then there are the maniac killers. They account for about a third of all the murderers arrested. The real sane, ferocious, deliberate killers average perhaps a dozen a year. But it should be borne in mind that, just as one successful and daring motor-bandit gang can put up the total of crimes by 50 in a month, without adding one to the figure of arrests, so a single successful killer (if such a criminal type ever becomes possible in England) could put up the murder rate by a dozen cases in a year. The American professional gunman kills and kills. Men have gone to the chair with a score of killings entered on their record—crimes for which they have sometimes been arrested, but always freed owing to "protection" or lack of evidence.

And in England now the police are hampered in the hunt for murderers. The origin of this dates back to 1929, when a girl was held for five hours for questioning about some footling misdemeanour. Uproar! A Royal Commission promptly sat, and new rules that emerged so tied the police hands that the legacy of unsolved murder mysteries from 1929 now numbers 36. Scotland Yard itself has a brace left over from 1932.

'Twas indeed a lucky day for murderers when those new rules came into force. If they had existed when the killers of Gutteridge were being sought, Browne would almost certainly have survived to slay again. For the police would have had to say to every person interrogated: "I am making inquiries into the Gutteridge murder case, and I want to know anything you can tell me about it. It is a serious matter, and I must warn you to be careful what you say."

In these circumstances many of those who gave information would have said nothing, and the police would have been powerless to make them speak. The ex-convict who finally put the sleuths on Browne's trail would have been within his rights in refusing to answer the police questions when he was told what it was all about, and Kennedy, Browne's accomplice, would probably not have made the statement which sent him to the scaffold along with Browne.

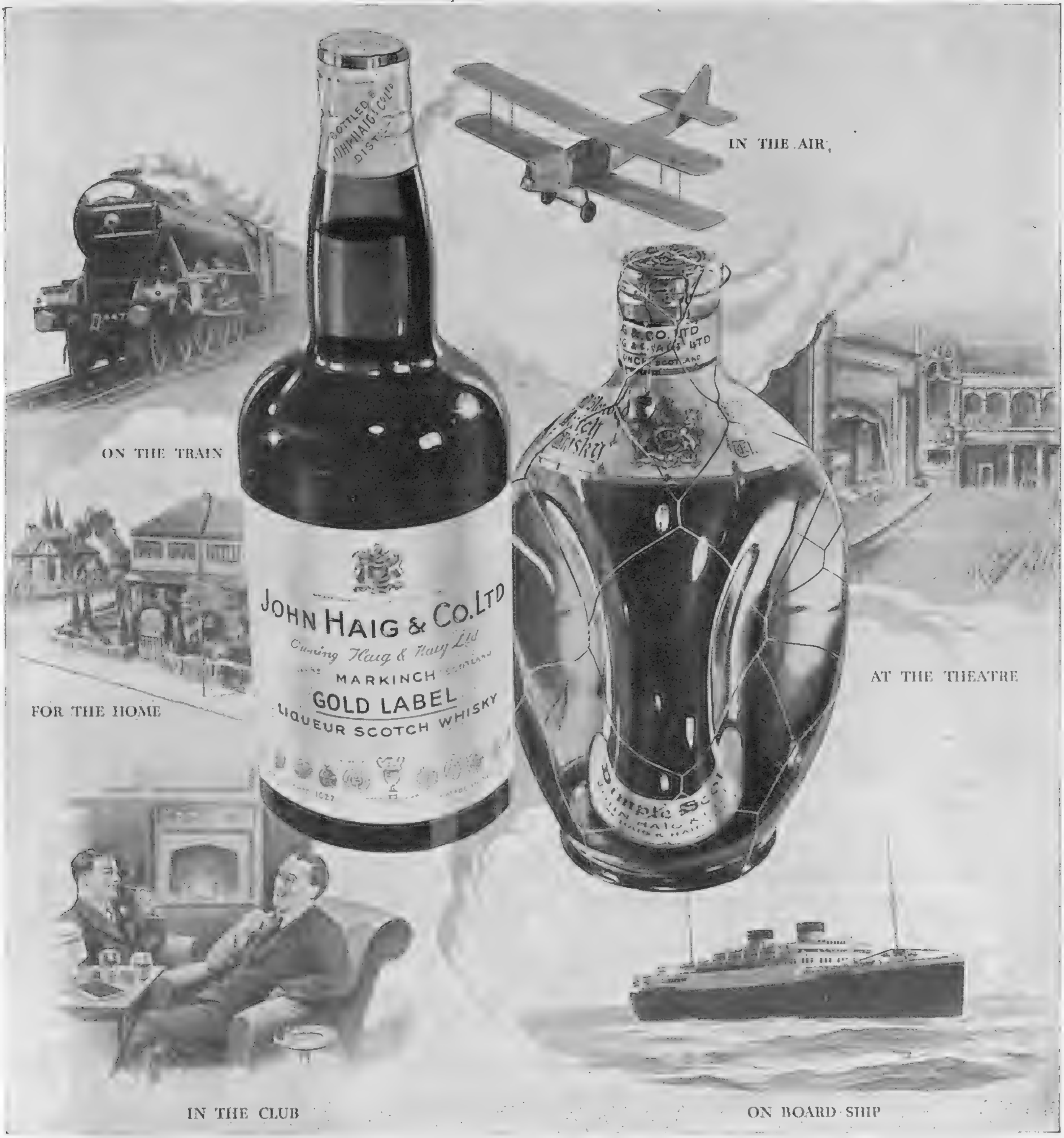
People err who think that criminals know the value of silence and won't talk anyway. A guilty conscience and a yellow streak go with the vast majority of killer make-ups. Confronted by a detective who has been hunting criminals and dealing with criminals for half a lifetime, they talk. Usually they talk eagerly, and too much. They give themselves away. At the Yard they have found that the average murderer tries to lie out of it on the supposition that the police know more than in fact they do know. Then he is lost.

"I suppose you know everything!" cried Mahon, who murdered his mistress and cut up the body, as his nerve broke under questioning. As a matter of fact, the police who had pulled him in for interrogation did not even know about the killer's bungalow squatting over its dark secret on the lonely seashore. The murderer betrayed himself. If a suspect in that case had been invited to write his statement, without being "overlooked, questioned or prompted," he would most likely have done what a suspect did the other day in similar circumstances. He wrote: "I have nothing to say," and left the police helpless.

What sort of dent has Lord Trenchard made in the enemy lines? He must sometimes ask himself this question, sitting in his eyrie at the Yard, looking out over the war zone—700 square miles containing eight million people and a vast accumulation of treasure. For it is a strange sort of warfare, in which casualties are hard to estimate exactly, and the effect of one's own efforts has to be considered in relation to such other factors as the relative prosperity or poverty of the lower strata of the people, and the mood and mind of magistrates and judges on the bench. Floggings added to hard labour and long-term penal servitude sentences may have quite as much to do with a fall in the figures of motor-bandit crimes as the increased efficiency of the Yard's flying squad shock troops; and a concerted maximum sentence

(*Continued on page* 98)

Don't be vague—ask for Haig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All Quiet *on the* Crime Front

attack by the bench upon receivers may account as much for the drying up of the market for stolen property as a police offensive upon this plague spot, this mainstay of the robber tribe. It is difficult to tell in the absence of the official Home Office criminal statistics, which are always two years behind the times.

But there have been some remarkable changes. The most drastic and far-reaching reorganisation of the anti-crime organisation has coincided with a drop in serious crime—the first recorded since the war. There have been fewer smash-and-grab raids, and only one big jewel robbery (a £12,000 affair). Gentlemen of the underworld continue to rise very early, or stay up very late, in order to improve their chances of being able to carry off, without molestation, furs, radio-sets, cigarettes in bulk, safes, and other trifles, from shops, warehouses, post offices and one-man banks. They continue to extort, break-in, forge, coin, receive, procure, abduct, feloniously wound and maliciously wound (a nice distinction more appreciated among lawyers than by the victims), conspire, attempt to murder, and murder. But activity in most branches, except perhaps the hold-up industry, is reported to be below par. Cat burglars appear to be extinct. Big department store robberies have dropped out of the picture. Nor are the residences of police chiefs being burgled with the monotonous frequency we observed in past years.

On the whole it does look as if we were right to make the metropolitan police command a really big job, and put in a Trenchard with a free hand to reform, reorganise and apply his professional warrior's mind to the peculiar form of warfare waged by the underworld upon society. It may be an obviously military mind which puts 15,000 men in the field at a great Hyde Park labour demonstration, which remains entirely peaceful. But the same quality of preparedness has its high uses in the field of crime prevention.

A complete solution of the crime problem anyway can only be found in the realm of sociology and perhaps pathology. And if our gunman fails to blossom, we shall never know just how far the policy of preparedness as evidenced by the formation of that sharp-shooting squad succeeded in nipping him in the bud by making him think better of it.

We may finally note that one type of crook continues to thumb his nose at the Yard and make an excellent living with the minimum of risk. He is the "con-man," and he is flourishing, largely because the majority of his victims are rich, and do not report their loss, either because they will not admit a wound to their vanity, or they fear the repercussion on their reputations as shrewd business men.

They have a lot of new tricks, the "con-men," but the old gags still serve wonderfully well. Marvellous inventions. Amazing wills. Fortunes about to be inherited. Smuggled cigars. Racing "jobs." Exchange and stock market coups. They are all flourishing like the green bay tree. Even the good old gold brick was worked a number of times in connection with fictitious rich gold strikes in Africa and Australia. "The 'con-man' is too much for us," say the Yard sleuths candidly; "while mugs think there are bigger mugs in the world than themselves, while men who've made money hard come on holiday and think they can make more easy, the 'con-man' will sit pretty."

They are right.

End

"A Uncommon Stupid Dog"

(*Continued from page* 15)

and your dog are doing half a mile off a private road?"

Tug didn't like the tone. He moved forward with a rumble, only to be abashed by Dutch's wrathful command that he sit down and get some brains.

"*Well?*"

Dutch scratched his old, white head. "Well, tell the truth, we shouldn't have been here," he said, with an engagingly bleared smile. "But it aren't what you think, Boss——"

"Oh, no? Looking at the view?"

"Well," said Dutch, shifting from one foot to the other, "you see, it was this way. I was just improving me dog's sheep work. I plans to enter him in the Sydney sheep dog show, next year——" They both looked at Tug; so immensely unlike any dog apt to appear at that select function: an emperor of mongrels: a most noble old fellow, with a rising and falling ear.

"He'll be a surprising sheep dog!" Fentnor said.

"He's the best sheep dog in the country," said Dutch glibly. "That's what my little dog, Tug, are!"

Tug perceived that he was praised, and his face broke into a sudden, beaming, rapturous smile, which secretly won the man on horseback still further towards him. He was such a great war-scarred old brute, and yet he seemed almost to blush at Dutch's praise.

"Well, seeing he's going in the show, let *me* see him work," said Fentnor. Tug *could* "work sheep" in the ordinarily accepted sense, although he was no sheep dog; having acquired the art of rounding up a mob through native shrewdness instead of from the inherited sheep-passion of the collie.

"Let me see him work," said Fentnor, in the same levelly unpleasant tone.

"Roun' 'em up!" said Dutch, slowly. "Roun' 'em *up*, dog!"

But for once Tug was rattled. He misunderstood the command. Last time he had tripped and shamefully disgraced himself. Thoughts of dinner were in his mind.

Instead of "rounding" the mob, he sailed out to make good by selecting the very fattest, fairest lamb and laying it at Dutch's feet. This time he would get no skinny old ewe!

He heard Dutch yell behind him. But he needed no exhorting. He would never fail the master who wished to show him off!

The sheep huddled, as for the second time that day death leaped upon them out of the morning light. Tug sprang to the massed backs, ran expertly across them, was down amongst the animals as they bolted, and grasping the neck of a fat lamb, he jerked back and flung it into the air in a kicking somersault which brought it to the ground with a thump that broke its neck.

Tug stood upon it with blissful pride and unnecessary vigilance. He was so sure that he had done well that even the owner of the sheep was moved. But Dutch was both frightened and furious. Picking up a stick, he ran at the great dog, bellowing profanities.

Tug regarded him with blank astonishment. He could not believe that he had again done wrong. Dutch seized him by his great, rough-haired neck and began to administer as savage a beating as the owner of Yarron Plains had ever seen a dog get. Tug made neither resistance nor outcry: only his hurt eyes looked at his master.

Young Fentnor jumped from his horse and roughly seized Dutch's arm.

"Here! Lay off that dog!" he said. "You know that's the thing you ask him to do every other day! You needn't think I'm not on to your game! You let him alone, you profane old brute!"

He got no further. Tug's paws were upon his shoulders, and he flung up his arm to save his throat as he went down. Fear of death laid its ice-grip upon him. But, having downed him, Tug simply stood over him and waited orders.

"Let him up!" roared Dutch. And the big dog stood back, unwillingly but obediently. Fentnor jumped to his feet. Dutch regrasped the stick and, roaring, made for Tug again. Fentnor was too wise to touch the tramp a second time, but he stepped to his rifle and picked it up.

"Now you drop that stick!" he said, in a tone that Dutch obeyed.

"I takes me oath I never put him after a sheep in me blanky life!" protested Dutch. "What come into that blanky dog, I don't know!"

"Never mind all that," said Fentnor. He added unexpectedly: "I still want to buy him."

"I wouldn't sell no one such a uncommon stupid dog," said Dutch, uncomfortably. Fentnor said:

"I'll give you fifteen pounds for him. You aren't fit to have a dog like him!"

Dutch looked down sullenly. "I aren't selling," he said.

"You realise that I can have you jailed for sheep stealing, on what I've seen this morning?" said the young man. "Sell him to me and I'll let you go and give you fifteen pounds."

Dutch, whose equanimity was returning, spat insolently.

"I don't know as you can have me jailed," he said reflectively. "The evidence is wholly circumstansyal . . . Leastways, Boss, you can go ahead and blanky well try! I won't sell the dawg."

"There's one thing that isn't circumstantial," said Fentnor. "That's the fact that the dog is a sheep-killer. You can sell him to me, and I'll take a chance on keeping him out of mischief, or I'll shoot him—right now—for sheep-killing."

Dutch's insolence fell from him. He paled, his face relaxing into flabby lines of consternation.

"No, Boss! No! You couldn't do that to the poor old fellow!"

He moved over and caught at Fentnor's stirrup strap.

"No, no, Boss!" His bleared, sinful old eyes peered up under the dirty white brows. "Have a heart, Mister! See here, Boss, he only thought he was doing right. I . . . I taught him to do it."

"That's no news," said Fentnor. "But you flogged the life half out of him for making a mistake before me. He'd be better dead than with a thing like you. Half his time he's perishing while you're drunk—and most of the rest of the time you're beating him up. You can sell him to me—or I shoot him. You know so much about the law, you know that's my legal right."

"You don't get him that way!" shrieked the old man. "No, damn you! Go ahead and shoot him!" Tug was standing a little off from them. His huge, scarred head hanging low, his eyes watching Fentnor with brooding intensity; he was ready to make two mouthfuls of the intruder if Dutch said the word.

They both looked at him, and Fentnor threw up a cartridge in the rifle. Suddenly Dutch grasped at it. His face was crimson and puckered. He was beginning to cry.

"*Take him! God curse you! Take him!*" he cried. Fentnor uncoiled a light branding rope from his saddle, and tossed the end to Dutch.

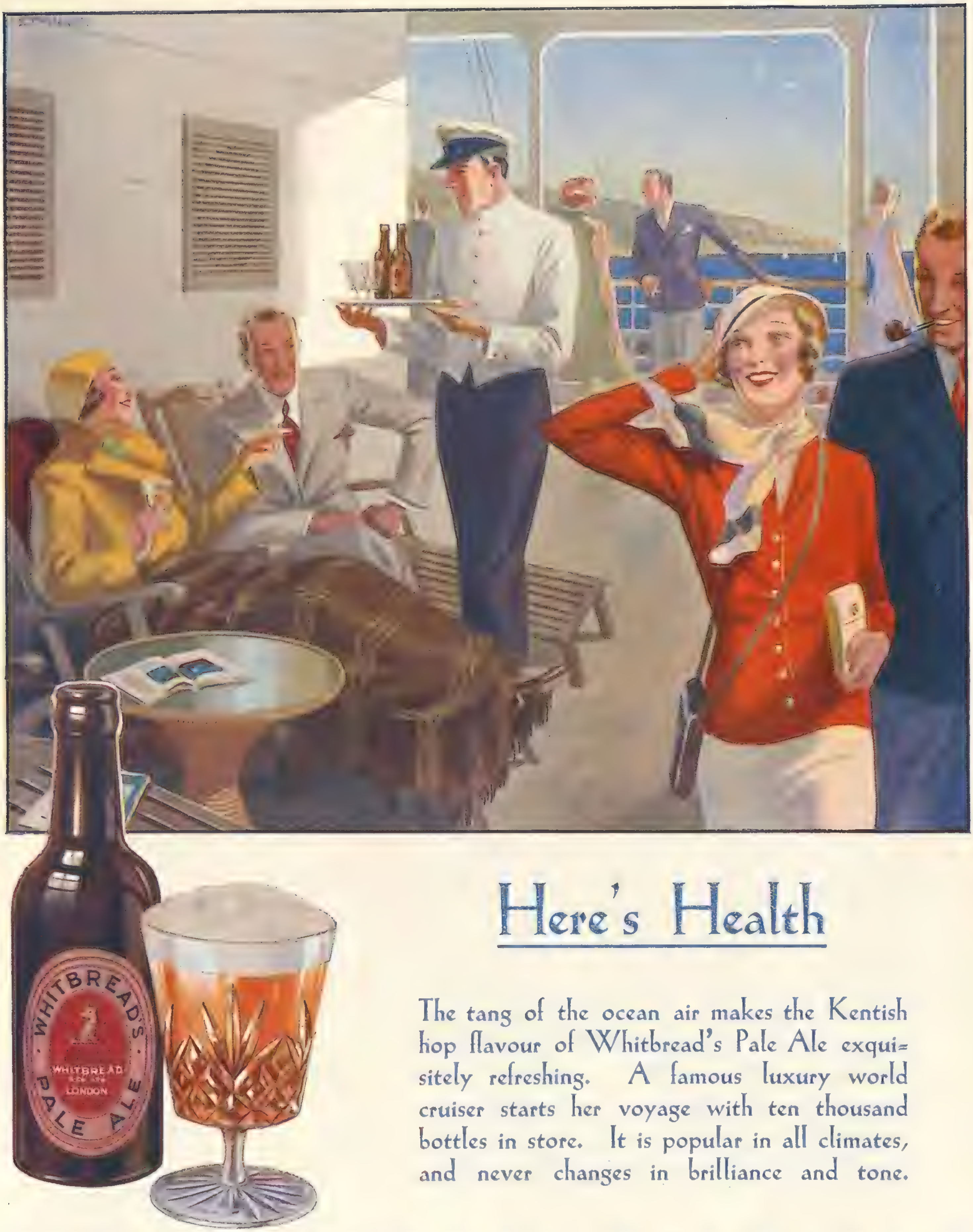
"Fasten that to his collar and tell him to come with me," he commanded. "Or had I better truss him and tie him to the saddle?"

There was a long pause.

Dutch's hands shook so that he could hardly fasten the rope about Tug's neck. He wet his lips two or three times with his tongue. "He'll go if I tell him," he muttered. He raised his face, down which tears of futility poured, making clean places in the dirt. "He won't give you no trouble if I say," he said shrilly. "He'll behave hisself well." Turning to the dog he shouted: "Now you go with him! Get with him, see?"

Tug whimpered and rumbled increasingly as they moved homeward, but he made no resistance. His God had said that he was to go. He

(*Continued on page* 101)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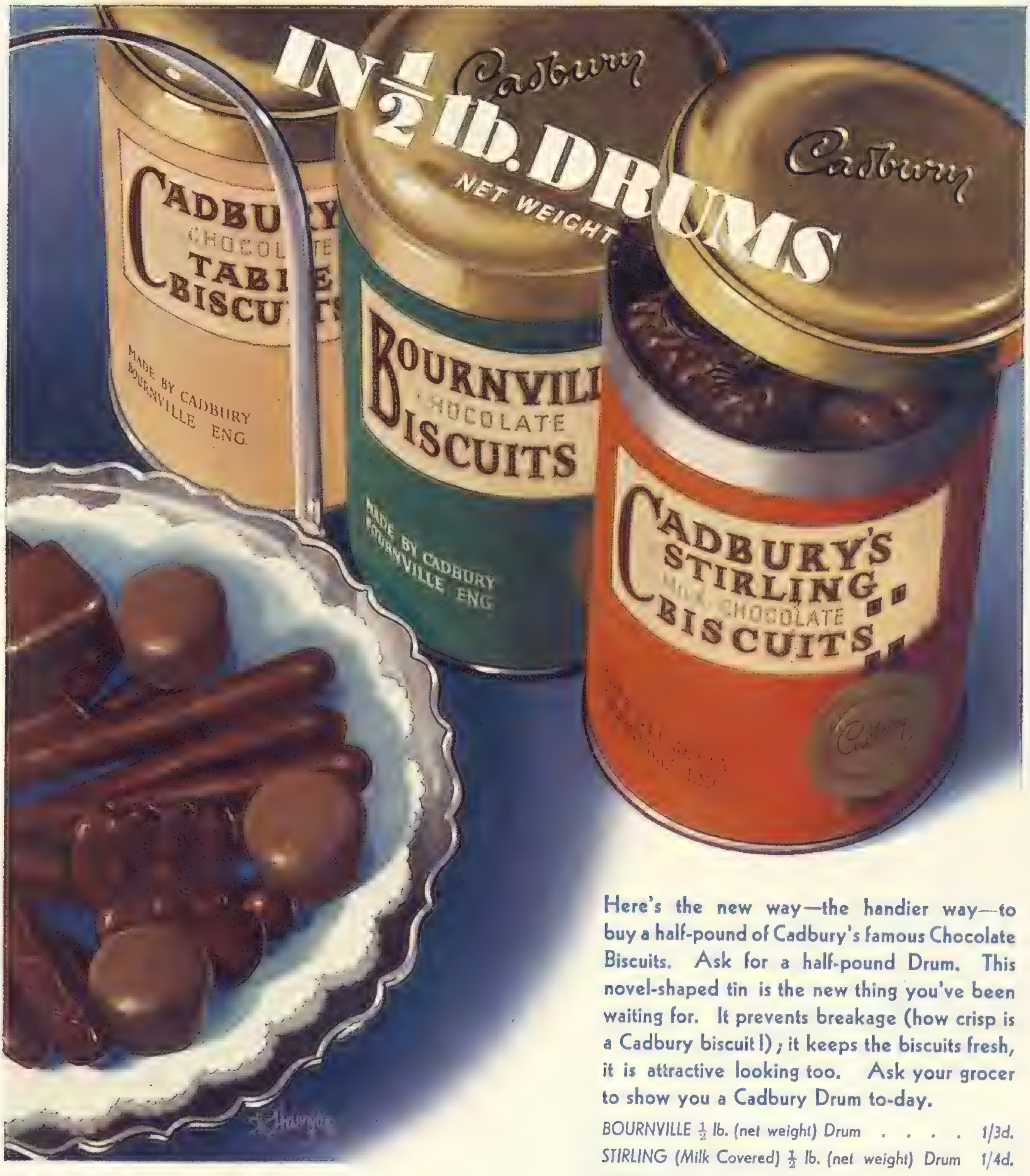
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AT BOURNVILLE IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN whimpered with continual protest, but he obeyed.

The last they saw of Dutch, he had sat down on the log by the swag.

“You're going to have your first taste of being loved, Old Boy,” said Fentnor to his great captive. “And there'll be no more of the stick for your battered old hide.” He looked at the great body and the noble head, both so worn with unrequited service. “Mankind has a lot to make up to you, you divine old brute,” he said.

WITH the Fentnors, Tug, in truth, stepped into a new world of love. For the first time he was cared for instead of caring. What Fentnor described as perhaps the modern world's finest flea collection was gradually removed with powders and brushes that rather pleasantly tickled Tug's stomach. He was bathed, and after he got over his fear of the soap, he liked it. For the first time in his life he had as much food as he could eat, every night: fresh, clear water in his tin: clean, sweet grass in his kennel.

He had never had a kennel before, and when he discovered its purpose, his pride of possession was marked.

He liked the garden, and slept long in the warm green light beneath the deciduous cedars. He made friends with the Shetland pony. During the tranquil afternoons, the crested pigeons ran all about him. In the heat he sauntered down to the trough by the tap and bathed luxuriously. His gaunt sides filled out, his coat took on a shimmer of rich tan and white.

He who had known so many tricks of service for the first time had leisure to learn love-tricks. It was the giving of his great paw that finally marked his adoption of his new family.

Not that he resigned himself at once. For the first weeks he had been polite but distant. At too close approach, he had rumbled. When given food, he had looked over it toward the far horizon, and continued so to look until he believed that the giver was out of sight so that the eating of the food might not be construed as a lowering of social barriers—and then he wolfed it.

Immediately after his arrival he had spent much time inspecting the enclosure about the great house—and definitely learning that he could not get out. When he knew that the fence could neither be jumped nor undermined, he walked back towards the flower garden looking as if he had never tried to get out, his step deliberate and sauntering, his mien dignified—his eye thoughtfully regarding the gate.

“We're keeping that gate locked for one year, Old Man,” said Fentnor, laughing.

Tug lifted one eyebrow, questioningly; and walked away.

And then one evening he unexpectedly came up to the dining-room door and stood there, large and grave, looking in. The lady of the house, scented and white-dressed, rose from her place and went across to him. Kneeling before him, she said:—

“Have you come to make friends, Tug?” Then she put out her hand. Slowly and with great dignity, he put his paw into it. She closed her soft hand round the worn member.

After this he became part of the family. He would shove the collie out of the way with his great nose, so as to get his share of caresses. He would lean his great head sentimentally on the lady's breast, and as she crooned to him, he crooned back in answer, telling his troubles and his love and his dogliness in a sort of running, throaty whine.

He walked beside the pony when the lady took the two-year-old baby for its daily ride. He went with her and the dark women to feed the fowls; if at times his lips worked slightly at sight of the baby chicks—having long had a fine taste for quail—he never so far forgot himself as to snap one up. When he found one of the terriers engaged in violent and wordy warfare with a seven-foot tiger snake, he charged in expertly, broke the reptile's back and then bit off its head. After which he went away with an expression that plainly said it was all in the day's work to a dog of the world like him—while the terrier, frantic with pride, dragged the body about until it was removed for sanitary reasons.

At last he even lay on his back that the lady might tickle his mottled and marbled stomach with her dainty shoe-toe. And finally he went to meet the master at nights.

“Think,” they said, “what it must mean to a dog like that to be loved!”

Tug worked the hairs on his butt of a tail as if someone was stirring it round with a spoon; not sure what it was all about, but politely assenting. They felt that the locking of the gates was a mere form.

“He's found out what it means to be loved now,” they said. “He would never go away.” But they kept to the original plan of keeping the gates shut for a year—because they loved him so.

And summer passed, and autumn came with shortening days. Then the brilliant Queensland winter settled on the land, with cold blue days and starry nights of frost. In case he was cold, they moved Tug in from his kennel, so that he slept royally beside the great living-room hearth, and dreamed a little of past exploits, as all large and proper dogs do.

Then it was spring. And spring seemed to go increasingly to Tug's head. He crouched upon his forepaws like a playing puppy. He rolled, tossing his great paws in the air. He galloped wildly round the enclosure. He tore up the outer stairs, and down them like an avalanche. As he sat his face broke into unexpected, blissful grinnings about nothing.

“He has really forgotten Dutch at last!” they said.

Then the first storms of early summer began to growl rumblings up over the edge of the world, and one night the family sat down to dinner to the tune of heavy drops beginning to fall on iron roofs, and Tug floundered inanely in and out, like a six-months puppy intoxicated with its own tail. He seemed to have reached the peak of his climbing ecstasy. He rolled. He twirled, celebrating some secret of his own. Then he romped up to the lady and thrust a moist head, smelling objectionably like wet feathers, into her lap and suddenly reached up and gave her a splathering, joyous lick across the cheek. She put her arm around his neck.

“Who would have dreamed that you were such a baby?” she questioned.

He pushed his nose into her breast and crooned. Then suddenly he was off again like a crazy thing. Through the splash of the storm they could hear him careening thunderously round the balconies.

When the black girls came in to arrange the rooms for the night, Fentnor said: “You can tell the boys they needn't keep the gates shut any more.”

Thus, after the shower was over, while there was still an occasional dripping from the eaves and from the bowed trees, Tug found that the gate was open at last. There was no struggle in him. This was the signal for which he had waited. He felt no disloyalty to these pleasant people in what he was about to do. He had rested with them for a happy year, in their happy world of undreamed love. But never for an hour had he forgotten Dutch.

When they had believed that he had finally forgotten, he had in reality known, from the end of his wet black nose to the tip of his rudimentary tail, that at last Dutch had turned North again. That now he was probably making his little fire on an Alpine slope of Kosciusko. That now he had crossed the watershed of the Snowy River above Dalgety. With the last blue-bells, Dutch would be getting drunk somewhere along the Castelraigh.

As the changing seasons had marked the changing localities of Dutch's drunkenness, Tug's joy had grown. *And now the gate was open!*

But he did not go with ungrateful thoughtlessness. Had the house been open to the summer air he would have liked to go and stand a while at the foot of the master's bed: then to have walked into the room of the lady and actually put his muddy paws on her pillow while he looked down. The fly screens barred this. And nature has not made it possible for a dog to leave a farewell note. But Tug did what he could.

Very solemnly he went round to all the local points of canine interest: the big gateposts, the brick base of the forge, the great dead courajong stump and several rather special grass tussocks—and carefully anointed them.

Next morning a weeping family saw his great tracks in the moist earth, and, being of the order who love dogs, they read the signs aright and knew that he had been saying good-bye.

They made no effort to get him back. For when a dog of Tug's character makes up his mind it is mere impertinence to interfere, and, knowing him, they respected his choice.

“But why? Oh, why did he do it?” said the lady. “We took such care of him!”

TUG did not catch Dutch at the drain where the old ant-hill made a fireplace, but was enraptured by signs of his recent passing, and followed him a hundred miles along the railway line towards Cunnamulla.

They met when Dutch, fumbling and a little dazed, was making a fire beside the tracks, where white everlasting daisies spread a tiny-flowered, spicy carpet. To the south was a desolate ridge, clothed with half-dead mulga trees, and a fox barked from its darkening slope. The west was red. The firelight played upon Dutch's old, bleared and scarlet face and his dirty beard. He did not whistle, having gotten out of the habit during the last year.

Suddenly, at a little sound behind him, Dutch spun about and peered into the gloom beyond the firelight. Something dark was moving there. Dutch grasped the axe—having become nervous of late. Then he recognised it as a great dog, dragging a placating branch for the fire.

Dutch rubbed his bleared eyes.

“Come here, you dog!”

Tug came with a sudden rapturous plunge, was not sure of his reception, rolled on to his back, appealingly exposing his great, marbled stomach.

“*So you're back?*”

Tug assented by curving his body as far as it would go one way and then the other.

“You been long enough about it.”

Tug was shamed.

“An' a nice fool thing you did with the sheep!”

Tug cowered.

“A uncommon stupid dog you are!” said Dutch, with reminiscent ire.

Tug went humbly, moving almost upon his belly, to get the stick for the little fire, burning clearly under the long, desolate mulga spur. He dragged it to Dutch's feet and set it down humbly, and then, looking up, his face broke to its enraptured, wide-mouthed, idiotic beam. “My beautiful,” said the look. “You are mine and I am yours!”

At the great house he had been loved and petted and cared for, but he had been only something a little dearer than the pony, on a par with the terrier and the collie, less precious than the baby. He had been a loved pet.

To Dutch, who didn't know the meaning of petting, he was the most important thing in life: he was needed. For this man he could stand guard against theft and death. He could fend for him and fight for him and would some day most likely die for him. He mattered. He was needed—needed—needed! His tongue laughed with the ecstasy of it!

“A uncommon stupid dog,” said Dutch again, but he began to whistle as he bedded down the violet and orange shimmering coals for the chops.

By and by a train passed them with thunder and spurt of flame against the stars. They were together, the road and all the world before them.

Three months later, word filtered through to the Fentnors that Tug had ordered a bottle of overproof and a pint of bitters in a bar in Burketown by the Gulf, eight hundred miles away—and had speedily returned to the bar, so the narrator said, to complain that the overproof was the worst that had ever wet his whistle.

END

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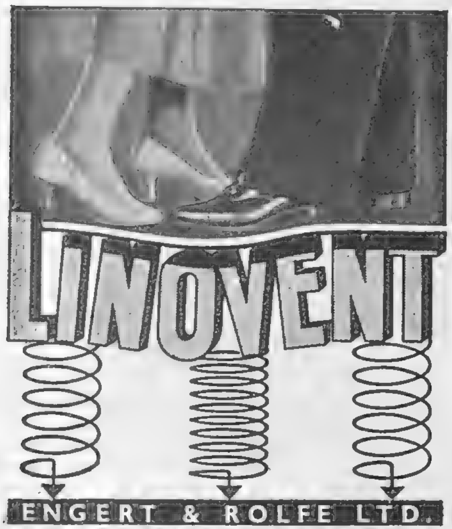

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The World's Lover Smiles . . .

(Continued from page 75)

At first he was a little curious, and then annoyed. Once again he spoke to her and said, "You must not worry me."

Still, even then, when, after a few brief conversations with people at the surrounding tables, he took his leave, he was surprised to find that the girl, still dressed as a waitress, ran down the path outside the café after him. She followed him to his car, and put her hand on his arm when he opened the door.

"I am sorry," she said. "But I must tell you. You must not go on the lot to-morrow."

"What the devil are you talking about?" he said. "If you don't go away, I . . ."

"Don't go on the lot to-morrow," she broke in. "It's a warning. I must tell you. I have known it ever since you came into the room to-night."

"What on earth are you talking about?" he said.

"Don't you understand that I have a warning for you?" she answered. "Don't go on the lot to-morrow. I cannot tell you why. It does not matter to me. But it is very important to you."

"Look here, girlie," said the film star, turning right round, "I'll give you a break. What racket are you in?"

"I am not in any racket," said the girl.

"You're trying to set up as one of these seers, aren't you?" he asked. "Hollywood's full of them. There are fakes of all kinds all over the place. They write to me, they send me circulars. Are you trying to break into that game?"

"I don't know anything about that," said the girl. "I merely know that you must not go on the lot to-morrow."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," replied the film star. "If you're trying to butt into that clairvoyant racket, I'll give you a break. After all, the publicity won't do me any harm."

Yes, if it would do her any good, he would announce that, having been warned by a seer in whom he had every confidence, he had abandoned his picture for one day.

"After all, the story'll go all over the world," he said. "You'll be set up in business, and I shall get the publicity. You can't tell what good publicity is. But I do know that we cannot live without it. And nobody's pulled that one on 'em yet."

And he got into the car. Before he knew, the girl was in beside him. She went on speaking earnestly, still warning him.

"I shall never forgive myself unless you understand," she said.

"Well, come for a ride and tell me about it," said the World's Lover.

And in the car she talked. She kept on all the way to Berkley Hills, up the drive to his doorstep, inside on the mat, right into his drawing-room. There he sat her down and listened.

IT was a strange story she told him. It was one at which, every now and then, he laughed. He would hear patiently for a while, and then, suddenly, every now and then, a cynical grin would spread across his face.

"I have always 'seen' things," the girl told him. "You won't understand. But I have always 'seen' things. When I was a small child, there was a boy who used to come and play with me.

"He would call for me sometimes in the morning and I would go with him in the garden and play for hours. He told me his name was Charley. When he went away, he always used to say, 'I'll call for you again soon.'

"Then he would come around again, and we would go out in the garden. I was very small when it started.

"Looking back, I remember it seeming strange that, whereas I grew bigger, he did not seem to grow. I would go away and tell my mother about it. She would say, 'Oh, yes,' or something like that, and go on with her work.

"Then, one day, when I went in from the garden and told her something that Charley had said, she suddenly burst out with 'You little fool, don't tell me such lies! If you ever mention Charley again, I'll slap you!'"

She had seen Charley afterwards, the girl went on, but she had always kept it a secret to herself. Then she began to realise that Charley was not an ordinary being like the other people she knew. One day he told her "I am dead, you know. I have been dead for years."

He did not seem dead. But she believed him. And then, on through all the years, every now and then, she had either "seen" Charley or other people of whom, apparently, the others around her were completely unaware.

A very broad grin came across Wendell Holmes's face when she got to this.

"Why do you tell me such nonsense as that?" he said.

"That was how my mother talked," replied the girl. "But all I know is that I see these people. Sometimes they tell me things. And I wanted to tell you to-night that, the moment you came into the restaurant, I saw beside you a woman."

THE girl described her face and her clothes and a brooch that she was wearing, one set with garnets and of a strange design.

"Why, that sounds like my mother," said Holmes.

"She *said* she was your mother," went on the girl. "And she told me to warn you not to go on the lot to-morrow."

"What a lot of nonsense!" said the film star.

"It is not nonsense. I knew you would not believe me. But, even then, I knew that I had to tell you about it. I could not let your mother down. She stood beside you all the time and kept on saying, 'Tell him, tell him.'"

"If you had been one of these fake clairvoyants," said the film star, "I would have helped you. But I don't believe in the sort of nonsense you talk. I will have nothing to do with it. Besides, I wouldn't mind a joke. But, if it is true, I've got to see it through. . . ."

The girl pleaded, and they argued. Then, disconsolately, after an hour of urging, she went away, a chauffeur driving his master's car.

* * * * *

THEY told in big headlines how, when Wendell Holmes was in the middle of one of his passionate love scenes, next day, a wall collapsed and crushed him.

The news was flashed to every country in the world. It went on the front pages of newspapers in every capital.

They described, in lurid detail, how he fell, and the agony of his suffering, and how it took him nearly an hour to die.

But what they did not understand were the words he kept saying.

"That girl was right," they heard, in a continued whisper. "Tell her I am sorry. . . ."

The girl had other things to worry her. Dismissed for leaving her job at a busy hour, she was by that time looking for work, one of hundreds of the unemployed beauties who, in Hollywood and Los Angeles, meant nothing and were nobodies.

"Still, I did my duty," she thought, walking from restaurant to restaurant, and from store to store. . . .

Now and then, near her, she saw the World's Lover—smiling.

"It was better, this way," he said.

And she went on, searching for work. . . .

END

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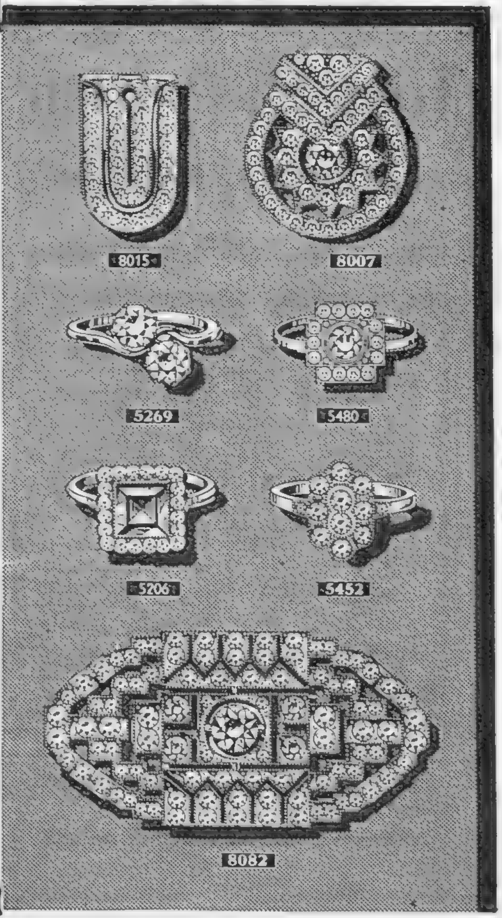

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Sow's Ear

(Continued from page 57)

condition until they had commenced dancing. Timmy cut in and rescued her skilfully.

"Thank goodness," she declared. "He was positively oozing whisky. A horrible man!"

"Sometimes you get what you don't want, then," he reminded her.

"I didn't want to make a scene. I wouldn't have minded so much if he had been less affectionate."

The American watched them for a few minutes, then tried to cut in on Timmy.

Tim held him off politely but firmly:

"You haven't bought the lady, have you?" the stranger protested. "You cut in on me."

"Go and have another drink before the bar closes," Timmy suggested. "I'll take you there in a minute if you can't find the way."

NEXT day the deck sports commenced. The ship was full, but few passengers had the energy to play off heats so near the Equator. That meant Cynthia and Timmy being thrown a good deal together. She remained cool and impersonal, and Timmy dropped a good deal of the reserve he usually maintained with women. He liked them as much as any other man, and more than most, but he was always conscious of the flaw in his eligibility as a husband. There is, however, in an ocean voyage a detachment from normal distinctions, and Timmy fell for the usual "pair-off" by seeking out Cynthia whenever he was at a loose end. She had all the other women stone cold in looks and as a companion. Her interests were as masculine as his, and just as various.

Being no inarticulate fish, he told her so on the night of the first fancy dress dance when they sat sipping *frappee* liqueurs after the dress parade. She was looking more Imperially Egyptian than ever in a garment that might have been chosen by Osiris. Timmy, in a red beret bought at the barber's shop, an old blue shirt, white flannels turned up at the knees, secured with a hank of rope from the bo'sun, was much less of a success as a veritable Neapolitan fisherman. That distinguished air of his gave the lie to his garb.

It was the kind of night and occasion where those who have held themselves in leash or sophisticated resistance to the well-known romantic stimulus of a voyage through warm seas let go their various inhibitions.

Cynthia drawled: "I can say the same for you, Timmy. You interest me more than most of the men I meet—certainly more than any other man on board."

"What about your American admirer?" Tim asked.

"My dear Timmy, have a heart. I don't want to make you vain, but I like breed in my men friends as I do in my horses."

They danced, separated and danced with other people, met and danced again. At supper Cynthia suggested: "What about the boat deck and some air, Timmy? I don't want any more t'eat, do you?"

Sir George Weyer said helpfully:

"You must have another glass of this champagne before you go, Captain Recordin. Can't waste it all." Timmy had another glass, and they went up to the boat deck—just the two of them. Cynthia found two chairs under the bridge out of sight of the officer of the watch. For a time they watched the Southern Cross jazz in blue brilliance above the foremast.

"Another thing I like about you, Timmy," Cynthia confided. "You never want to hold my hand or taste my lipstick or nonsense of that sort. Can't think why a man and woman can't just be pals, can you?"

"I won't say I don't want to," Timmy retorted. "I've trained myself that way."

"You have that reputation," she murmured. "I like it." Then: "I suppose you haven't got a wife or somethin' tucked away in England?" she drawled as though the matter did not interest her much.

"No," Timmy admitted. "I am what you might call a determined bachelor—as a soldier should be. Two mistresses lead to trouble."

"At thirty-five?"

"At twenty-five bob a day plus staff allowances."

"You look expensive."

"Inherent economy and acquired bluff."

"All those clothes you have to wear?"

"My tailor supplies them. Being an Equerry, I'm a good advertisement."

"Don't you hate that arrangement?"

"Like hell—illogically enough. If ever I take a wife it'll have to be on the same terms—or deferred payments. Let's go and dance."

He gave her a hand out of the deck chair. She was looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Her eyes found his in the starlit blue darkness. A waltz tune drifted up faintly from the promenade deck below, and they could hear the thin crackle of the wireless sending its messages into the ether. Right ahead the moon was just rising from the sea, a glowing globe of gold.

"Romance," remarked Timmy flippantly. Cynthia called his bluff.

"Damn the dance, Timmy," she drawled very softly.

"All right—Damn the dance, then," Timmy said. And then he had her in his arms, with hers around his neck, the sea hissing past away below, the dance and everything else as damned as either of them would have it. Hole two to Cynthia!

On the homeward run from South Africa, many a ship romance has been brought to a head at Madeira, where, at the rattle of the anchor chains, brown-eyed Madeirans invade the decks with domestic linen of the finest needlework and lace, and bronzed young native Apollos dive the deep blue depths for coins flung by passengers. It is the last port of call, and signifies, as it were, farewell to glamour and the approach of reality. Sophisticated though Cynthia and Timmy were, their affair was no exception. They went ashore with a party and climbed the mountain by the little rack and pinion railway, in time to witness the rose and gold glow of an exquisite dawn merge into the indigo vastness of sea-rimmed horizons. They breakfasted *aux deux* on the terrace of the Monte Palace, with, so to speak, the whole of a blue and marvellous world at their feet. Afterwards they came down the steep cobbled gut of the Caminho Do Monte—just the two of them—in a basket sleigh, skimming the white walls of native gardens, glimpsing the dark interiors of native wine shops. Wedged thigh to thigh in their coracle, inhaling the perfume of sub-tropical flowers, and the sour-sweet smell of wine, they made their wild rush back to Funchal harbour front, intoxicated by the experience as if neither of them had done it before.

"Just like two trippers from England, Timmy," Cynthia drawled, when, quite unnecessarily, he lifted her out of the *carrinho*. "We must do somethin' of the sort in England."

"At Hampstead Heath," he suggested, fatuously humorous, thinking: Curse this love business anyway!

She grinned with him, but remarked as they walked down to the jetty:

"Did I tell you father had taken the Abingers' place at Henley for the summer? You'll have to stop with us a lot. A devil of a lot."

"My dear Thing," said Tim. "Such is your demoralising effect on me, that I've now reached the lamentable stage of being quite ready to stop with you anywhere." And he meant it.

"That'll be quite easy," she returned. "Father'll buy us a house an' my ten thousand a year'll do the rest."

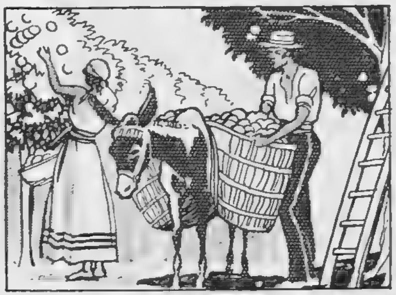
Later, standing on the boat deck, watching the green and umber island recede into the azure haze, ship's bows nosing into the last four days of the voyage, Cynthia said:—

"Well, Timmy

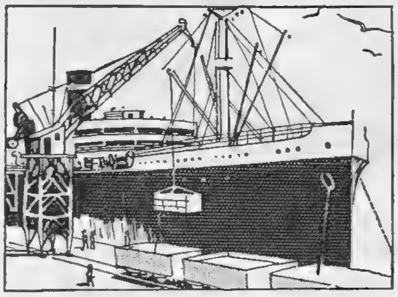
(Continued on page 106)

Which is the best month for making Marmalade?

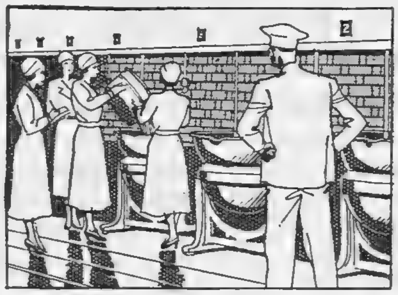
JANUARY—because it's then that the genuine Seville oranges come over here; and no amount of argument can alter the fact that only *Seville* oranges can produce the true marmalade flavour. That is why Hartleys tackle their year's supply of marmalade in January; for they will not use any other oranges but those grown in the orchards of Seville. So if you would like a real full-bodied marmalade for your breakfast, made in the good old way from true Seville oranges and pure sugar *only*, please ask for Hartley's *Aintree* Marmalade.



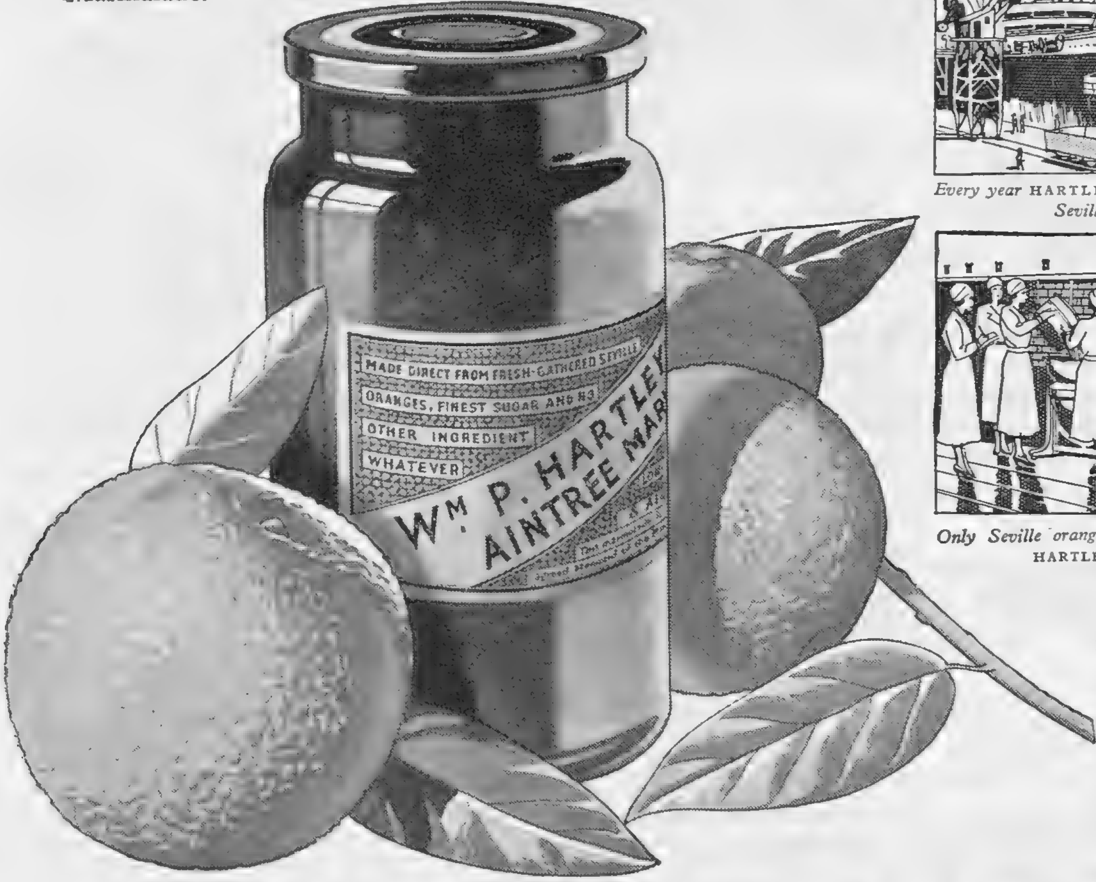
Seville oranges alone give the true marmalade flavour



Every year HARTLEYS *import the pick of the Seville orange crop*



Only Seville oranges and pure sugar go into HARTLEY'S *Marmalade*


MADE DIRECT FROM FRESH-GATHERED SEVILLE
ORANGES, FINEST SUGAR AND NO
OTHER INGREDIENT
WHATEVER
Wm P. HARTLEY
AINTREE MAR

The standard "old-fashioned" kind hitherto known as Hartley's Marmalade has been renamed Hartley's *Aintree* Marmalade to distinguish it more clearly from Hartley's Jelly Marmalade and Hartley's Bitter-Sweet Marmalade.

HARTLEY'S

AINTREE MARMALADE

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dear, what *are* we goin' t'do about it? I'm just as much in love with you as you are with me and we are both old enough t'know our own minds." She smiled that cool, lazily confident smile he was now crazy about, and drawled, eyes on his: "We can both give each other what we need most. I've got the money, an' you've got the ancestors."

Timmy winced as though he'd been suddenly drenched by one of those foaming blue combers away below them. But the comber which had struck him was his own distant past. He had indeed got the ancestors. Father, the late William Jenkins, paper hanger and village sot; mother, the late Sarah Jenkins, charwoman and once barmaid at the George and Dragon beerhouse, Bull Street, Brummagem. What a slap in the face for a girl who was asking for ancestors and had every right to expect them! Why the hell had he not remembered all this before they had got crazy about each other? He stared at her, slim, assured, poised firmly against the breeze like a racing cutter, as unlike the over-sexed, love-for-love-alone nit-wit as her tailor-made was unlike the bulging jumper of the ship's bo'sun. And what was he, Timothy Recordin, stripped of his background?

"What's the matter, Timmy?" she demanded. "Has my brutal frankness struck you dumb, or are you just thinking up a nice polite snub."

Timmy turned on a smile.

"I like it," he said. "It flatters me. You are the dearest thing in the world, Cyn. But we are both potty. There will now be an interval in the radio programme for weather and stock reports."

Cynthia did not smile. She rode at the fence like a man. "You needn't switch off like that, Timmy, this time. I'm going to marry you whether you like it or not. I always get what I want, an' as we both want each other we needn't beat about the bush."

Tim loved her more at that moment than ever. Barring the Recordin inhibition, directness with him was a primary virtue, like physical courage. Should he tell her straight and give her the choice? It was now or never. He'd be damned if he would, he decided, ruthless to his own feelings. In this sentimental atmosphere, charged as she must be with emotion beneath her calm, it would be a dirty trick, the dice loaded in his own favour.

"Is it my money you are jibbing at, Timmy?" she asked, smiling.

Tim seized on that almost eagerly. It would save her face and his own.

"You've hit it, Cyn. I'd be a terrible failure as a kept husband, fashionable though the part is. Now let's pull ourselves together. These ocean voyages play the devil with common sense. By the time you've been ashore a month, you'll be thanking your lucky stars for a narrow escape from wilful matrimony."

"You are talking rot, Timmy," she retorted. "You know you are. What's it matter who's got the money?"

But Timmy stuck to his excuse.

"I'm built that way, I suppose, Cyn. Now we'll go below or you'll be losing the last shreds of your reputation."

When Cynthia joined her parent in the Weyer suite, she said: "You've got t'do somethin' for Timmy, father. He won't marry me because he's got no money."

Before the ship reached Southampton Waters, Sir George invited Tim to his stateroom for a cocktail, and presently he asked: "Do you want to make some money, Captain Recordin?"

"There's nothing I'd like better," said Timmy, who had that morning been working out to a shilling the gratuities he would have to give as a Royal Equerry."

"I'll give you a tip. As soon as you get to London, call up your broker and tell him to buy you Platt Deeps—but don't tell him I said so. Buy all he can get for you. Say five thousand. They are 10s. 6d. now."

Timmy smiled. "They might be a shilling so far as I am concerned."

"You won't need any money," the old man told him. "They'll be 50s. after the next board meeting—before settling day. If you haven't got a broker I'll introduce you to one."

Timmy's mind automatically multiplied the jump from 10s. 6d. to 50s. Roughly ten thousand pounds—enough to make all the difference in the world to his career in the Army.

"That's remarkably decent of you, Sir George, but such gambling as I do, I do at my own risk—thanks all the same."

Sir George Weyer stared. In his extensive experience, particularly of the class Timmy represented, he knew no one who would turn down an offer like that from the millionaire president of Platt Deeps.

He said: "You are an extraordinary young man. We'll talk about it later. I hear you are dining with us in Town to-morrow. I hope we shall see a lot of you."

THE dinner party was a family one, with Timmy the only guest, at the Weyer mansion in Grosvenor Square.

Lady Weyer explained this by saying:

"We used to do a lot of entertaining here in England. But people just came for what they could get. We got tired of that. That's why we have no one to meet you to-night."

Sir George remarked:

"We don't miss them. I landed in South Africa in the old days as a boy of eight with my shirt tails out of the seat of my trousers. A little Jew boy of no consequence to anybody. Since then I have been much too occupied to worry over filling the house with people I don't particularly want."

"That does not apply to your people, Timmy," drawled Cynthia. "We want them."

Timmy smiled grimly. The only member of his family he had been able to trace was an elder brother who made sausage skins in a Birmingham factory by day, and was a chucker-out at a pub by night. Family tradition!! He had a wife with the vocabulary of her fish-docker father, and the twin passions of winkles and gin.

Before they parted Cynthia said:—

"Leave me your people's address, Timmy. I'll get mother to leave cards. You said you'd a married brother."

"I'll get them to call on *you*," said Timmy. "They're out of town at present."

"The sooner I meet my future in-laws the better, Timmy. It's no use you thinkin' you're not goin' to marry me, because you are. I always get what I want."

Timmy called at the War Office next day for orders to join his regiment at Aldershot, and found he'd been given a fortnight's leave. He came into my room to invite me to lunch and ask me to get this leave cancelled.

"I'm not sure," I told him, "but I think it'll need a meeting of the Army Council to deal with such an unprecedented request. What's the idea?"

He did not tell me until the evening when he came to my flat in Old Burlington Street for a drink. He took a letter from his pocket, passed it to me and asked:—

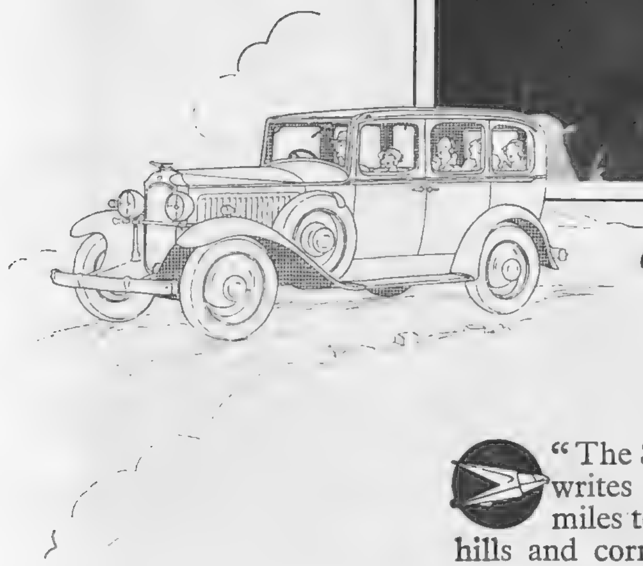
"What would you do with a thing like that?" It was a letter and advice note from Waterways, the big Stock Exchange brokers, saying that on instructions from Sir George Weyer, they had bought him ten thousand Platt Deeps at 11s. 3d.

"The point is, Weyer's bought 'em for me under the impression I'm going to marry his daughter, and I am not."

Then I got the whole story out of him.

Whatever the nuances of his peculiar situation, there were none in my advice. "I don't see why you are making heavy weather of it," I told him. "You can't get anywhere without money these days, whoever you are. The obvious thing to do is spill the whole of the beans to Cynthia. If she's worth a damn she won't care a damn; and if she isn't, you'll be well rid of her."

"I'm surprised at you talking like that, Verney," he said unexpectedly. "The responsibility of the situation is entirely mine, and even if I were not in love with her, she's a woman. As a (*Continued on page* 108)



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gentleman I'm not so damned synthetic that I'd trade on a woman's feelings."

"How would you be trading on them? I don't see it."

"She couldn't very well turn me down, however she might feel about it—not in the circumstances. And on that basis, I couldn't marry her either."

"There's something in that. But you can't go on holding up money as a barrier, especially after this Platt Deep tip. What are you going to do?"

"Send the shares back to old Weyer—or refuse to touch the proceeds—get off to the regiment at Aldershot, and stop there."

"And let Cynthia write you off as a cheap philanderer."

"Better that than let her have to write herself off as a cheap snob."

I got Timmy's leave cancelled, and he went to Aldershot next day, telephoning Cynthia that he'd be there three months.

That should have settled the matter. But it did not. Three days later Cynthia and her sister went down to Aldershot with four ponies and four grooms, called up the Mess of the "Nobs," spoke to the Adjutant, and found there was nothing to prevent Timmy dining at the "Royal" every night, or riding most afternoons. After this Timmy just went with the tide.

Timmy, of course, introduced the two girls to the Mess of the "Nobs," and the Mess in turn introduced the girls to all their proud traditions.

Ffyncche-Skye, the Colonel, explained:—

"A regimental Mess is very like a family—a very old family—excepting that our pride in it is greater. You will see by these portraits and this silver we carry with us everywhere that generation after generation of the same names have served beneath those colours on the wall there."

Cynthia was very silent as Timmy drove her back to the hotel in her new Bentley. Then she said:—

"All that means a good deal t'me, Timmy. Tradition an' that sort of thing. You see, my people haven't any. We are all surface."

"You'll have as much as you want when you are Mrs. Tim Recordin," chirped her sister from the back seat.

Timmy set his teeth and stepped on the accelerator.

Seeing the look on his face, Cynthia laughed and said: "All women are snobs, you know, Timmy."

"Anyway," thought Tim, thinking over her reaction to the regiment, "I am at least genuine in that respect. She'd be Mrs. Tim Recordin of the Ninth Dragoon Guards, even if she was not Mrs. Recordin of the Yorkshire Recordins."

A month later his regiment moved to Hounslow Barracks. Now he began weekending with the Weyers at their place on the river at Henley, and dining most evenings at Grosvenor Square. Cynthia said no more about marriage, either because she thought he did not like her to pursue the initiative or that she now believed Tim was as good as hers. He was apparently no longer obsessed by the money question. She asked him once or twice when she was going to meet his people, and then dropped the subject. When the time approached for the return of the Weyers to South Africa, Tim at last decided to ask her to marry him, and to tell her his history. By now, against his sophisticated judgment, he had concluded that his family background was not as important to her as he had been thinking; that he had been making a mountain out of a molehill.

He was taking her down to Windsor to-morrow to hunt with the Brigade of Guards Drag. He'd tell her there—riding back through Windsor Forest.

During the hunt Cynthia took a fancy to a big bay mare—a beautiful horse to look at, and an astonishing fencer.

She said: "Timmy, help me to buy that horse. I hear the man is not keen on selling."

"He'll sell soon enough at a price," Timmy said. So it proved.

Cynthia then said to the owner: "I'd like to see her pedigree before we settle. I suppose that's clean?"

"As a matter of fact she hasn't got a pedigree," the guardsman told her. "I bought her as a filly in Ireland. All I know is her dam was a 'no account' mare belonging to a local baker. But I've had her five years and there's not a fault in her."

"Don't worry about her pedigree, Cyn," Timmy remarked. "You've got a wonderful hunter there."

"That won't do," Cynthia declared. "I want to breed from her, Timmy. I'm most disappointed. She looks such a thoroughbred, but you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

That incident settled Timmy. It was so parallel with his own problem.

If he married her, sooner or later, this thing would crop up between them. It was bound to do so with her ideas. And he was having none of that, either for her or for himself. Yet, after all that had happened between them, their intimacy and tacit understanding, he'd hurt her like hell if he let her go back to Africa without a word. Cynthia had to have a square deal. How? What the devil was he to do?

The question was answered by Cynthia herself, in a way that was as ironic as Tim's career was a satire on social snobbery.

He drifted in to me at the War Office one morning and said:

"I seem always to be getting you to wangle something for me. What I want now is a transfer to the West African Force. I've had all I want of this la-de-da soldiering."

"What on earth has happened?" I asked.

He considered me for a minute, then took a letter from his pocket and passed it to me. "Read that," he invited.

"Dear Timmy,

"I'm just starting for Southampton to stop with friends until the boat sails. I don't want to see you again. You have never brought any of your people to see us, and I

have at last realised why, and why you won't marry me. *It is because we are German Jews, and your family pride won't let you.*

"CYNTHIA."

"You are not going to let it rest at that, are you?"

"Certainly I am. It is best that way. She'll get over it, and I'll get over it."

This should end the story, but there then happened one of those final touches which only the coincidences of real life can supply. A bulky, coarse-looking man walked into the office ahead of one of the messengers.

The latter said apologetically: "This gentleman insists on seeing the head of the 'Whereabouts' section, sir. I asked him to wait for Captain Slade, but he wouldn't."

"What can I do for you?" I asked curtly.

"I reckon you can help me trace an officer called Captain Recordin," was the reply, in a strong American accent.

Timmy spun round, and the American stared at him.

"Say now—you are the guy that got fresh with me on the South African boat a while ago, ain't you?"

"If you like," snapped Tim. "What do you want of me? I'm Captain Recordin."

"Well, I'm darned!" He stared incredulously at the immaculate and aristocratic Timmy, and then grinned all over his blotched face. "Say, boy—how you've come on!" He held out a large fleshy hand. "Put it there. A real Yorkshire Recordin you are—from the ground up."

"I'm nothing of the kind," said Timmy flatly. "Damn the Yorkshire Recordins and damn you!"

"What's your name?" I interrupted, reaching for his admission slip.

The stranger grinned more widely than ever. He was still watching Timmy and enjoying himself hugely.

"Jenkins is my name," he declared. "By profession a hi-jacker—and a five million dollar one at that. What have you made out of your racket, Timmy?"

Timmy was now staring hard at the speaker with an expression of dawning recognition.

"A blood relative come to light," I thought.

Timmy promptly undeceived me. With a grin as sardonic as that with which he had showed me Cynthia's letter, he took the other man's hand and said:

"Verney—let me introduce you to the real Mackay—Mr. Tim Recordin—of the Yorkshire Recordins—whom I last saw going aboard a Canadian ship at Princes Landing Stage, Liverpool, twenty years ago."

"And if you live a week longer, Timmy, you'll see me going the same way again. I've had enough of this darned country already. There's an earful for you, Tim."

"It is," said Timmy, thoughtfully. "A sow's ear."

END

Dance Marathon

(*Continued from page* 35)

wrist, this tightening up of the regulations becomes permanent. All refreshment, even a drink of water, massage and medical attention are prohibited, and talking, stopping, sleeping, or even "sagging" incur instant disqualification.

The closing scenes of a Dance Marathon would need the Goya of the Caprichos to do justice to them, so horrible and revolting are they. On the last night of the Marathon I have in mind—the 88th night—only two couples remained. A special judge was on the floor to see that the rigorous rules of the "grind," now permanently in force until one or other of the two pairs should drop out, were executed. The hall was jammed to the last seat, with people standing up at the back, the crowd crude and gloating.

The contestants looked scarcely human. They had the savage eyes of a wild beast at bay, or the meaningless glassy stare of an imbecile, as they tottered round, heads down and knees sagging, fiercely clutching one another with their manacled hands. At one moment one of the male competitors, finding that, despite all his efforts to rouse her, his partner was falling asleep, grabbed her resolutely by the waist and turned her upside down, gently bumping her head on the floor at intervals until consciousness returned, amid the frenzied plaudits of the audience.

When the sorry show was done I talked with some of the contestants. They made light of their sufferings. Swollen feet, I learned, is the worst trouble, largely remedied, however, by massage and strapping. Some of the men observed that Marathon dancing tended to make them prematurely grey. A veteran who had taken part in twenty Dance Marathons and won seven declared that he never went into training, but complained that, after it was all over, it was difficult to reconquer normal habits of sleep. The collections taken up on the floor, they told me, were quite profitable: one girl was alleged to have made as much as thirty dollars in a single day from coins flung by the audience.

Like other stunts appealing to the lowest instincts of the mob, these Dance Marathons are extremely lucrative. Day and night, throughout the duration of the contest, the hall is open to the public at an average admission fee of 50 cents, and when a Marathon is on it is quite a craze among society people in the neighbourhood to drop in late at night for a vicarious thrill. The expenses are almost negligible—in the Marathon under review the whole of the expenses were covered by the takings of the last two days, when the public stormed the hall in anticipation of the finish. The receipts over the whole period of 88 days averaged 1,000 dollars a day, making an aggregate of 88,000 dollars—a total which must have showed a tidy profit as profits go in these hard times.

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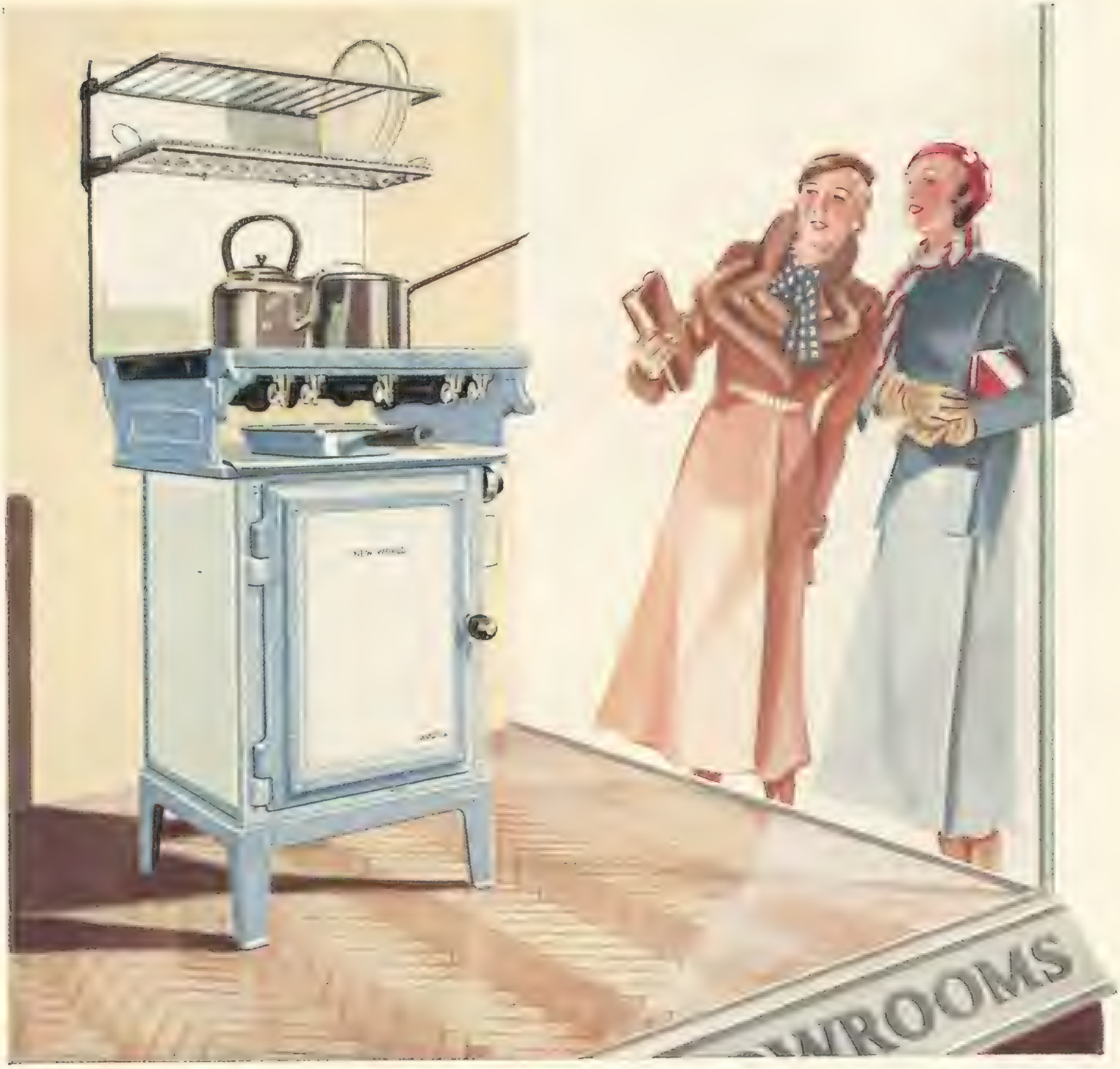

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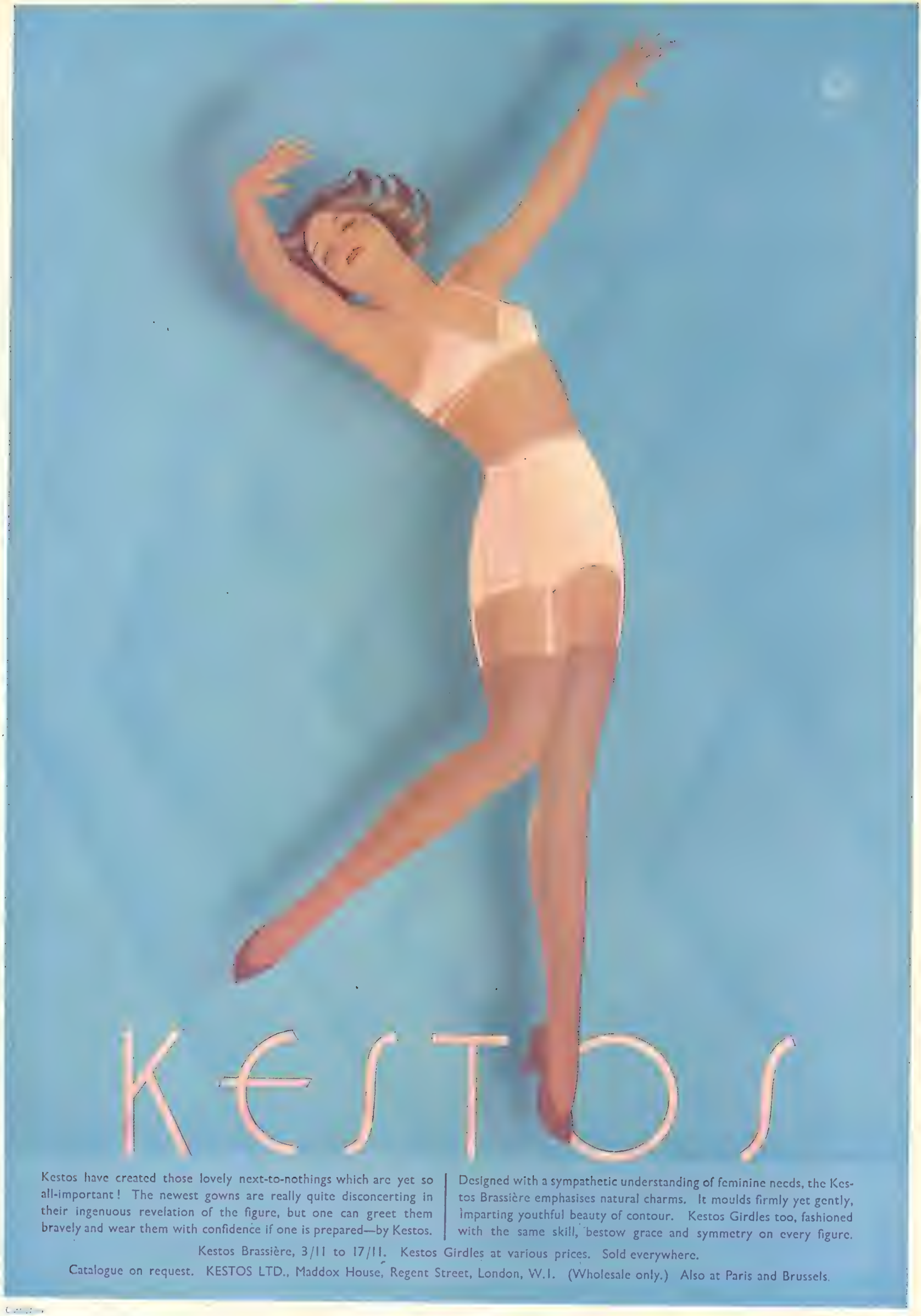

Kestos have created those lovely next-to-nothings which are yet so all-important! The newest gowns are really quite disconcerting in their ingenuous revelation of the figure, but one can greet them bravely and wear them with confidence if one is prepared—by Kestos.

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The "Mild Man" *Who* Built *a* Business *on* "Bones"

(Continued from page 21)

crude slip decorated ware, from the salt glazes and the experiments in glaze, the imagination of the Stafford potters was fired; Chinese imports of "china" added fuel to that fire which burst into flames of excitement when Josiah Wedgwood astounded the craft with his Cream Ware and the products of Worcester, Bow and Derby appeared to spur the men of the young, vigorous *and rich* Trent Valley into keen competition and exciting technical experiments.

The potter "commercials" were on the road, too. Not the smart cars and smarter young men with glib tongues of to-day, but the itinerant salesmen with their samples on their backs, often master potters themselves, who foot-slogged or rode or, later, coached the highways.

Meanwhile Spode the First was working methodically in the approved business magnate style. Already he had his heir, born when Spode the First was but 21, and, of course, called Josiah. It was about ten years later that the child's father met another influence that he was to assimilate and weld into his own success, William Turner, a man of fine skill and, report says, restless energy. Josiah I was now manager of a pottery works, and remained so until he found the indispensable accompaniment of success—even for genius!—financial backing. The next step is Josiah Spode and Tomlinson, owners of pot works; but it is not until Josiah I is 43 and his heir 22 that we find them firmly established in those pot works where to-day you may see the descendants of their workpeople still potting incomparable ware according to the potter's "gospel" of Spode the First.

SPODE was now ready for his first "coup," which was actually the result of his sturdy independence of mind and his "Englishness" in bending foreign achievements to his own will and uses . . . while other men went their ways, Josiah had the courage of his imagination and recognised in Chinese design the best idiom for ceramic pattern; and, stepping forward into the future, he introduced underglaze printing into Staffordshire for the first time in 1781.

You may see them doing it in his pot works to-day, just as Josiah I taught them—in his time an exciting revolution of production as well as a technical achievement; in ours a revelation of careful meticulous handcraft with the best materials deftly handled.

But Josiah was forging ahead. You must imagine him at this stage in his career with, almost in his grasp, *his discovery*. . . . At last, one November morning a tired man took from his kiln his first successful piece of *bone china!* Hitherto fine porcelain had been beyond the reach of Spode and his colleagues; the perfect formula had eluded them. Josiah I had experimented again and again, for months and months. He had sweated at his own kilns (you may see them to-day) and had risked his sensitive hands at the rougher stages of the processes. Now at last the firing of the perfect example was complete, and the famous formula that is still the basis of standard porcelain for the moderns was proved and remains as the epitome of ceramic excellence for to-day and to-morrow. It was in 1789 that Josiah the First introduced into Staffordshire the formula of "six parts bone ash, 4 parts china stone and 3½ parts of china clay," finely ground with meticulous patience, mixed with meticulous care and fired without haste and—with the best coal!

THAT was why, in the first terrific blasts of the revolutionary wars, when storms of the seventeen-nineties shook Europe, the first Spode and his son placidly embarked upon the establishment of their new London warehouse. And it was possibly the same calm judgment that worked in the minds of the spiritual and actual successors of Spode, the Copelands, when in the cataclysm of 1914 *they calmly and most expensively electrified their machinery in Spode's pot works.* Away in their grimy graves in the churchyard, within a stone's-throw of their life's work, perhaps the two Spodes, father and son, smiled in their long sleep when, in 1914, the hum of the new and expensive machines came faintly to them in Eternity! They had always bought the best, these two; the best that their (not inconsiderable!) resources could command . . . they had the qualities of the unbreakable, insolent "backbone" of British business, secure in fine materials and in its tremendous integrity.

To-day the "best bones" are delivered to the Copeland works—none of your second-hand boiled-out stuff—rich new ox bones. The bones in the Stoke graveyard must approve!

SPODE the First died; the nineteenth century dawned and Spode the Second entered into the richness of his inheritance and the problems of his age. It is a brilliant picture, for he is now "*Josiah Spode, of the Mount,*" the tremendous house that has become the centre of the social life of The Potteries. Josiah II gave some mighty parties! He is richly described in Hayden's brilliant book on the Spodes, and we are somewhat reassured by a quotation from the Diary of one Enoch Wood, a potter, who writes: "Dined at the Mount at Mr. Spode's, the most splendid and sumptuous entertainment I ever attended. *No intoxication.*"

Needless to add, the italics are not Mr. Wood's; but he is kind to reassure us. . . . Grander parties these, perhaps, than those of the days of his father—that "mild man"!—when Josiah the First played the violin and his son the flute, though what the rest of Spode's "quiverful," Samuel, Ellen, Sarah and Anne, did in the entertainment is not revealed.

Meanwhile the potters (as needs they must to sustain this) went on potting. A contemporary Guide tells us that the scene is changing somewhat: rural Staffordshire is being mopped up . . . "*there were upwards of twenty ovens*" (this was in Burslem), "all of which cast in their salt or glazing at the same time. . . . This occasioned such immense and constant volumes of smoke as literally to envelop the whole neighbourhood; and it was not infrequent for passengers to mistake their way and run against each other during the continuance of this process. The scene . . . has not inaptly been compared to the emissions of Etna or Vesuvius."

Their world was going modern extremely rapidly; but the countryside was not, even in 1818, entirely spoilt, and the grim silhouette of to-day still only a shadow on the film of the future. From Stoke, still "the prospect is extremely beautiful and . . . a view so populous and at the same time so picturesque is seldom to be met with."

Spode II reached his zenith. Across the picture he walks—or perhaps he even permits himself to strut—in the uniform of the Staffordshire Pottery Troop, the Royal Pottery Volunteer Cavalry raised for the duration (of that war!) to protect their hearths and homes—and wealth. Josiah II heads the list as captain, resplendent in a scarlet jacket, white waistcoat, white leather breeches and—helmet with a bearskin crest and feathers at the side . . . Josiah cuts a fine and gallant figure . . . he has tremendous prestige . . . he is granted arms.

But the business man is not extinguished beneath that lovely bearskin, and it is this Spode who forms the alliance with the famous Copelands to the great advance, then and especially now, of the inheritance.

The picture of his time is highly coloured: colour is infectious and Spode II splashes it on his ware: the exotic and riotous colouring of the lovely dinner service used at the whitebait dinners is the keynote of the age! That annual Conservative dinner at the old Ship Inn at Greenwich, a function that continued to the middle of the nineteenth century, was attended by Pitt, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Farnborough, was celebrated in verse by Thomas Love Peacock and found fame finally as the "Whitebait Dinner" with its astounding menu of whitebait, perch, mullet, eels, salmon, venison, quails, fruit, ices served with champagne, Madeira and maraschino.

If the Spode service stood up to this it did well, and if the nineteenth-century digestion disposed of it it did even better. They both did.

THE *picture fades*, the light post coach clatters away into the past through Burton from the Wheatsheaf Inn to London for the last time . . . the Prince Coburg flashes through Coventry also to the metropolis at unheard-of speeds . . . at the end of his life Spode II watches (probably still quite unmoved in his rock-like security) the sinister accompaniments of post-war economics . . . across the years we can discern the all too familiar rumours of financial troubles, of firms going broke . . . *other firms,* not Spode Copeland! Spode II was not the man to be intimidated, and he died in 1827 rich and secure, the successful man.

THE picture is blurred by the passage of a hundred years; there is continuity in the works and *the potters go on potting*, the genius of Copeland builds worthily on the genius of Spode . . . the huge house at the Mount is deserted . . . and we get a momentary close-up of a Copeland trotting to his works on horseback.

Could they have raised their proud heads from their graves the first two Spodes would see the smoke belching from their kilns . . . the undiminished *firing always with the best coal, though the price has risen from the "sixteenpence a ton."*

Then the whole thing flashes into focus again—*we are in* 1933 inside the famous works, and in a world that has all the marks of modernity combined with a strange quality of timelessness. Tom Hassell, as intimately connected with those works as any grandfather's grandson among the workers we talk with, is taking us round this intensely family affair. "Throwers," "turners," "modellers," "pressers," "potters," "casters," "sagger-makers," "painters and paintresses," "gilders"—all are there; there is a scornful challenge to unrest and failure in every mother's son and daughter of them as (earning most of them above Trade Union rates) they work with the best materials in the best way in the manner of the century back!

Kilns rear their blackened heads; inside the workrooms father and son work together where the grandfather worked before them; the expert whispers that the *droit du seigneur* of the old days (and not only the *droit* of the *seigneur* but other interminglings . . . .) is responsible for many a fine workman of the past and indirectly of the present!

WE see the "real estate" of the patriarchal Copelands lying weathering there; hundreds of pounds worth of china clay, of china stone, in stacks of wealth; the profits of the firm put back instantly into that and into everything that the newest machinery for health and help of the workmen and women. . . . This buying the best has become a habit . . . each porcelain plate (fired as hard and true as steel—we throw them with impunity on the ground and they ring like bells!) costs thirty pence to produce, and there are thousands and thousands of them in all their various stages of production.

Then we watch the three terrifying and silent machines of the potter, elemental and hardly changed since the days of Spode the First. First, the very mills of God that grind (not for hours but days and weeks) the precious material; swiftly, silently and surely turning their granite faces on the powdered wealth with the hum only of that sinister

(Continued on page 112)

THE HYGIENE OF THE FLOOR

"Hallo, dear!" I exclaimed upon entering Enid's pretty dining room the other day. "What have you done to this room? It seems so much larger—brighter—fresher——"

"Well," explained Enid, "the carpet seemed to be on its last legs, and, anyway, now that the twins have reached the crawling stage I felt it had to go. A polished floor is so much nicer and cleaner, you know."

"There speaks the ex-hospital nurse, I suppose?"

"Rather," said Enid. "The partiality of germs for dusty floors was one of the things I did learn at St. Philippa's. Matron always insisted upon RONUK Floor Polish being used to keep floors germ-free, and she was keen on economy too. When, for instance, would you think this floor was last polished?"

I looked at the boards gleaming spick and span, and hazarded the only possible guess: "This morning?"

Enid laughed.

"A fortnight ago yesterday," she said, and, seeing my look of amazement, went on: "RONUK, you see, is made on the basis that it is far cheaper and more satisfactory in every way to use a polish which can be rubbed up bright and clean for weeks, than it is to use cheaper materials which do not last, and of which so much more is needed in the long run."

"I wish," I said, "that I could have my floors looking like yours, but of course we couldn't run to the expense of oak."

A smile spread over Enid's face. "You have made the same mistake as most people," she said. "The floors in this house are of ordinary deal—the same as yours, I expect. So were those at St. Philippa's. It was the Matron who told me that they had been treated, years before my time by the Ronuk people with their penetrating permanent stain, 'Colron' Wood Dye—I always thought those floors were oak, for they looked so good and never scratched nor wore bare. Nowadays you can buy the self-same stain from your ordinary dealer or, in case of difficulty, you could drop a line to the makers, RONUK, Ltd., Dept. 59, Portslade, Sussex. I should do so in any case if I were you. They'll send you lots of useful and interesting information."

"Good," I replied. "I'll write to them at once."

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machinery that actuates them. Then—the wheels of the potters . . . young men with the flawless complexions engendered by the splashing of the liquid clay, and the amazing hands that mould and coax the whirling mass into delicate, accurate shapes. One boy, a potter born and trained (for they cannot be the one without the other), smiles, and as he talks produces in succession a perfect teapot (about 90 seconds it seems), a perfectly fitting lid . . . a vase the exact similar of a row he has already done . . . and a tiny, perfect egg-cup. A "thrower" produces plate after plate, flawless and accurate; a girl with violinist's hands models tiny petals for tiny flower decorations . . . an elderly woman decorates biscuit ware with transferred patterns, flawlessly and without hesitation or pause.

Then the third: the fires . . . inside the skin of the kiln, with that "best coal" showing a glowing white-hot mass in each fire, a skilled fireman banks and tends his fires.

The "Mild Man" *Who* Built *a* Business *on* "Bones"

The "mills of God"—the potter's wheel and the fires as they were a century ago. The picture is vivid, modern and robust; the English workman who measures in centuries rather than decades is paramount; the business is alive and the future hopeful . . . the wealth is in the human material and the "best clay and bones" that weather out there in the yard of Josiah the First's pot works.

The second crisis rages around, but the Spodes who weathered the first sleep quietly in their churchyard . . . the clock has slipped on another century, there has been another war to end wars; the background has changed, but not the heart of the matter or of the workmen . . . the thing they have created is indestructible, it is based on that tremendous integrity that is the unbreakable backbone of British business.

A Girl *of the* Period

(*Continued from page 61*)

there—I ought to bring a merry heart to the feast."

"In bringing yourself," said Mr. Oakshott, with forced gallantry, "you bring the best part of the feast."

Miss Annabelle, who had waited her opportunity from opposite, here interjected: "If Mrs. Callender is the best part of the feast, what is Mrs. Firestone, and what am I? Surely you are ungracious, Mr. Oakshott. Have you nothing for us?"

"A great deal," he countered, "if you will give me the opportunity. Opportunity is one's best ally."

"Propinquity is a greater," said Mrs. Callender. "I should say that half the marriages are the result of propinquity and opportunity combined."

So here we were, back to the topic of marriage and the sexes. From elsewhere, random snatches of talk which reached my ears were as follows:

"What I cannot understand is the proneness of widowers to take up the chains almost as soon as they are free. I call it triumph of Hope over Experience . . ."

"A bright era is in store for your sex. You are to be sent to college; you are to enter the learned professions. And I hope some day to see women lawyers, physicians, and perhaps balloonists . . ."

The ladies having retired after the dessert, I moved next to James Oakshott while the port circulated. I found him full of refreshing ideas, and not at all vain among the men. He claims to be a "Tory Democrat" in politics, and wants Mr. Disraeli's party to push ahead with legislation for the working classes, so as to take their allegiance from Mr. Gladstone. The Tories have made a beginning, he declares, by legalising the so-called "Trades Unions," or workmen's combines. According to young Mr. Oakshott, these will eventually have an influence on government, although they can never be more than an adjunct to either the Conservative or the Liberal party.

He was also original on the subject of a curious new light made from electricity. It appears that a tradesman in the Edgware Road has drawn crowds by displaying it outside his shop. It is said to be dangerous, and is regarded as little more than a firework spectacle; but my companion went so far as to suggest that in the future it might finally supplant gaslight (here we have gas even in the bathroom, although Mrs. Firestone continues to dine by the softer light from candles).

Roger Firestone informed us, before we joined the ladies, that the gun-room contained a fire, tobacco and spare smoking jackets, for any who wished later to indulge in the masculine Weed. We assembled in the music-room, where Miss Helen excelled with her rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer." Miss Annabelle, whose lovely white neck and shoulders rose above a mass of tulle, was sweet and delightful to myself, but decidedly pert with Mr. Oakshott. Concerning an ornamental butterfly perched on her hair, he made the bantering remark: "I must envy that butterfly, close to a shell-like ear. What secrets could I whisper were I so near. Fortunate butterfly!"

"The butterfly," she returned, "is less fortunate than you think. At night I shut it up in a velvet case. Now nobody, I venture to think, could shut you up for long."

She is a creature of surprising contrast. I made my excuses and retired early, being anxious to pen this letter to you. Miss Annabelle would have kept me back, until I gave her my reason for departure. She then said: "For that, I like you better than ever, Uncle John. I should be pleased if some day you would tell me of her."

So here is the letter, dearest Louisa. On reading it, I find I have shown little beyond the surface of a day's experience; but my enjoyment has been made keener by the task of preparing spectacles for yourself, whose own alert eyes may not be present. Absence has taught me that many waters cannot part us; we are bridged by the spirit.

It has also made me feel a Rip Van Winkle. Looking back to our youth, I can find little to run parallel with the ways of Miss Annabelle and her friends. In those days I could not have honoured you, had your attitude to myself, and to the male sex, been daring as that of these young women. And had I addressed you in certain terms common to these young men, you would have flushed so warm a red that the colour would have seemed to spread all over your body (even now, after thirty years of our love, I have hesitated to commit that thought to paper). You would have been confused, and might have sought your sal volatile. Yet never, I swear, was there deeper fortitude than yours when, after marriage, afflictions came.

As for the ideas of James Oakshott and his like, I was, as you remember, a disciple of the Young England insurgents led by Lord Derby and the Dizzy of twenty years back. But we would have shied, like startled ponies, from a proposal to treat the struggling masses as our political equals.

The truth is that the first thirty years under good Queen Victoria cannot be resurrected. The manners and movements of this new era have annoyed many, and might have jarred on myself had I remained in the larger world. I cannot guess whither they will lead, but neither can I summon alarm. I see them as another sign of eternal vigour in the race. *Aria da capo:* repeat the melody—a younger generation is knocking at the door.

Good-night, my very dear. There will be no sleep if I continue longer. I picture you reading this while lying in the sun on Isola Bella; and so seeing you, I am content to be weary.

For ever your devoted,

JOHN.

END

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"Lordling"

(*Continued from page 39*)

with their glowing curtained windows. To him The Square was always a lovely friendly place, and he liked to picture the exquisite ladies of bygone days who had doubtless lived there. To-night he could almost see them with their powdered coiffures and panniered grace. Tall, gallant cavaliers, too, swords swinging at their sides, brave and debonair in rich attire. . . .

Through the windows of the Earl of Stretford's house shone waxen candles; a stately butler moved to and fro deftly laying a dinner table. It was easy to imagine some gallant of the reign of Queen Anne sitting at that table quaffing a last glass of Canary before starting out for an evening of dalliance.

WITH his mind full of linkmen and Sedan chairs the Y.M. turned into Charles Street and was ushered into the spacious drawing-room of Lady Rexeter, a wide room filled with the beauty of old paintings and silver that had been handed down from one Rexeter to another.

Mary swept graciously into the room at last, wrapped in ermine and looking more lovely than ever. She was wearing a white chiffon dress, simple and exquisite. Round her neck was a single rope of pearls, while a tiny glittering ornament lurked among the gleaming lights of her dark hair. She looked amazingly happy, with the confident radiance of a girl who goes to meet her lover, and his heart quickened as his glance swept over her.

"Well, Johnny, will I do?" A little resentful of his devouring eyes. . . .

"I should say you will."

"Come on then, let's beat it. We're awfully late."

As they drove away through Berkeley Square the Young Man told her of the beauty which he had conjured up from the past. "Can't you see Berkeley Square as it was, Mary, in the reign of Queen Anne . . . the ladies and their gallants? We should have been going to the play in Sedan chairs in those days with linkmen to light us on our way."

"Damned slow that would have been; even worse than these traffic blocks. What does this driver think he's doing? We'll miss half the first act. Anyway, I don't know where you get your comic historical ideas from, Johnny; are you tight or something?" So the Y.M. miserably changed the subject, and soon they drew up at the theatre door.

As they went to their seats, he was pleasantly conscious of the frankly admiring looks that followed Mary. His spirits rose; he liked to be seen with a pretty girl, and she seemed so happy to-night. He thought of her choosing that white dress . . . surely to please him. She must love him really; it was only that she was full of modern ideas, and had been taught to sneer at love by the rotten set she went about with. Yes, that was all. . . .

The show began. Judged by comparison with the average modern musical extravaganza, it was excellent. Good lyrics, smart book, and the music was tuneful enough. Mary enjoyed it, anyway.

The Y.M. was slightly bored. He had seen so many shows of this type and was rather glad when it finally came to an end.

"Where would you like to go now, Mary?" he asked as he helped her on with her cloak. "How about the Samarkand?"

"Oh, we always go there, Johnny. Let's go somewhere else. Dorchester House, perhaps."

Rather disconcerting, this; he had wanted to take her to the Samarkand, where he was known. Giovanni had said not so long ago, "I 'ave onlee to look for ze mos' beautiful ladee in ze restaurant to fin' your lordship sitteeng at 'er side."

So he pleaded with Mary, as he had pleaded before. "Giovanni told me that there's an awfully good cabaret on to-night. Do come just this once. If you don't like it, we can come away."

Giovanni this . . . Giovanni that . . . thought Mary irritably; "O.K. then, we'll go, but do you mind if I get home at about two o'clock? I've had a ghastly trying day to-day."

The Young Man assented with a sharp qualm of disappointment, his only consolation being the thought that Mary would think how understanding he was, how different from the ruck of callow youths she knew.

As their taxi stopped at the gates of the Samarkand, Jim, the doorman, sprang forward to assist them to alight with a cheery "Good evening, my lord; good evening, mam'zelle."

The Y.M. followed Mary into the restaurant. To-night it was unusually full, but Giovanni had never failed to save a table for a Title. With a smile the famous maître d'hôtel advanced to welcome them. "I 'ave a special table for your lordship; I theenk Mademoiselle will be delighted with the cabaret to-night!"

"Splendid, Giovanni. I'll wait here while you leave your things, Mary."

In a few minutes Mary had made herself more exquisite than ever and they were conducted to their table by an entranced Giovanni.

Miss Honiton looked radiant to-night, thought the Friend of Princes, just the kind of client he liked to see in his restaurant.

So far as the Y.M. was concerned, their entrance had been all that could be desired; he was pleasantly conscious of the looks of admiration which greeted his partner and particularly relished the covert approval of two waiters who should, of course, be above all human emotion when on duty.

Yes, so far, so good. The Samarkand had such style, the green and gold decor was so essentially Right and one met the Right People there.

Surrounded by Benito, second only to Giovanni himself, and attendant satellites, he began to order supper.

He loved to impress with his knowledge of food and wine.

The orchestra began to play a dreamy waltz; slowly the restaurant lights dimmed to a subdued autumn gold.

It had taken Giovanni weeks to discover the most suitable lighting for Madame and Mademoiselle. Nowadays, with late hours and their inevitable ravages on the complexion, the question of lighting was all important—hence the fairly-like chandeliers and table lamps.

"Would you like to dance, Mary?" asked the Young Man, and they walked together beautifully, for dancing was one of his gentlemanly accomplishments. Mary attracted further attention, looking what is loosely termed divine.

Certainly the Young Man thought so, and at the surrounding tables elderly colonels and hard-bitten squires smiled knowingly at their little actress friends or leather-faced wives, as the case might be, saying, "A damn lovely girl, my dear. By Gad! I wish I were in that young feller's shoes."

Sometimes the Young Man intercepted their remarks and was gratified; so the evening passed pleasantly enough. For him it held nearly everything in life. This Hotel Samarkand, resplendent in green and gold, with its smart and pseudo-smart gathering, its erotic orchestra and absurdly excessive charges.

Almost before he realised it, the time had come for them to go, and he was waiting for Mary to join him, cloaked and ready to be conducted gallantly home.

Giovanni, his swarthy face wreathed in smiles, bade them good-night, opening the door personally with an aplomb that no mere commissionaire could have hoped to attain.

"So early you go, my lord. I hope you 'ave spend a nize evening, my lord. Mademoiselle has nevaire looked more charmeeng, eef I may say so."

And outside, in Piccadilly, Jim the doorman prepared to hail a taxi and gather in his tip.

" Your taxi, my lord ! "

" Thank you, Jim, good-night," and half-a-crown changed hands.

" Very much obliged, my lord. Good-night, my lord."

BERKELEY Square stretched before them as they drove home and the bygone beauty of the place and his love for the cold, faultless creature at his side rioted through his mind.

Mary's head was nodding on her shoulder; almost timidly he touched her hand. Suddenly she sat up. " Good Lord, Johnny ! " she said. " There's ' Idare's ' over there. I ought to have gone to see about a new frock to-day. Damn it, I must ring up first thing to-morrow."

" Mary——"

" Well, here we are home again," and presently they were standing on the step, as she fumbled with the lock.

" Thanks for a very nice evening. Ring me up some time."

He felt suddenly and unaccountably nervous and stood looking miserably at her as she swung the door open.

" Oh, all right, Johnny, if you really want to kiss me, go do it, but for God's sake hurry up. It's cold standing here."

So he took her in his arms, gratefully, wonderingly, for always before she had repulsed him, and he kissed her lips with a strange reverence, hoping. . . .

And Mary, for she was only human, pecked his cheek with a little motherly sound and patted his hair ; then she stiffened and said : "All right, Johnny, that's enough of the Gaynor-Farrell stuff. Good-night. See you sometime," and was gone inside the green front door of the little house in Charles Street.

The Young Man stood for a few seconds with his confidence surging back, and then slowly walked towards The Square. He built castles in the air as he walked, sweeping them aside as they rose as being unworthy of Mary.

Some strange impulse prompted him to return to her house. He would wait quietly in the street until the light in her room had gone out. It would be good to stay there for a little in the stillness and to think of Mary falling asleep, happy in the knowledge of his love.

He turned into Charles Street once more. Before Mary's home a red eye, low down on the street, glowed at him evilly. He quickened his steps and saw a huge Hispano-Suiza drawn up at the door, with its engine gently throbbing. Mary's window was open, and she was leaning from it, still in her white dress.

Who could have come to see her at such a late hour ?

He drew back in the shadows and listened, oblivious to the thought that he was spying on the girl he loved, and obsessed with a horrible, growing suspicion.

Mary was speaking ; softly but clearly every word came to his ears.

" Peter, thank God you've come ! I had begun to think I was too late. I've been to the Samarkand with the Lordling and I simply couldn't get away before."

The man in the car made answer : " Angel, I knew you'd be pretty late ; you must have had a grim night. Couldn't you have got out of it anyhow ? "

" My dear, I told him again and again I didn't want to go, but he won't take no ! "

" He imagines he's in love with you, doesn't he, Mary ? "

" I believe so. A bad show at the Samarkand. The Lordling was simply surrounded by Giovanni and Co., all playing on his vanity for all they were worth."

" Sweetheart, it will be wonderful when you and I are away from all this. I love you more than ever."

" Dear Peter, just think ; we'll be on the Riviera to-morrow. We two among the flowers and sunshine. Oh, it seems too marvellous to be true ! "

In the darkness the Young Man shivered. He was deadly cold ; there was a cruel blinding pain in his head, (*Continued on page* 116)

Twenty-five is not TOO old!

● But it is half way to fifty! Twenty-five is not too young either to begin taking care of youth's most precious possessions . . . a good skin and a fine figure. The years fly away soon enough, and unless attention is paid to maintaining these priceless assets, the signs of age creep into the loveliest face and the figure gets alarmingly out of hand.

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and his heart thrashed in his body till he could have cried out in anguish.

Mary was speaking again.

"Peter, darling, there'll be no more need for pretence, will there? No more conventions and things like Johnny to put up with? In to-morrow's *Morning Post* you'll see 'Miss Honiton has left London for the Riviera, where she will be a guest at Lady Foyle's charming villa.' What do you think of that?" and she spread her hands with her neat dark head thrown up in an attitude of radiant triumph.

"Mary, you marvel! Did you fix it with Lady Foyle?"

"Certainly, she won't mind a little bit. Prince Paul Medrovoki is with her anyway. Wait there, I'll come down."

Down in the street the Y.M. saw the man take her in his arms and kiss her gallantly, possessively, confidently.

And Mary was murmuring to him: "Peter, my Peter, I love you, every bit of you. Barely twenty hours and you and I will be alone."

And the man called Peter whispered his love in her ear, then spoke eagerly:

"How long will it take you to get ready?"

"Only a few moments, dear. Go into the smoking room and mix yourself a drink. What time is it?"

Her lover glanced at his watch. "Just past three. We've got heaps of time to catch the Townsend ferry at Dover at seven."

"I'll hurry like the wind," said Mary.

Peter kissed her again until she laughingly freed herself and ran lightly indoors.

The Young Man saw Peter follow her and knew his cause was lost. Turning away blinded with hate and pain, he broke into a shambling, ludicrous run. If only he could be alone and escape these dreadful pains! Surely it was all a mad dream. Mary couldn't love this fellow—just a nightmare after supper with one of those harridans of the Night Hawk——

Peculiar thing, though, that his head was so painful and his heart seemed to be clasped with bands of pitiless white hot metal.

A policeman turned as he passed, looking back curiously. None of his business, he reflected, if a young toff cared to race about Berkeley Square so early in the morning, muttering. Seeing him slacken to a gasping walk, the constable turned and followed with mild interest. The Young Man wandered on. The Square seemed so deserted now. Gone were the lords and ladies, even the wraiths of the linkmen with their flaring torches had disappeared. The very trees looked gaunt and threatening and the old houses had lost their friendly look.

The Young Man's thoughts turned again to the Samarkand and he longed to return there for a while and rest.

Under the lamplight the road shone like black marble. It shone as he had seen the great thoroughfares of every European capital shining at this hour. Idly he recalled that the Place de la Concorde had seemed brightest of all.

Fascinated, he gazed at the dazzling reflection of the lamplight, and as he watched he seemed to see Mary's lovely mocking face as pictures form themselves in the red heart of a fire. Once again he heard her say: "Alright, Johnny, that's enough . . ."

With a snarl of fury he stepped forward off the pavement. By God, he'd grind her face into the roadway. Teach her to sneer at him. "Lordling" was he? Well, what was she?

"Watch out, sir! Behind you——"

The policeman's warning cry reached him a second too late. The Young Man felt a terrible crash on his side and went down. A bar of steel tore sickeningly across his face, leaving behind it a ghastly mutilated horror with staring eyes.

He uttered one frightful cry, feebly lifting his foot to crush the image he had seen, and then a well of blood, warm and thick, drowned the curses that sprang to his lips. With a frantic shudder of brakes the car drew to a standstill.

Behind it the Young Man lay sprawling in the roadway; a stain, black and ominous, under the lights, was dimming the polish which had lured him.

The driver of the car leapt out, running to meet the policeman, stammering in deadly fear: "Officer, it wasn't my fault, I never had a chance. He stepped clean in front of me."

"No, sir. Not your fault. Poor chap was actin' kind o' queer back in Charles Street. 'Fraid he's finished all right."

The constable bent over the poor sprawled heap, feeling the heart.

"Pretty near instantaneous" was his verdict.

From the doorway of the Samarkand, Jim had seen the accident and now joined the policeman and driver.

"Dead, isn't he, Albert?" he asked the policeman. They were old friends.

"Dead alright, Jim. I'd better run into your place and 'phone for the ambulance. Just stay here till I come back, and you, sir" (to the driver), "I'll have to ask you for a few particulars."

Jim glanced down at the body. In all his life he'd never seen anything quite like this happen outside the Samarkand. He wondered who it had been.

The constable was still telephoning and the driver was standing beside his car, his face buried in his arms. Gently Jim felt inside one of the pockets and withdrew a wallet. Possibly it might contain some card that would serve to identify the victim.

A few shillings, two pieces of paper, a visiting card. Jim took the wallet nearer to the headlights of the car and read: "Louis Arnstein, pawnbrokers, 11, Deer Street, W.1. Property of Lord Truro, 18, Walton Square, W.1. 1 pr. cuff links, gold watch, 1 gold pencil, four pounds fifteen shillings."

On the other piece of paper he read an expense account for an evening at the Samarkand, ending "Special tip for old Jim, 2/6."

Jim had fought throughout the Great War, but he had never felt grief such as this. His eyes clouded mistily. "Poor young gentleman! What an end! Always liked him. He was certainly very good to me."

And Jim took the two pieces of paper and tore them into a hundred fragments. Nobody would ever know now. He replaced the wallet in the Young Man's pocket.

Round the corner swept an ambulance, its bell clanging shrilly. The constable reappeared and assisted Jim to lay the body inside and close the cold, grey doors.

One of the attendants, his face expressionless, sprinkled some sawdust on the stain that marred the shining surface of the road, and that was all.

Jim, crying openly now, walked back to his post at the gate of the Samarkand.

"One of my young gentlemen, too," he told Albert, the policeman. "At the Hotel to-night he was, and dancing with such a pretty young lady. Poor young thing, what'll she do when she hears about this?"

END

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Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*
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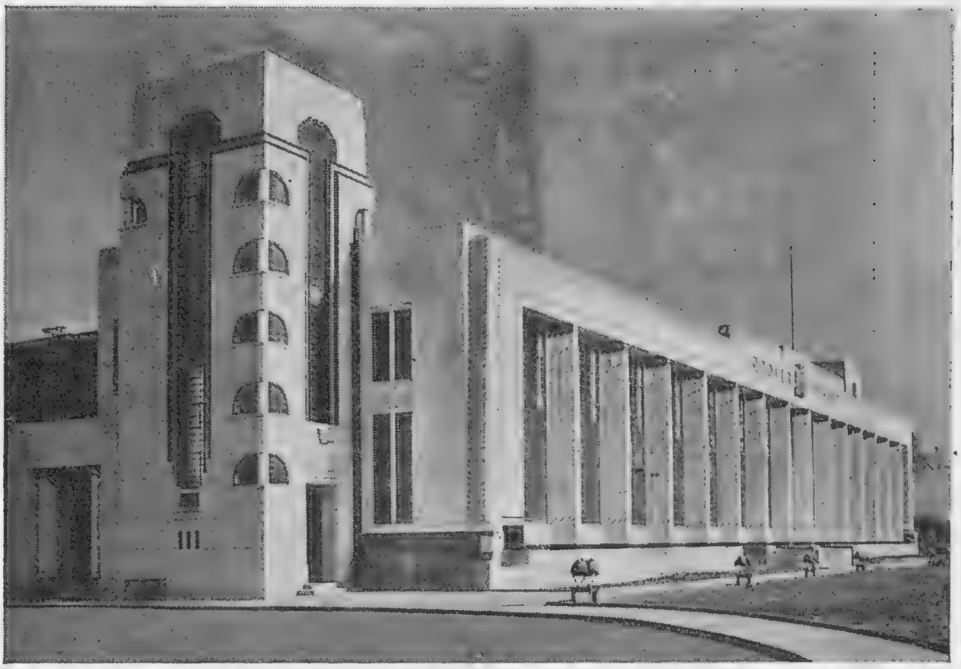
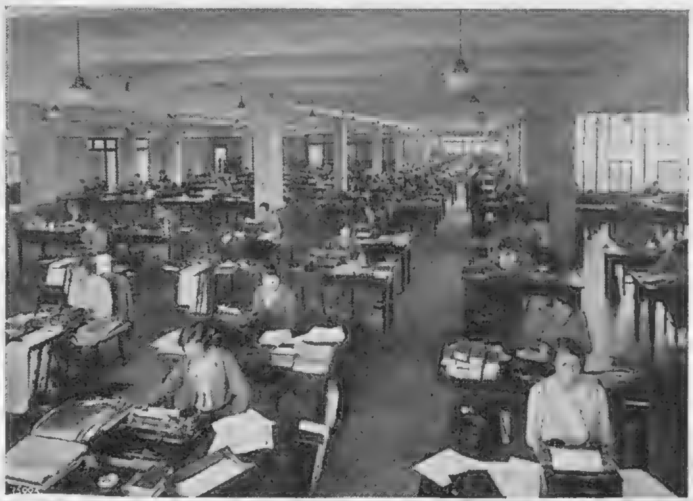


THE long white façade flanked by pylons is extremely effective against the background of green fields

A Dustless Factory for the Dustless House

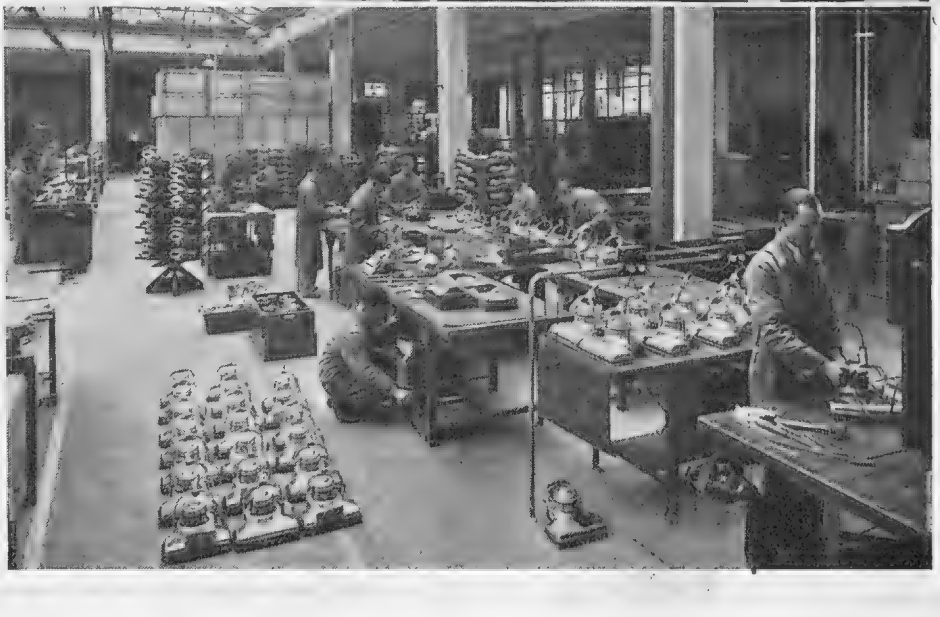
IN 1932, Hoover Limited took two decisions which are of paramount importance in the history of their development—and in the history of English commerce. They decided to erect in England their own manufacturing plant and to add this to the company's new headquarters which they were then completing at Perivale. These headquarters and the adjoining factory are as little like what one has been taught to expect from factories and business offices as possible; indeed their nearest corollary is that excellent French film of René Clair's called "A nous la liberté," and which showed what seemed to be an incredibly well-designed modern building, clean, airy and well-planned, but, one thought far too good to be true. Well, the new Hoover factory is astonishingly like the film director's ideal, or is it vice versa? and the clean, white pylons which flank the long building, built

THIS view of one of the chief typists' rooms shows the girls who deal with the correspondence of the Hoover Service Department



Below:

HERE is the assembling room where the various finished portions of the Hoover machine are fitted together



almost entirely of fluted white cement and glass, are more closely allied to the best architecture of the past than to the mediocre buildings which have recently defaced so many of our streets and arterial ways. This building, which is the work of Messrs. Wallis Gilbert and Partners, is a particularly good example of that hackneyed phrase which has come to be the touchstone of modern architecture, "suitability to function." Set among wide green fields with a well-planned garden in front of it and facing the calm unspoilt green of a golf course, its long, white façade of two storeys has been treated as a main elevation, the centre portion enclosed within a fluted cement frame and divided by fourteen pillars, the interstices being composed wholly of glass framed in green metal sashes. Within this clean and airy shell is a well-planned series of offices and factories which offer the many hundreds of employees ideal conditions under which to work. A fine hall and staircase with a particularly interesting metal ramp of modern design leads up to the directors' and secretaries' offices, where sound-deadening rubber floors minimise all noise. On the opposite page is a view taken looking down one large room in which the typists are congregated—a real film shot, this—light, well ventilated, well equipped. All the fitments which divide up the vast space of the offices are adaptable or removable and are made of metal; they look as permanent as the strongest stone, but can be taken down in a day. Every requirement of the individual employee is considered: an excellent restaurant forms the corner of one wing and is run on the most up-to-date cafetaria methods; outside, the playing fields include football grounds and tennis courts, and a sports club is run by the employees themselves.

Messrs. Wallis Gilbert and Partners have many excellent modern factories to their credit, but none which is a better example of modernity at its happiest than this new home of the Hoover machine—and how right it is that an invention which has as its aim the abolition of dirt and the lightening of the housewife's task should itself be a model of cleanliness, efficiency and beauty.

Books

(*Continued from page 77*)

straining after fine writing, it is full of wild strangeness and truth, of ugliness and pastoral beauty. The perusal of it is a definite, and a new, experience.

It is now time to make those few allusions (without which no literary page is complete) to stories dealing with the detection of crime. I find I am still capable of being surprised by the number of serious people—doctors, civil servants, leader writers, members of the Diplomatic Service, schoolmasters, and so on—who cheerfully confess that they never read anything "nowadays" but thrillers. (They always say "nowadays." They think, I suppose, that it suggests that they have just emerged from twenty years of concentrated study of Shakespeare, Karl Marx, Aristotle, Kant, Darwin, Mallarmé, Croce, Freud, Dante and Plotinus.) Well, if their momentary relaxation is not yet over, they might try *Corruption*, by Richard Curle (Constable, 7s. 6d.). This is distinctly a highbrow mystery—so highbrow that there is no mystery at all, the coming crime is clear from the beginning, and the author gets his effects out of psychological adventures. He has written an unusual story, with pleasant touches of physical horror and abnormality. If only he had an ear for dialogue, he would have produced a real book. Two lives are sacrificed in pandering to the detectives' love of finesse; but if none of the relatives object, why should we? *The Death Pack*, by Ray Sonin (Fenland Press, 7s. 6d.), is composed on a more conventional pattern, though its details are almost too original. It contains a large number of small but annoying mistakes. Yet it starts well, and might have been an exciting story if its author had not fallen into the common error of piling ingenuity on ingenuity until the whole edifice topples into absurdity.

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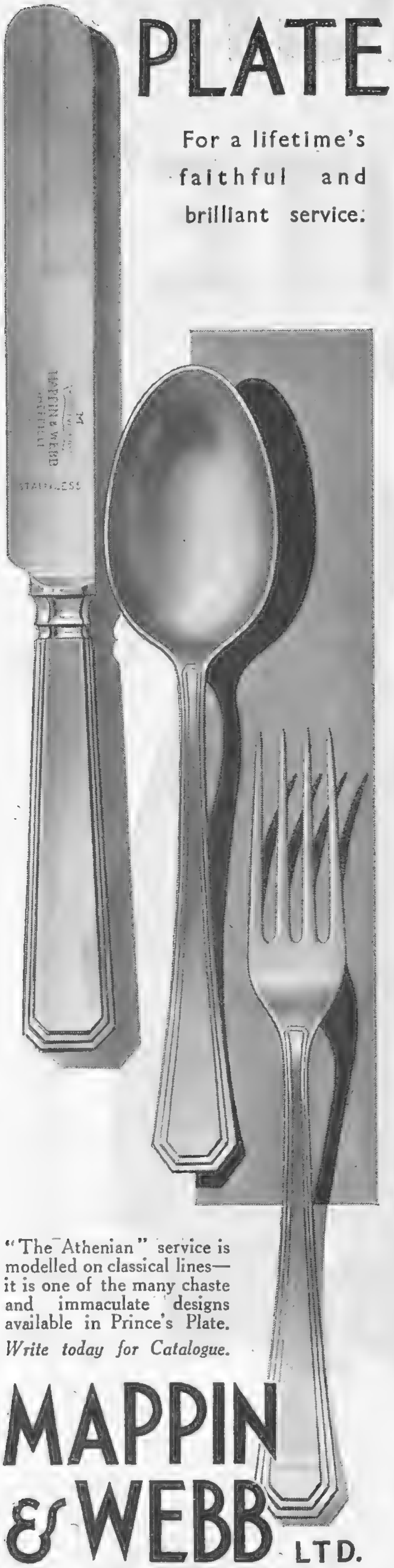

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Strange Chapters *in* History

No. 9. The Price *of* Tolerance

(*Continued from page* 45)

unlucky Mithridates. The conditions were either a crushing revenge with the complete extermination of Anileus's army, or the dissolution of their marriage.

He was not left a moment of peace by the fiery woman. Powerful bodies of soldiers were organised. Everyone of military age was recruited. Machines of war were constructed. Hundreds of thousands of darts were accumulated and stored for the great battle.

When everything was ready, Mithridates was seen again mounting his beautiful charger, glittering with its blazoned accoutrements, setting out at the head of his army on the new campaign, under the high, harsh glance of the woman who expected nothing but a definite victory.

THE news of the preparations reached Anileus, who had to bear the hail of reproach for having left Mithridates alive; but with his usual indefatigable energy he recruited soldiers, soldiers from anywhere, anyhow, and, instead of waiting, he decided to go and meet his enemy on his own ground where the spoil would be the richer.

In order to arrive in time, he forced his army to a march of ninety furlongs. The ground they were traversing was a sandy plain; not a blade of grass, not a tree to be seen, and not a drop of water to be had. Under a scorching sun, Anileus rode up and down the lines encouraging them, heartening them and rallying their spirits. Every time he looked at the tail of his marching men, he saw more and more dropping from the ranks from exhaustion.

The cry for "Rest," and "Stop," had started with a few isolated voices, but it soon spread to every throat. It was one chorus of lamentation. There was nothing to be done. The signal was given, and the column stopped. In a few minutes there was not a man on his feet.

It was just then, that a cloud of dust arose on the horizon, out of which a line of horses appeared. They grew bigger and bigger, galloping fearlessly. The alarm had found Anileus's men in a state of utter collapse, and the rapid commands of Anileus were not sufficient to reduce to order the indescribable confusion. Here and there some attempts were made to put the shields in line, but the irresolution of the majority disheartened the few.

BY this time the noise of thousands of hoofs beating the soft ground was chilling the spine of those who had not even the strength to flee. The words "They are on us" were repeated in a hundred different dialects. It was too late to do anything. The first line of horses overthrew anything standing. Every lance found its target. The shouts of the attacking warriors were the last sounds ever heard by thousands of Anileus's soldiers. A second line, then a third more merciless, more violent than its predecessors left it impossible to distinguish the living from the dead.

No one had noticed that a small group of horsemen, seeing everything lost, had left the bulk of the army to its miserable fate, and was making for a certain spot far away, where the thick vegetation might afford better shelter.

Anileus dismounted and helped his wife who had shown an astonishing fortitude. His indomitable nature already was suggesting to him ways and means for a future rehabilitation. The word went round that Anileus wanted more men, but this time his condition was such that he could not afford to be so particular as to whom he was recruiting: thieves, criminals, and every sort of adventurer rallied to him, independent of the fact that they were mostly unskilled in war. The prospect of looting was the only factor, and a gathering of the most horrible specimens of humanity was the only resource that he had.

With these he raided several villages of the Babylonians, killing, burning, and pillaging. So many barbarous acts were committed that the complete extermination of the brigand was the only way out. Many attempts were made to get him alive, but they never met with any practical results. The Jews refused to deliver him up, but expressed a desire for peace; and while messengers were going between them with a pretext of establishing peaceful relations the Babylonians decided on a surprise attack and the barbarians of Anileus were caught unawares. The reaction of so much suffering gave a diabolical strength to the avengers.

The order had been to kill them all, men, women and children. They believed that to spare anyone would constitute a menace to humanity.

THIS time Anileus did not run away. Attacked from every side, he fought like a lion, and, seeing that his men were falling like the corn under a scythe, his only idea was to preserve his own life in order to defend his beloved wife. But when he was able to reach her, spurred on by scores of blades, sheer loss of blood did not allow him to put up any defence and, as they had lived, they fell, even as both would have wished, together.

The next day during the burial of all those who had fallen, many gathered to see the burial of the chief. When the crowd had dispersed, one man remained thoughtfully leaning on his spade, murmuring to himself, "She was a real Parthian. She never betrayed our Gods. What a pity! I have never seen any woman so beautiful."

To-morrow's Servant

(*Continued from page* 80)

watching, day by day, the gradual unfolding of luxurious tropical blossoms. Moreover, if a sheet of transparent glass is included between the bay and the room, one could also have tropical butterflies and perhaps harmless lizards.

These are just a few of the ways in which electricity is now contributing to the interest of the modern home, but just consider the difference it makes to our daily comfort. Already we are accustomed to electric lighting and heating. We cook food, toast bread and boil water, conserve our food with electrical appliances, and we operate our radio-gramophones from the mains.

A tour of inspection of the G.E.C.'s showrooms in Kingsway will show a dozen other daily tasks of whose burden we are now relieved by our servant, electricity. By this aid we no longer hew wood or carry coals, but turn a switch: we no longer brush up dust in order that it may settle elsewhere, but manipulate a vacuum cleaner which sucks up dust and disposes of it in a cleanly manner. The G.E.C. Magnet vacuum cleaner is an excellent example of the labour-saving potentialities of electricity, for this is not only so easy to manipulate that it can be worked with one hand, but its standard attachments allow one to clean carpets, curtains, clothes, furniture and to polish the floors and dust the walls. It is indeed closely allied to the little fairies invented by our nurses in the hopes of enlisting our childish help in the performance of household duties!

Sarah Brook

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which is now open as a Beauty and Health Salon, and everything is there to make a woman beautiful.

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At this luxurious establishment, 4, PALACE GATE, you can have every kind of treatment. We have night creams and day creams. These different creams will give you an idea how we have studied the skin, also we train you in the use of these creams.

If you have a sallow complexion we can make it pink and white, like roses. If you have a double chin, we can tone up the muscles in such a marvellous manner to give the firmness and elasticity that all the muscles are put into a perfect condition and the skin is like a child's complexion.

If you pay a visit to Sarah Brook, 4, Palace Gate, we can show you how to use these preparations for night and day.

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All these powders cling to the skin in a remarkable manner.

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ALL COLOUR ROUGES, every one natural, perfect in day and perfect by night. Any colour you desire, we can supply.

LIPSTICKS, in every shade, 5/6.

Eye Lotion, very refreshing and strengthening, 4/6 and 10/6. We have every colour eye shadow including dark and light auburn, violet, night blue, dawn blue, periwinkle and sea green.

Also we use wax that will remove all hair without pain, in less than a quarter of a minute.

We shall be happy to give you free advice. All communications to be addressed as above.

I KNOW, IT'S
dreadful

but once Pyorrhœa gets a hold it's far better to have teeth out than let them undermine your health

What a price to pay for neglect! She's married, has two children, is under thirty; her figure is still graceful as a girl's. But she is all out of sorts and doesn't know why. Her gums bleed at a touch. The visit to her dentist has been put off too long, and now the X-ray says "Pyorrhœa"—three front and two back teeth must come out. Pyorrhœa takes years to gain a hold. In most of that time she could have used Forhan's for the Gums, could have checked the disease; begun soon enough she could have prevented it altogether. Get yourself a tube to-day! It is more than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhœa! At all chemists.

Forhan's
FOR THE gums

FORHAN'S LIMITED · ALDWYCH HOUSE · LONDON · W.C.2

International Leg-Theory

(*Continued from page 27*)

It is now the prize, not the play; the propaganda, the publicity, the prestige, the boodle, not the game. That is why leg-theory may remain. Look out into the wider realm, at any rate, and you will espy frequent resemblances to it—and by "international leg-theory" no reflection is implied, merely the harsh go-getting that has become the vogue. A heading from my morning paper:—

PLAYER HITS REFEREE
ROUGH ICE-HOCKEY

may be an extreme case yet did not the same thing happen at the Los Angeles Olympic Games when a Mexican belaboured the umpire after a water-polo match? And where to be found cooler elements than water and ice? In 1919 I saw ice-hockey at Vancouver and thought it beautiful under the arc lamp. I wrote for the *Daily Mail*, "The Fastest Game in the World," and said you would love it. Now you are getting it and prepare for "incidents." It *is* a fast game. Men collide at 30 m.p.h.

The other night at the Paris Palais des Sports a vast audience, knowing nought of the rules, accompanied the game to incessant booing because their team, also greenhorns, took knock after knock. When shall we comprehend that games are apt to be climatic, that 30 m.p.h. collisions are hardly for the son of Gaul?

That wise realist who sits in Rome knows this and has advised against rugby for Italians—not up their overheating street. Mention of which game switches one to the Anglo-French rugger split. There were two reasons for this, and you may enter one or both under "leg-theory." The crowds in Paris were just too much: the referee's whistle was the slenderest, most inaudible piping in the intensely race-conscious din which also had the effect of rousing the home team to brute force. "France never wins away—she shall at home!" By that overpowering atmospherical opposition to the visitors something could be done.

The official reason for the break was not this but obvious signs of professionalism. Now France is going steadily professional and not only in football.

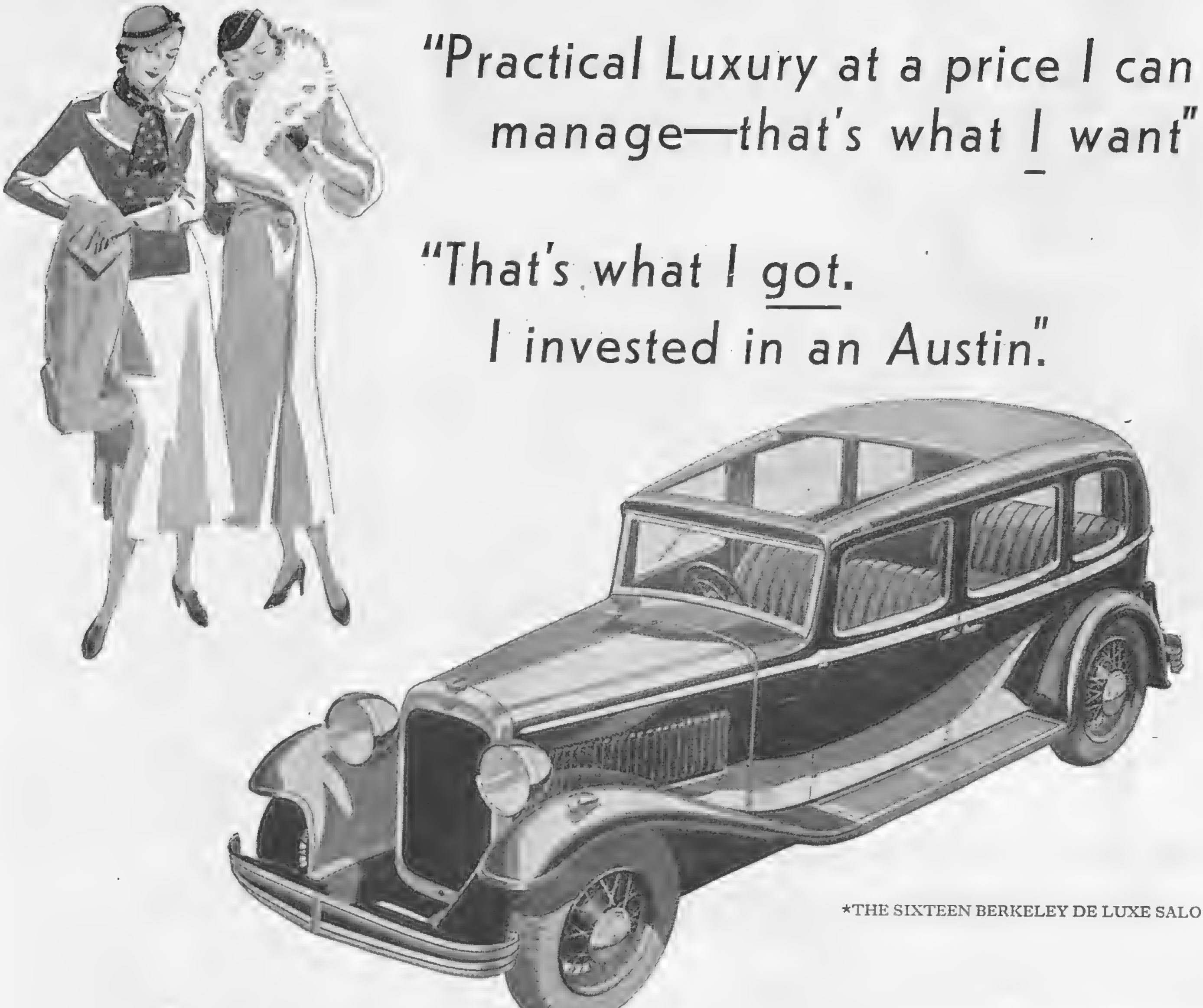
The papers were full last summer of *l'Affaire Ladoumégue*, in this regard. L. is the only champion runner France has got and he was caught out taking expenses for attending a Havre meeting and promptly barred from going to Los Angeles (amateurs only)—ahem. The papers, the radio, the sound reels, all rang in wrath. Why hadn't the official body kept quiet about it? What nonsense, too, all this amateur business. (Here ensued jeering references to other lands.) "Our only Los Angeles hope taken from us," bewailed the headlines, "we are betrayed!" To-day L. has a club and following of his own. He is a hero. He is probably better known to young France than Herriot. His doings are devoured: as are those of every ace in the realm divine. *Vélo, Cross, Boxe. Vive le sport!* Not to mention from across the Rhine, our strident friend: *Siegen!*

A SIMILAR case to L.'s was that of Nurmi. The fleet Finn was at Los Angeles—but as a special correspondent. His amateur status had been impugned and the champion of champions might not compete. This also led to a pretty little shindy. This "shamateur" business probably comes most to the fore in tennis; less so in golf. I date the parting of the ways in the former to the Lenglen-Wills prize fight at Cannes in February, 1926. I paid out 1,000 dollars in connection with that match on behalf of the *North American Newspaper Alliance*. I really saw nothing the slightest bit wrong in it at the time, but it had to be kept awfully hush-hush. Anyhow,

(*Continued on page 124*)

"Practical Luxury at a price I can manage—that's what I want"

"That's what I got. I invested in an Austin."



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"But comfort's not everything."

"I know, but what I've saved on repairs—low cost of upkeep, you know—makes her even more of an investment, Ted says. Ted's the expert on thermostats and thingummies. But I'm the connoisseur of comfort."

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Causton

that's past; you have now your tennis of to-day to contemplate for "leg-theory."

Who pays for Davis Cup wanderings round the earth—that competition whose end is as difficult to find as that of the Cromwell Road? Now it is X. and Y. in Japan, now Z. and W. in New Zealand. Propaganda! Tennis? Who the deuce cares for that? This Davis Cup has got to be *won*. Shall anyone who saw it ever forget the frenzied Borotra beating of the American last year? Borotra is a dear. I'm sure he'll be the first to admit that that wasn't tennis, but he the martyr, and Romans mad for him. Also linesmen.

Tennis so intense
Is worth a *lot* of pence.

So are Centre Court girls. If we are duly told their favourite make-up, novelist, views on marriage, indoor sport. And now Golfing Girls are beginning to challenge their sisters of the bare leg: behold the pure Americans "probing" into Diana's source of wherewithal; and Miss Wethered, at home, being queried for entering a London store. *Of course* amateurism is dying. It won't matter soon if you stand at the counter or the tee. We are onwards most rapidly to a highly specialised world of sport on the plan American (they are grasping the tennis) highly commercialised too.

It is all going to be a fearfully serious business, one's life, and personal striving is not going to be hedged in by the niceties. Leg-theory. Boodle apart, to lose a record soon will be akin to suffering a diplomatic set-back. Soon we may see whole nations disputing over the rules, and international tension occurring, and eventually, no doubt, a Sports Section of the League of Nations emerging to adjudicate, calm. Think of the cases that might be brought before such a tribunal.

Supposing somebody made one of the Austrian Wunderteam tight on the eve of a critical match—supposing Austria lost to Yugoslavia as a result. To Belgrade! Can't you see the 60,000 Viennese fans, dizzy adorers of their artist-athletes, stampeding with Fascist rage? And frontier demonstrations? This Wunderteam is all Vienna; hurt it, and you wound as deeply as attacking an Austrian army corps.

In passing I like to think of its origin: gay-making Britons by the Danube.

Up to two years ago we sent crack football teams abroad and when they got beaten, why, what did that matter? Celebrating overnight? Well, why not, the poor lads were just on holiday after the season! So it was once in Vienna. And so it also came about that a wily Austrian said to himself, "quite apart from the celebrating these international teams only play together three or four times in a season. They don't know each other's play, methods. Now if I were to collect a team together and keep them always together so that they got to know each other's every nervous twitching across the field, if I were to collect such a team and train it minutely, scientifically, and at the same time be ruthless over personal behaviour likely to lessen fitness, I do believe I could conquer the earth! But it would have to be all a very serious business."

Herr Hugo Meisl is currently engaged in realising his dream with his troupe of ballet-boys, of artists of toe, heel, and head, and already he is being grimly copied. Yet this may be an influence for the good—artistry. If only the Austrians' progress did not promote such quivering hope, and corresponding dismay! In Paris, when the Wunderteam scored three goals in seven minutes—after the barging French had held them for sixty minutes—the silence of gaunt anguish greeted those goals. The vast Parisian crowd was just stunned.

So runs major sport nowadays. A thing to stun. And also, alas! by its very earnestness, a thing to cause incident after incident as international leg-theory is played out. Here are two more:—

The last time the Shamrock crossed the Atlantic she found herself up against what was termed a robot yacht. Was this yacht-racing? asked the visitors. Sitting on deck and controlling machinery that controlled most other things from topsail to rudder. Take your medicine, responded the robot victors. You used to be sportsmen once.

THE last time Kaye Don went over after the Harmsworth Trophy, what did Gar Wood do? Anyway, he said it was quite in order and he was the winner. Mr. Wood is known, even in his own country, as the slimmest guy. Was he being just a trifle too slim on Lake Michigan? Mayhap. He certainly froze the challenger into silence. Mr. Don would say nothing one way or the other. And, in the result, a certain strained atmosphere was manifest.

A measure of segregation in national games and sport is one of the few hopes of avoiding trouble in the future. Just imagine if we played baseball or American football (did I call it football? I once sat beside Clemenceau in Yale Bowl and the old blighter turned at one stage of appalling slaughter and observed, "Nero would have loved this"). Just imagine if the Bolshies boxed or played rugger. What a mercy! Yet will it be always so? With all Europe muscling up in a myriad of stadiums? At present Moscow scorns bourgeois sport . . . but I have a sinking feeling.

Thank heaven the French don't play cricket, anyway.

Next I have a note of all-in wrestling. You may have seen it on the films. This, the complete limit in human brutality, is making much headway on the Continent.

What a relief it is to turn to games where something of the old chivalry survives. Darts. Bowls. Squash. Chess—too far apart to fight, the champions, sometimes 10,000 miles. On the other hand, Contract Bridge appears to be developing certain tendencies *à la mode*. But, seriously, there are sports that have as yet escaped the tarnish of the 'thirties. Anything to do with winter sports, for example. These appear to remain as pure as the tip of the Matterhorn. And rowing is on the right side yet though in various capitals hordes of young men and women are getting ominously keen about it.

Polo has not yet led to blows.

Sporting rivalry in the air is a case of yes and no. Yes, because there is honest inter-admiration between the flyers; no, because the nations take things so greatly to heart. The bellicose Schneider Trophy was a case in point. Here we run up against the unrelenting fact that international sporting endeavour has outgrown its breeks. Some day in the question mark new world it may fit into them again. Some day it may prove an inestimable boon in the Leisure State. Some day the Wellsian vision of everyone co-operating joyously and applauding each other's victories may come true. Some day international encounter may even take the place of war, on the Roman gladiatorial principle. But for the sad and messy present intense, crazily-hung-upon sport has simply become one further spot of bother. The fallacy that it promotes good feeling has, of course, been derided into the grave. In its new manifestation, fanned by currency and publicity and ruled by prestige and propaganda hunting, it does the exact opposite. All too frequently the beaten side or person returns home complaining and then ensues percolating refrain decrying this and that country. Or, if it isn't that, it is sheer anguish. I shall never forget a throng at Udine listening to Italy being thrashed by the Wunderteam in Vienna. The expression on those faces.

What applies to the air is also much in line touching motor-road racing. I think of the silence in which English victors won the Le Mans Circuit. Next to nobody will take a beating in good part any longer.

Siegen! But you only—nobody else. And increasingly, any old how within the law—just.

I have only to add that the next Olympic Games are in Berlin and that Japan arrived h me from the last in a warship.

END.

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Inspect it when it stops. Note the ease with which you can enter, the roominess of the body, the comfort of the seats. Wonder with others how such generous head room is possible with such a low overall height. Sit behind the wheel and enjoy its exceptional performance. Marvel at its safety, remembering it has been designed and built by those who have produced cars to beat all others at Ulster, Brooklands, Germany, Australia, in fact, almost everywhere contests of speed, endurance and reliability have taken place.

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A new de Luxe suit by Jantzen is shown for the first time this year. Made of the miraculous two-way stretch yarn, a bit higher in price but well worth it. They are called "Molded-fit."

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A School for Girls

HIGH up on the gravel hills of Kent, in a delightfully wooded park of over a hundred acres stands a fine Georgian mansion which was taken over twenty-five years ago by the Tudor Hall School for Girls, founded at Forest Hill in 1850 by the Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Todd.

Health being the most important point to consider about the education of one's children, it is interesting to know that this school has always been singularly free from illness, partly because of the salubrious air and healthy surroundings, and partly because the Principal, Mrs. Kelleher, with the help of the Matron, who is a fully-trained hospital nurse of wide experience, pays special attention to the health of each girl. Students with weak backs or round shoulders, who stoop or poke their heads forward, are likely to receive much help from the resident gymnastic mistress who gives remedial exercises. The importance of fresh air, early hours and good food is fully recognised. The Principal, herself, directly supervises the catering.

Essentially modern, though with a sound tradition behind it, this school aims at combining the most thorough education with the closest attention to individual health and physical training. The education given is arranged to awake interest in study for its own sake, and the regular school course is designed to shape the character of the students, to prepare them for future life, and to cultivate their natural gifts, rather than to "cram" them up for any particular examination. To this end therefore, the girls are taught cookery and dressmaking, besides the usual subjects. Especially worthy of note are the lectures on general history and literature in French and English. The English lectures are given by a University Extension lecturer. The French lectures, carefully revised and explained afterwards by the resident French teachers, enable the girls to obtain not only a theoretical but also a practical knowledge of the language. Wide interests are encouraged and the pupils are taken to see plays of outstanding merit as well as London museums, picture galleries and contemporary exhibitions. Music is taught by one of the first professors in London and students are given opportunities of learning the appreciation of good music by attending the best London concerts.

Tennis coaching is undertaken by a professional specially recommended by the Lawn Tennis Association. There are facilities for riding on Chislehurst Common. The grounds include wide stretches of lawn, nine tennis courts, hard and grass, and a large playing field for lacrosse and netball. An outdoor life is encouraged, and in the summer the girls have classes, drilling and preparation, as well as tea, in the garden whenever possible.

Although completely in the country, the school is only half an hour's train journey from Charing Cross, which makes visiting easy for parents.

Fees are in all cases as moderate as is compatible with efficient individual teaching and a thoroughly well-appointed household. Another point of interest to parents who live abroad or who travel a great deal is that entire charge is undertaken of girls who have no permanent home in England.

Linen for the Bride

(*Continued from page* 81)

flat, and that pillow cases, etc., can be interchanged with the twin beds if necessary.

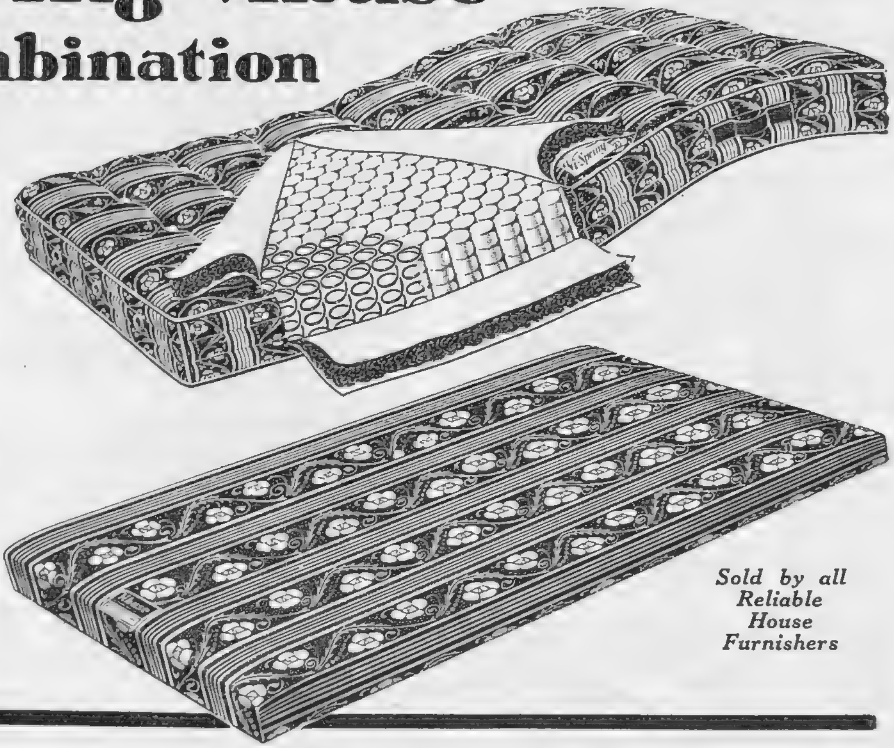
Night spreads, if liked, can either be bought at the sales, or made up at home from bolton sheeting or the new striped Indian cotton. "Toile de Basque" makes interesting night mats, too, and wears and washes excellently.

Good linen, but of quite different quality of course, is bought for the maid's room. There are good cotton pillow slips, etc., on the market at about a shilling each, and sheets of the flanelette type that some maids seem to prefer to

(*Continued on page* 128)

BED EQUIPMENT THAT ENSURES LUXURIOUS REST

The 'Vi-Spring-Vibase' Combination



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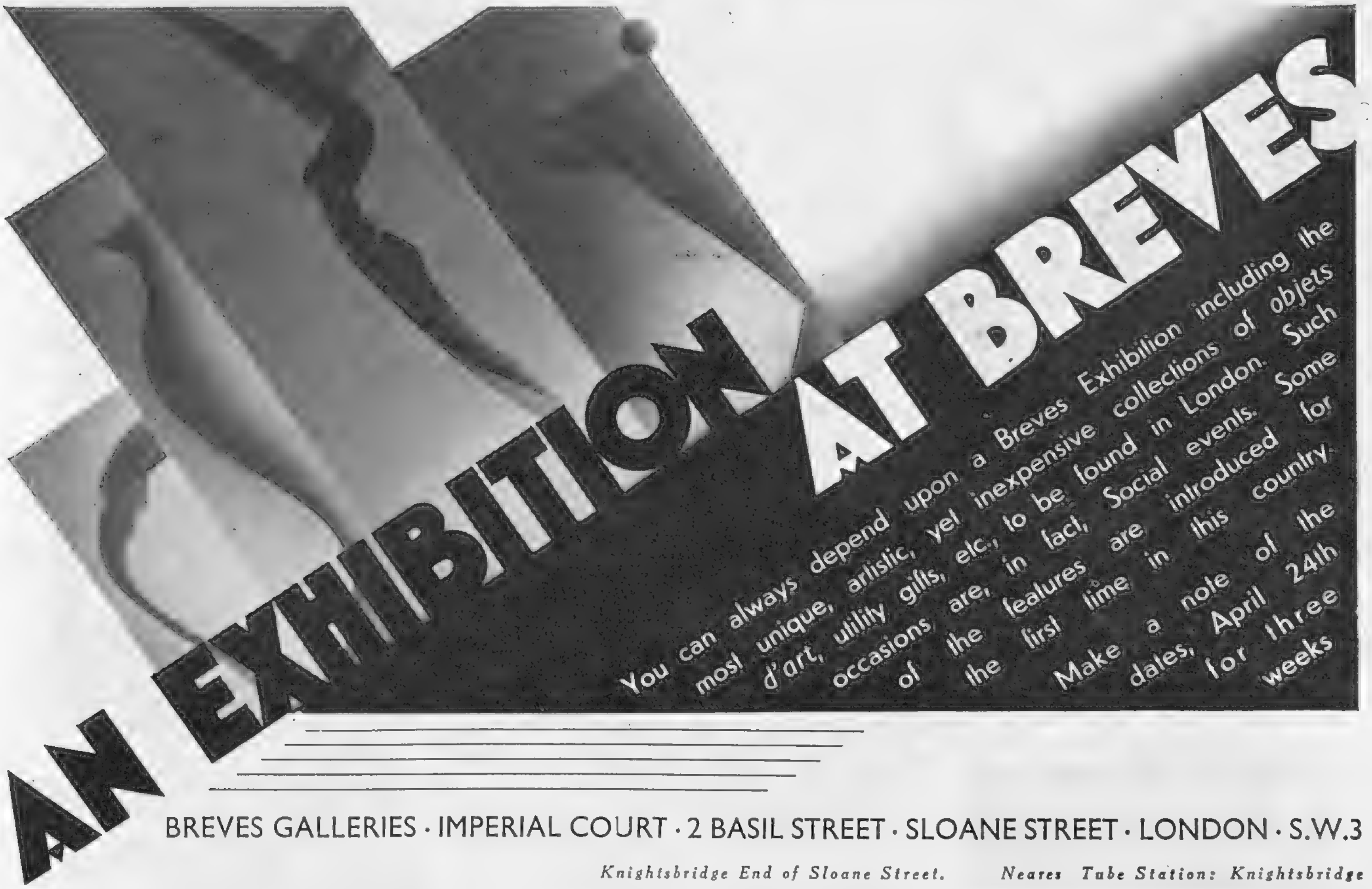

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Linen for the Bride

cotton. One pair of blankets and two sets of bed linen are ample for a maid's room. A great deal can be done by choosing a pretty coloured bed mat and quilt, and making sure that the girl's room is pretty and well equipped.

Buying linen for the dining-room is really an easy business nowadays. Instead of great-grandmother's enormous damask cloths we have neat sets of linen or lace mats, which are both cheap and easy to launder. A table set for two uses only half a set of mats, and if they are used three days in succession that means only one set per week . . . an economy in labour and laundering that is one of the blessings of the age. Cloths are used at breakfast time and for afternoon tea only, and they, too, are easy to launder at home.

For the Dining-room

3 unbleached linen breakfast cloths with 4 napkins each.
4 afternoon tea cloths.
3 tray or tea wagon cloths.
2 sets coloured or natural linen lunch mats.
2 sets lace or lace-trimmed dinner mats.
1 set afternoon tea napkins.
1 dozen plain linen dinner napkins.

Coloured rubber under-mats are not exactly "linen," but a wise bride will buy them to match the general scheme of her dining-room and save the table surface, too.

For the kitchen table two brightly striped breakfast cloths will serve excellently. They are very cheap and, made in heavy linen, wear splendidly.

I do not think one dozen average sized bath towels is too much for two people and any guests they may have. Six linen face towels and perhaps three small guest towels should complete the list and serve well for several years of hard wear and laundering.

The kitchen list of linen is not an easy one to compile, as methods of housekeeping vary and it is often a wise policy to allow the maid to choose her types of dish towels and dusters. This is a basic list, however.

For the Kitchen

8 linen kitchen cloths.
4 glass cloths.
2 small kitchen hand-towels.
2 scullery roller towels.
4 oven cloths.
6 soft yellow dusters.
6 cotton rag dusters.
Washing cloths, chamois leathers, etc.
Ironing sheet and pad.

Of course in the kitchen, like the rest of the house, the linen is not bought to last for twenty years. Very possibly it will require renewing before three years have passed, but modern linen, like modern clothes and furnishings, have an unhappy knack of moving in fashions.

Under Royal Patronage

(*Continued from page 25*)

on your fingers, Nikki; there is always a way out of every difficulty," but her tone bubbled with laughter.

Happiness pervaded the "Couronne D'Or," upstairs and downstairs. Uncle Jacques, misled by Rosa as to Nikki's financial position, had given his blessing.

This Feodor was not the shrewd practical fellow he would have chosen for Rosa, but husbands were hard to find. They did not grow on every bush. So he permitted the *fiançailles*.

The news trickled round the restaurant that Miss Rosa and the lantern-jawed young foreigner with the fine eyes and the excellent figure were betrothed, and that the renamed "Poulet D'Or" was to open under their management at a gala night arranged in honour of the occasion for the following Monday.

It was natural for Rosa to be happy; it was strange that Nikolas should be.

Happy, and half in love, perhaps three-quarters in love.

When Rosa sat beside him on the sofa covered with faded Utrecht velvet in the

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To all the women who read "Britannia and Eve"

This is rather too public a place for discussion of the subject of sanitary protection. But *comfort* in this connection has such a fundamental bearing on health, and *freedom* (or the lack of it) is such an important factor in success, that we should like to be permitted to send you *Two Books* which ventilate several hitherto closed aspects of this intimate question.

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Book 2.—GROWING-UP—is for little girls of 10 or 12—to prepare them simply and helpfully for the approach of womanhood; and mothers and guardians should specially ask for it and pass it on.

Write your name and address on a postcard and address it to Miss Dorothy Downing (Dept. S2), Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5. The Booklets will be sent to you by return—free, of course, and under plain cover.

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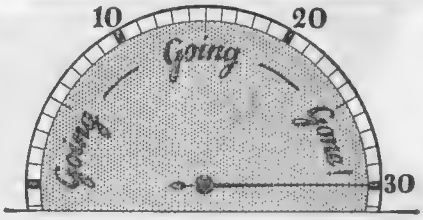

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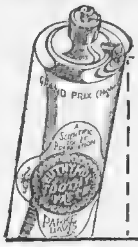

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little sitting-room, his arm drawn round her by Rosa herself, she began to gain ground with him, to curl and nestle in his heart as she nestled in his arms. She had the charm of her mixed race.

She was fascinating and she was true. She had the strength of England and the enchantments of France.

With her one could forget, and he wanted to forget, more than he wanted anything else on earth.

The difficulty was that kings are not easily forgotten by other people—Stefan Grotz, for instance, sitting in a dim corner of the restaurant that evening, and watching the young waiter who worked with Franz, had not forgotten.

How could he, since he had worked in the palace at Eslavia, before coming to the Legation?

When Franz brought him his beer and leaned over him, Stefen nodded.

" It is he. They are looking for him in Slavonia. They will find him—quickly or slowly. I shall help them to find him quickly."

" And then——? " asked Franz, looking doubtfully across the room at Rosa.

" Then it will be history," said Stefan, as he got up and slipped from the room.

Franz's heart beat with hope, or fear, or agitation, he did not know which.

But one thing he knew. Rosa must be warned.

It was difficult. Those two were never apart in the daytime. Then the chance came, next day.

Nikolas was kind to the old man upstairs. For one hour every evening he conversed with him, or read him the paper, or listened to his fruity reminiscences. The cross old man felt the charm of that strange gentleness of Nikki's. Rosa might do worse, he decided.

It was during this hour, when most people had tea, and Uncle Jacques sipped his fragrant coffee, that Franz found Rosa casting a careful eye round the kitchen, and asked for a private interview with her. Smiling, she led him into the back sitting-room.

" Come on now," she said. " Tell me your grievance and I will put it right for you. There is always a way out of everything, Franz—one has only to find it."

He shook his head.

" No, Miss Rosa, not always. Pardon my asking, but does Monsieur Feodor know what passes in his country ? "

Rosa was pleased that he spoke so respectfully of Nikki. It was time his position should be recognised.

" He knows they are always fighting," she said. " He is well out of it."

" He can never be out of it, Miss Rosa. He is too highly placed."

" Nikki highly placed ! You talk nonsense, Franz. To me, he is of course a king among men——"

She stopped, scared by the expression on Franz's face. He seized her wrist.

" You have said it, Miss Rosa ! He has deceived you. Among men he *is* a king."

Rosa went to the cupboard where she kept some old brandy under lock and key and poured him out a small glass of the spirit, neat.

" Compose yourself, Franz—and drink this. Kings do not become waiters at the " Couronne D'Or." There is only one King in England, and he is in his palace at Westminster."

Franz drank the brandy.

" And the King of Slavonia is here," he said. " Ask him, Miss Rosa; see if he can deny it."

Like a flash Rosa ran up the stairs, and tapped at her uncle's door.

" Will you spare Nikki a moment, mon oncle ? I need him downstairs."

The old man nodded. He was growing sleepy. Nikolas tip-toed from the room. On the landing Rosa clutched him.

" Franz has gone mad," she gasped. " He says you are a king."

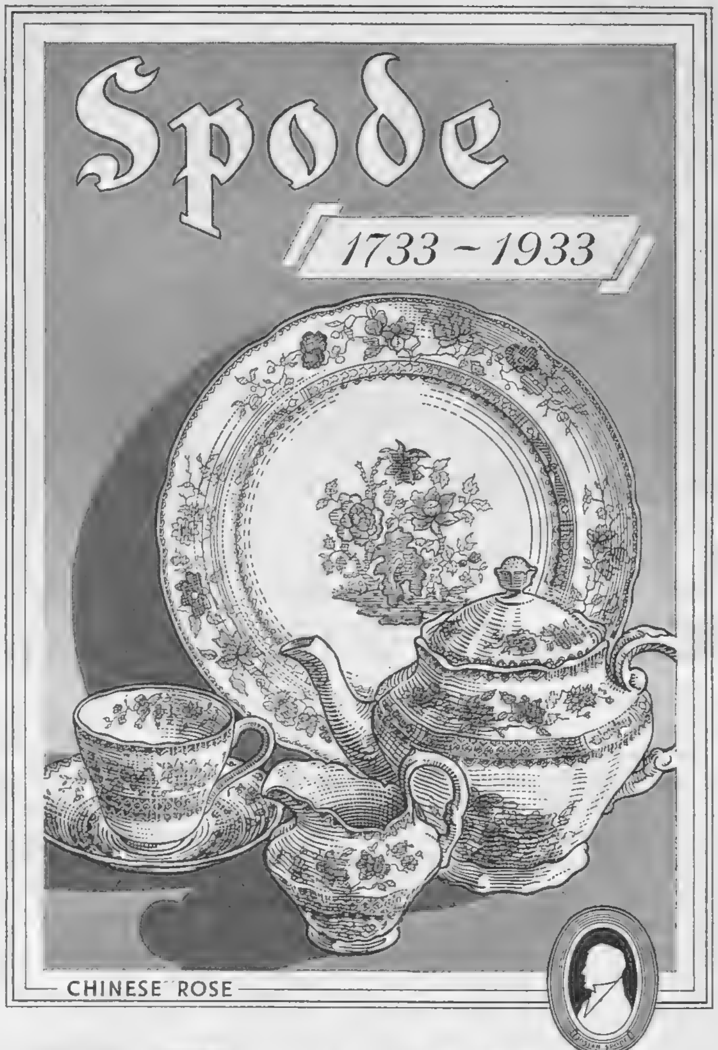
Suddenly she felt a hand over her mouth.

" Be quiet," he said sternly.

She struggled to free herself.

" But——"

(*Continued on page* 130)



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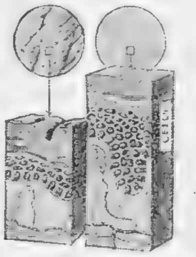
Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active-tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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Victoria Street, E.C.4.

"Be silent, I tell you!"

He felt her go limp in his arms.

"It is true then?"

The King nodded.

"Come in here."

She drew him into her empty bedroom. They must be quite alone.

"Rosa," he said, looking round the clean, bare little room, "I told you I was a man under a cloud. The cloud was Slavonia."

He felt suddenly weak as he said the words. He sat down on the small iron bedstead.

Then he talked to Rosa, of strange terrible things—things she only half understood. Of plots and counterplots, of friends suddenly turned foes, of a king hunted and driven like a wild beast until at last he crossed the frontier into safety, disguised as his minister's valet.

Now and then his face grew convulsed, his heavy-lidded eyes glittered strangely; he clenched his fist.

He was talking to Rosa, yet he seemed to have forgotten all about her.

Rosa knelt in front of him, her head on his knee. Seeing her so still and silent, Nikolas dropped his hand on her head.

"Do not grieve, Rosa, I am here beside you. I shall never see Slavonia again."

She lifted her eyes, streaming with tears.

"All the same, you are a king, Nikki. How can I forget that?"

"You must forget it," he said. "It is our secret, yours and mine."

"But Franz knows—he told me."

"He must be silent, too. Can you trust him?"

"Yes, he will do what I say."

He looked round the little room and smiled tenderly.

"So this is your room, Rosa? I am glad I have seen it once."

"Yes, Nikki, I sleep here—and dream of you."

She looked up. He bent down.

It was a lover's kiss he gave her then.

For a moment the King of Slavonia was very happy. Then they went downstairs, hand in hand.

FRANZ promised, trembling, to be secret. So might a man who has fired a bullet promise not to shoot. He did not know what was happening, but he could guess that Stefan was at work, that secret messages were flashing across the wires to the city of Eslavia, that the name of Nikolas was being used as a tocsin to rally the monarchists.

He knew this because Stefan had told him that so it would be, but his mind could penetrate no further.

It was difficult to treat Nikolas Feodor as a waiter. He had to watch himself, so that he should not be too respectful. Once or twice he flattened himself against the passage wall to let the other pass and caught a sharp look of reprimand.

"What's that for?" he demanded.

"Nothing, your—nothing, Feodor," he stammered.

"Don't try to act the courtier, Franz, it doesn't suit you."

Only Rosa was unchanged.

She had forgotten that Nikki was a king, or only remembered it now and then. She was thinking of the opening night, and of how they would celebrate it.

They would have streamers to throw, and coloured balls; balloons to bang with a loud report. Perhaps they would dance. . . .

"Can you dance, Nikki?" she inquired.

"I will watch you, Rosa. I do not dance your dances."

So she decided against it.

On that night the "Couronne D'Or" was *en fête*.

A special supper was carried up to Uncle Jacques, and some good red wine, and a crony or two went up to visit him, while downstairs Rosa and Nikki were the moving spirits of the revels.

They worked, it is true, but the work was a pleasure, and they toasted each other when no one was looking.

Nikki was almost (*Continued on page 132*)

★

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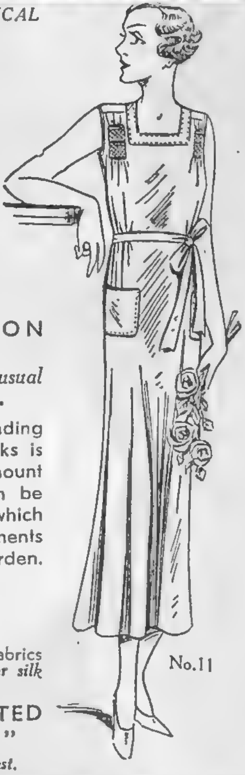

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as feverishly gay as Rosa, and drank more than usual.

When Count Yfeld and the Duke of Zeranga, who had flown across Europe to find this particular place, came quietly into the crowded room they saw their King leaning on the edge of the bar counter, wearing the apron of a waiter, twisting a streamer in his hands and laughing with one or two of the patrons.

They stood by the door, bareheaded, holding their hats, and talking quietly.

"A good disguise," said the Count, in a low voice.

"The best of all," said Zarenga. "To be oneself in impossible surroundings."

"How do we approach him ?" asked the Count. "One must use precautions, but there is not much time. How long can we give him ?"

"A couple of hours."

"Here, this good fellow will help us."

The Duke thrust a card into Franz's hand as he passed.

"Will you take this to that gentleman ?"

Franz nodded, frightened.

So it had come at last. Quietly as these men stood, they were different from the usual clients. They had come for a purpose. He took the card to Nikolas, who read it in silence, every drop of colour draining from his face. He stared across the room. Then his eyes focused on the two men. He turned to Franz.

"Bring these two gentlemen quietly into the back room, there's a good fellow, and see that I am not disturbed."

In the back room they found him. But they also found Rosa.

"This young lady is in my confidence," said the King.

Rosa watched them, as one after the other they knelt and kissed his hand.

Then one, she did not know who, began to talk in Nikki's language, of which she did not understand a single word.

Yet it was not difficult to see that the speaker was agitated, urgent. He pointed to Nikki, to himself, then waved his hand with a large gesture.

Then Nikki spoke.

There was a dark look of refusal upon his face, a look, too, of fear and dismay.

Rosa's heart swelled.

Poor Nikki, he was in doubt, in difficulty. He had refused, but he looked disturbed, uncertain. If only she could understand what they were saying, she could help him. There was always a way out of every difficulty.

Now the older man was talking. He was more quiet, more reasonable, but Nikki still refused.

He even included Rosa in his refusal, brought her somehow into the argument. Now she felt she might step forward and slip her hand through Nikki's arm. She looked at the two men and smiled.

"English, please," she said. "No ? Then French."

One of them answered her in French.

"Can you help us, Mademoiselle ? The country has declared in favour of His Majesty, but the Republic is still nominally in power. It needs the King's presence, and he refuses to come. He prefers to be a waiter in your restaurant. That, Mademoiselle, is the situation."

Rosa nodded. Then she said :

"You will leave us alone, please. Franz will serve you with some coffee."

The door closed behind them. Nikki stood with his back to it, and opened his arms.

"Rosa, I've told them I will not go."

"Explain to me, Nikki. Could I not come with you ? I would help you, I would get to understand your people, they would get to love me. They might make me their Queen. Why not ? I should be a very good Queen, Nikki. I should understand their troubles, their poverty. I should be one of them, a Queen of the people. Tiens, c'est une bonne idée."

"No, Rosa. That could not be. They are hundreds of

(Continued on page 133)

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years behind the times. It would be good-bye. Think of yourself, Rosa; you would never see me again."

"No, no, my little Nikki, I must think of you . . . only of you. You cannot send them back and let them say, 'The King will not come, he prefers to be a waiter.' You will call them in and you will say, 'Here is your King, and the King of Slavonia.' That is what you will say, my little Nikki!"

They stared at each other.

Nikki moved his hand slowly. He untied the string of his apron, rolled it up, and threw it into a corner of the room.

"In one moment you will call them," he said, "one moment out of a lifetime."

They were locked in each other's arms. The seconds spun by. His eyes were closed, his lips were on hers . . . . the minutes elapsed.

Franz was outside the door.

He fetched the two noblemen. Rosa closed the door after the retreating figure of Franz.

"The King will come," she said.

Franz brought his coat and hat. The two men bent in turn above Rosa's hand. In front of them she made a stiff awkward little curtsey to the King.

Nikolas inclined his head, walked quickly through the restaurant and into the car waiting for him.

Franz looked at Rosa's face, then at the cupboard.

"The brandy, Miss Rosa?" he said, anxiously.

"No, thank you, Franz. Lock the doors carefully, and shut up for the night."

When he had gone, she sat down at the table, and laid her head on it, between her outspread arms.

For Rosa, this time, there was no way out.

THE State visit of the King and Queen of Slavonia to England had terminated. Their Majesties were leaving London the next day, which city, as the King mentioned in a letter of thanks to the Lord Mayor, who had given a banquet in his honour, he had not seen for four years.

He was indeed thankful for the welcome extended to him, as representative of the kingdom now struggling towards an era of peace and prosperity.

The Queen's last afternoon was to be spent with a former lady-in-waiting, now domiciled in England. She had forgotten to enquire the King's movements, which, as it happened, was convenient.

His Majesty summoned his aide-de-camp.

"Consult the telephone book, Gregor," he said, "and find the number of a restaurant which used to be called the Couronne D'Or, in Athens Street, and was kept by a Monsieur Broget."

"I will make all enquiries, your Majesty."

In a few minutes he returned.

"The Couronne D'Or still exists, Sir. It is now owned by Franz Weber, who married the niece of the late Monsieur Broget."

"Ah," said the King thoughtfully.

For a moment he appeared remote, almost dreamy.

So . . . she had married Franz. . . .

"I owe these worthy people a visit, Gregor," he said. "It is strictly private. You will accompany me. Make the appointment to-day, for five o'clock, we will drink coffee there. That is the quietest time in the restaurant."

The aide-de-camp looked surprised.

How should the King know this?

That, however, was not his affair. He clicked his heels again, and departed to order the Royal car.

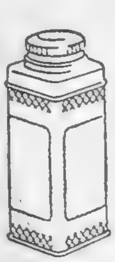
The restaurant was swept and garnished, when, at five o'clock, precisely, the King of Slavonia, followed by his aide-de-camp, entered the glass-topped door of the Couronne D'Or.

Franz was waiting, on one side of it, Rosa on the other. He passed between them, and they followed him into the familiar room. They four were alone.

(Continued on page 134)

the all-important details

Even were your figure more lovely than the Venus, your profile a better one than Helen's and your eyes the envy of Marlene, much would still need to be done! For the finishing touches are no less vital than the first outlines, and the powder, for instance, that you sprinkle on yourself after the bath, is no less important than the bath itself! And that is why so many many women of sensitive taste and sensitive skin choose Johnson's Baby Powder, *the softest powder in the world*. For many years its daintiness has pampered the skins of babies, and your own skin deserves no less. And all day or all evening its fragrance lingers with you and about you, perfecting your allurement, *chic* and charm.



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Under Royal Patronage

"Will your Majesty honour us by drinking a cup of coffee?" said Franz.

"With pleasure."

The King sat at one table, his aide-de-camp at another. Franz served the King, and Rosa his gentleman-in-waiting.

Franz was broader, soon he would be portly. Rosa, too, was a shade plumper, and many shades graver. Otherwise, they were much the same. It was the King who had changed, so that Franz asked himself in a stupor if it were possible that this upright, coldly smiling, aloof man had ever been at his beck and call.

"I offer you my belated congratulations, Monsieur Weber. When did your marriage take place?"

"I had to wait two years for my happiness, your Majesty, but it came at last."

"Any children?"

"A boy, Sire."

"I too," said Nikolas, "have a son."

"We heard of the birth of the Crown Prince, your Majesty."

"Can I," said the King, "have a word with Madame Weber? My time is limited."

"Aha," thought Franz, "he has not quite forgotten."

He bowed low.

"Madame Weber will attend your Majesty," and he slid into the dark passage Nikolas knew so well. A moment later Rosa was by his side, smiling at him.

"Take a seat, Madame Weber," said the King.

Rosa sat down.

"Four years since we met," he said. "It goes quickly, Madame Weber."

"Not always, your Majesty. Sometimes it is very slow in passing."

"I trust your domestic happiness is assured, and that your business will prosper," he said formally.

Rosa shrugged her shoulders.

"Life goes up—and it goes down," she said. "But there is always a way out of every trouble."

The King remembered the familiar slogan. His eyes grew sad.

"You found the way for me—once," he said. "It was the right way, but it was hard."

Rosa leaned forward, as if his words had broken a spell.

"But now, Nikki, are you happy?"

For the last time he looked into her brown eyes.

He smiled at her. Then sighed.

"Rosa, I am content."

When the long black car had turned the corner of the street, Franz rubbed his hands together.

"The Equerry, he told me we may add three words to the sign above our door, Rosa. 'Under Royal Patronage.' That is what we are henceforth."

"Royal Patronage," said Rosa. "That's funny!"

But her eyes were full of tears.

End

Your Very Good Health

(*Continued from page* 63)

second discourages and eventually destroys regrowth and is at the same time beneficial and refining to the skin. The simplicity of their employment is an additional recommendation. These two lotions are the exclusive result of exhaustive clinical experiment.

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Readers who would like further information with regard to the preparations mentioned in this article are invited to write to the Woman Editor, Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, W.C.2, who will be delighted to deal personally with all enquiries.

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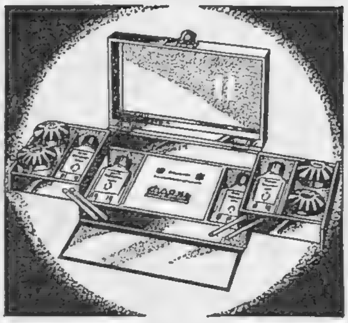

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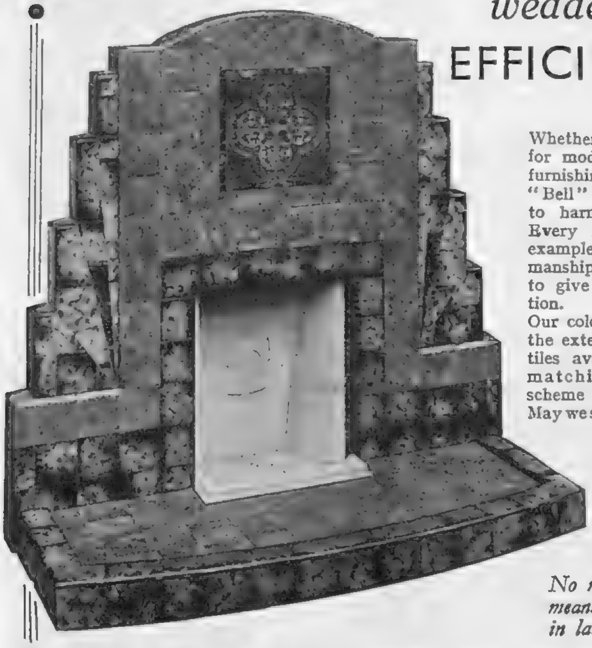

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5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, February 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Flowers in a Vase. Prize 10s. Awarded to May Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Hon. Mention: Betty Metchim, G.C.S. 5507; Z. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958.

Literature Competition.—Paper on a Topical Subject. Prize 10s. Divided between Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841, and Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903. Hon. Mention: Beatrice Little, G.C.S. 5832; Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Irene M'Coy, G.C.S. 5846; E. Stamper, G.C.S. 5912; Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5392.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Divided between Elsie Wilson, G.C.S. 5872, and Christina H. Collinge, G.C.S. 5724. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Kathleen Halsall, M.C.S. 2917. Hon. Mention: Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290; Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189; Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080; Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276.

Literature Competition.—Letter Announcing Some Good News. Prize 10s. Awarded to J. M. Skinner, M.C.S. 3271. Hon. Mention: M. J. Clack, M.C.S. 3354; Mary M. Simpson, M.C.S. 2865; Joan M. Mitchell, M.C.S. 3401; Alice Janes, M.C.S. 2859.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Something Taken From BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Veronica Price Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: Barbara Barker, A.C.S. 1470; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; D. Picton Seymour, A.C.S. 1452.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Elsie Montgomerie, A.C.S. 1545. Hon. Mention: M. J. Howarth, A.C.S. 1558; Pamela Carr, A.C.S. 1438.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize, 15s., Joyce Bidder. Second Prize, 7s. 6d., May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940. Hon. Mention: Elsie Wilson, G.C.S. 5872.

Award of Prizes, March 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Hon. Mention: May McFadyen, G.C.S. 5934; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356.

Literature Competition.—Review a Recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to B. Gardner, G.C.S. 5925. Hon. Mention: Norman Bunker, G.C.S. 5922; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846; Zenobia Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958; M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; S. Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Spring Flowers in a Vase. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242. Hon. Mention: John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065; Virginia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 3258; Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140; Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276.

Literature Competition.—The Spring Landscape. Prize 10s. Divided between Joan M. Mitchell, M.C.S. 3401, and Olive Dockree, M.C.S. 3366. Hon. Mention: Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Margaret Recaldin, A.C.S. 1435. Hon. Mention: Betty Larom, A.C.S. 1565; Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462. Hon. Mention: Beryl C. White, A.C.S. 1206; V. M. Guinness, A.C.S. 1530.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize, 10s., Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; Second Prize, 5s. Jean Lawes, M.C.S. 3319, Hon. Mention: Pat Low, M.C.S. 3389; A. V. Williamson. G.C.S. 5933; J. Colyer, M.C.S. 2889.

Stella Freeman, G.C.S. 5909, who has been a Saloner since she was a little girl, is now appearing in that brilliant Barry Jackson production, "Once in a Life Time," at the Queen's

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(May—June)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 15th. A Landscape Study. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Illustration to a Favourite Poem. No. III. Closing date, June 14th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 15th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, June 14th. A Paper on the Charm of Idling.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 15th. Do-As-You-Like in Wool. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, June 14th. A Pincushion.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 15th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, June 14th. Design a Book Plate suitable for a Poet's Library.

Literature Competition.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, June 14th. A Paper on any Topical Subject.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, May 15th. Design for a Title Page to a Book of Nursery Rhymes. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, June 14th. A Landscape Sketch.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, May 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Describe a View with which You are very Familiar. No. III. Closing date, June 14th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, June 14th. Subject Left to Competitor.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

DON'T forget, Saloners, that June 21st is Rose Day. I can still do with more offers of help. Even in these depressed times our experience is that the public is *eager* to support Alexandra Day. All that is necessary for a record collection is a record number of helpers ready to collect its willing offerings.

It is not necessary to put in the whole day. At our depot here in the Strand we particularly want early morning helpers, as part of our collection is made in Covent Garden Market. Thus those of you who are in jobs can still assist by putting in an hour or two between dawn and breakfast! One splendidly energetic friend of the Salon started from her home in Kensington last year about 3 a.m., sold wherever she could *en route* for the Market, and then, to complete a fine effort, drove a roaring trade among the generous denizens of Covent Garden. That's the spirit!

* * *

Those of you who have not yet paid your subscriptions for this year are asked to do so as soon as possible. Except for those newly joined since October 31st of the preceding year, subscriptions are due in January, and it is a great help to us to receive these automatically in that month! The Salon has now a very big membership and, although the individual amount is only sixpence per member, if this is regularly paid it gives us in the aggregate a substantial income for our hospital cot work.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*February* 15)

M. J. Howarth.—The weak part is the inquest. No jury would be likely to produce such a verdict on the evidence. You handle conversation very well. Stick to plots which are well within your experience. You should do well.

Marit Guinness.—Your work is always interesting and your penchant for experimenting promising. The present effort is a little wild, however, particularly in the third verse. In the art entry the colour scheme is somewhat cold, but its severity suits the stylistic drawing and your pigment is neatly laid in.

Olive Dockree.—Remarkably well put together although for you a little stilted in style, and unnecessarily so, as the two girls are evidently old friends. The "Mr." in relation to the gentleman in the case is, for instance, very stiff and unusual.

H. J. Clack.—A charming idea, and carried through in just the right manner. For the purposes of a competition, however, it is rather brief—you could have expatiated upon the matter at greater length, without any danger of being prolix.

Marjorie Naylor.—The flesh lights are very good in your large portrait, but the shadows are a bit inky. You use actual black too freely, giving some harshness to modelling. Well drawn, but the wider space looks best in front.

Isobel McClure.—Delightful colour, but the blooms need some accentuation to bring them up to the sharpness of the foliage. A very artistic and charming group.

May McFadyen.—Your group has more intellectual than æsthetic appeal. A clever essay in style which might take its place in decoration, but, isolated, looks merely naive.

Dahlia Anson.—You lose the delicate fragility of flowers by this forced brushwork without compensating gain in strength. Good in tone and broad effect, but lacking finesse.

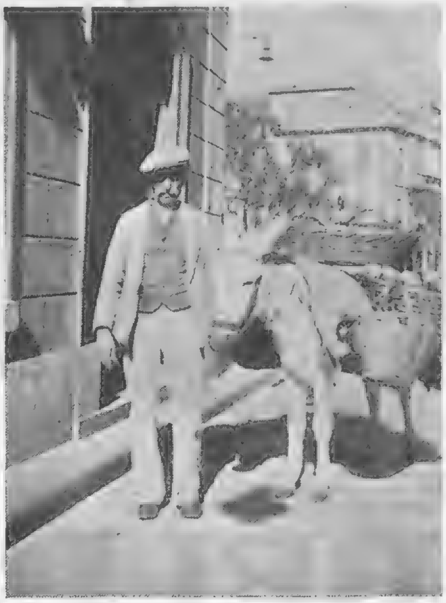
May W. Harrison.—An extremely vigorous and exhilarating group, a bit opaque in one or two depths, but full of style and vim. Would project better with softened cast shadow.

Betty Weir.—The little brushwork outline is good, but the finished head is uncomfortably hot in colour. Look for daylight in the lights and model more in planes. A very little will make your work excellent.

Kathleen Halsall.—A beautifully drawn head and hand, most expressive; the clothes rather mechanical in curve. A lifelike and clever sketch with every indication of good portraiture.

J. Waterhouse.—Strong in effect and well drawn, but too insistent for subtlety. Be a bit more lighthearted and romantic; you tend towards super-realism.

Amy G. Haydon.—One of your happiest efforts. Very dainty in stitchery and charming as a colour scheme. Thank you so much. (*Continued on page 138*)



A Gibraltar donkey and his master stand at attention for Jean Lawes' camera. Awarded Second Snapshot prize

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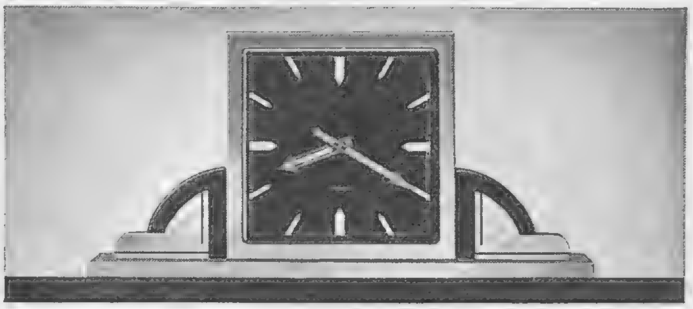

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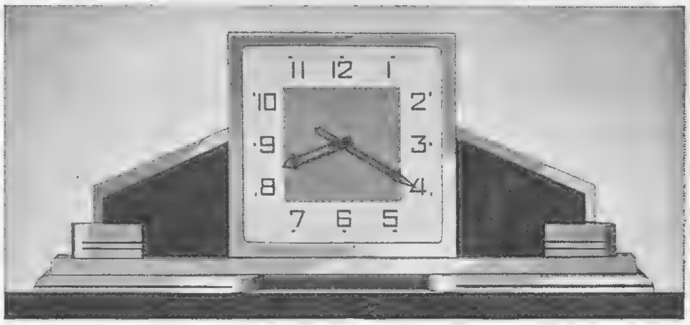

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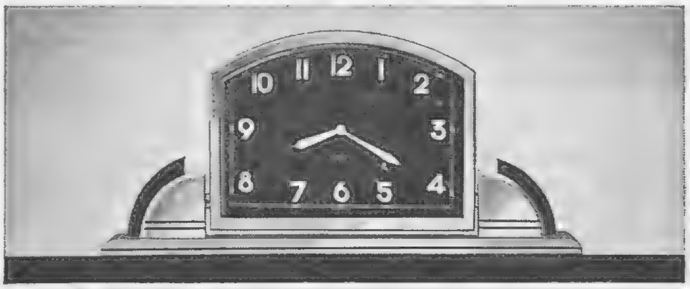

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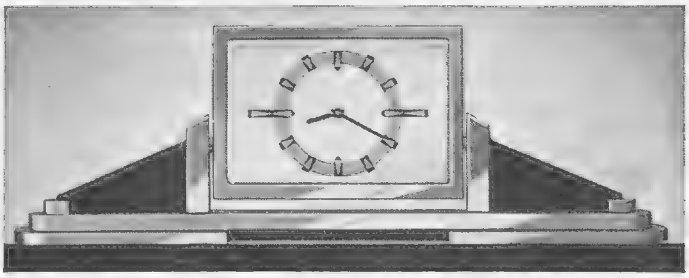

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The Children's Salon
COUPON

Veronica Ward.—In spite of some crudities this sketch has remarkable qualities of truth and reticence and is full of light and charm. The background, too focused, rather hurts repose. Delightful work.

Jessie Winwood.—This dry-point etching effect is a bit hard and forced for pencil, though clever of its kind. Softer surface and freer work would come nearer to nature because less carved.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—A colour difference between background and foreground would have helped the general effect. There is plenty of accurate observation and drawing, but the result is rather monotonous. Keep your chief accents sharp, but don't try to see too much, and let the mystery that is always present, play its part.

Peter Recaldin.—I think you could have chosen something more interesing, but this is neatly drawn and the colouring is fresh and original.

Alice Janes.—A most amusing document. The implications all come off successfully, and I feel sure Egbert took the offer in the right spirit!

Mary L. C. Roberts.—A delightful idea and more truly topical than anything else could very well be. You have handled the subject in charming fashion.

C. R. H. Brabham.—This lacks the spontaneity which was so marked a feature in your last art entry. Don't search too much for detail. Analyse the effect of light falling on a mass of colour and try to represent that in its true shape and tone.

D. M. Daniels.—A sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines, and does not usually rhyme in couplets, as here, until the last two lines. The second and last verses are the best. Study some of the best models, such as those of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, etc. for guidance.

Stephanie Weir.—A cooler shade for the walls would have given you an admirable result, as all the rest is in charming harmony. The scarlet cover of the book is a particularly happy and cleverly managed note.

Doris Seth-Smith.—You speak feelingly, but this has not quite the sparkle which I usually find in your work, when of this type. Do get the habit of paragraphs! They help both reading and writing.

Margaret Barrett.—It is important to seize character, but it must not be at the expense of true proportion or a caricature is the result. You have exaggerated the distance from the nose tip to chin, and shortened the space between the brows and the top of the head.

Elsie Wilson.—Both your entries are of a very high standard, the design for the bedspread being particularly happy and the stitchery admirably arranged. I don't think there is anything to criticise. The flower group is delicately done, but a freer method is to be preferred. Some clever work on the jug.

Margaret Recaldin.—A most remarkable effort for your age. It is delightfully broad in treatment, and as an impression gets there in first-rate style. You should do very well presently.

Betty Metchim.—Brilliant as a piece of decoration, but not, of course, what was meant exactly by the wording of the competition. Still, there has been some first-class analysis to get at this, and this bunch is remarkably recorded. The vase would be better with quieter treatment.

Una Monk.—The hands, as you are doubtless aware, are the weak point in this sketch. They are rather small in mass and their construction is slurred.

(*March* 1)

Olive Dockree.—Much the best thing you have ever sent in. It needs a little careful editing. Neither the opening sentence nor the last is worthy of the rest. If you can go on like this you should do something very good. The daffodils are interesting as decoration, but this competition intended a study.

Elsye Harris.—It was a good idea to quote that very informing passage, and this appreciation manages to reflect the book's quality. A clearer outline of the plot would have been an advantage.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {*Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate*} *of The*

Children's Salon Competition Circle
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name...

Address...

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Age, if under 20..............................

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Children's Salon—*continued*

Evangeline Weir.—Very well drawn, but the outlines lack variety and are a bit harsh. Where nature seems on the point of losing a line the indication should be correspondingly delicate.

Barbara Barker.—The trouble here has been to get projection, always something of a difficulty with flowers of this type. Some very attractive and accurate drawing, however, in the lowest bloom of the three.

Betty Metchim.—It's a pity that you spoiled the good cumulus cloud effect with harsh sunset colour and dark streaks which don't help the interest. Your work is so individual and clever that cheap effect is conspicuous.

May W. Harrison.—A powerful and economical drawing. The ears a bit high for the tilt. An extremely well felt and handled portrait sketch, full of individuality.

J. Waterhouse.—The rather harsh and chalky brushwork of the drapery rather kills the broadly realised objects, much better painted; it should give them projection. The bold and lively oil style promises excellently.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—In this formal style the semi-naturalistic background hardly fits. The demure girl is well expressed, but the boy's legs are too manly for his infantile head and body. Good feeling for method.

Joyce Bidder.—A very delightful twilight snow effect. Some of the dark accents need the softening reflexes, but, on the whole, a charming drawing.

May McFadyen.—A strong and animated black and white, full of meaning and style. Your parallels would not vanish to the same point, not noticeable in such angled massing. A vivid bit of pen drawing.

Sylvia Reed.—It is difficult to get relief and projection against white paper, as the balance of light and dark is upset. Good drawing and colour and successful decorative spacing.

Brenda Milligan.—It is a thousand pities that you put in a solid background to your delicate transparent work. Now the group is just cut out with hard edges throughout; charmingly painted but spoilt.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—There is not enough complementary colour in your well-drawn group and the effect is monotonous in consequence. Too much reliance on brown pigment.

Betty Weir.—Very tender and pleasant colour and graceful arrangement. Good in every way but in emphasis in sharp and strong dark passages. The paper is well composed but just a little trite. The only way to be successful with such a subject is, I think, to give oneself absolutely to it and then the real ore is likely to be struck.

Maud Schwabe.—The absence of any tone on the background gives these beautifully drawn branches almost the effect of being stuck on the paper. Relationship to background is an important matter in such a study. Lovely in colour and handling.

Dorothy Lake.—A graphic picture of the book is drawn, but the review is a little careless in minor matters. Punctuation could be more appropriate, and sometimes even a word is missing! Correct carefully before dispatch.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—Rather brief, but as far as it goes quite interesting. Some poverty in ideas is, however, manifest, which is unusual for you. As an impression on the decorative side the art entry decidedly scores. With a little more experience you could make something good of this.

Patricia Baldwin.—Not badly drawn, but the flowers seem very small in comparison with the leaves. Proportion is one of the first things to look for, remember.

S. C. MacLeod.—Such detailed descriptions would be useful in a long book, but even there would need to be woven round some point, otherwise they have the effect of leading nowhere, though in themselves they are very well done.

May McCoy.—Very well summed up, but the first two or three pages are better than the rest and one feels the need of a more neatly rounded finish.

Elma Stamper.—You have made a very neat job of explaining the contents, but some criticism or appreciation should be included in a review for this competition. Your own reactions to the author are what I should like to have had.

Betty Larom.—Brilliant in a hard way, partly due to the DEVICE of items for the group. I should like to see you trying something where the colour is more subtle. Advanced work for an Associate.

B. Gardner.—I am interested to see that you have chosen this book. You have analysed it remarkably well and have, I think, exactly caught the author's intention in writing it. A very good entry.

Dahlia Anson.—Not at all badly composed and distinctly clever as an impression in spite of poor draughtsmanship. If you could improve the drawing without losing vitality you would make some fine sketches.

Mary Gordon.—This waxes really eloquent towards the end, and finishes on a fine note. The first paragraph isn't nearly so well done and needs further attention.

Veronica Ward.—I do not feel that the green ink helps the effect, but there is some lovely drawing here and the peculiar and beautiful form of these flowers is cleverly rendered.

Penelope Burra.—Objects of circular form require very good drawing and the ellipses they offer must be properly constructed. You have gone for colour only here, which was bound to produce a poor result. Still, very boldly tackled all the same.

(Remaining criticisms will be sent by post.)

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon. *All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOURTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best letter breaking off an engagement.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia & Eve" not later than first post, May 17th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—May 17

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best opening page of a novel about 250 words.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia & Eve" not later than first post, May 31st.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—May 31

Results of 148th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to D. Avril.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, M. Scott Morris, B. Gibbs, I. M. Smart, B. Carr-Walker, "Lweno Notwali," W. M. Offord, R. E. Minchin, "Radio," "M. R. A.," G. Whitcombe, Catherine Lawrence, "G. G.," "J. A. B.," Gertrude Pitt, May W. Harrison.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best triolet concerning a golf widow.

Awarded to J. H. G. Gibbs.

Hon. Mention: "G. G.," B. Gibbs, E. Young, I. M. Smart, Alice Georgano, B. Carr-Walker, "S. M. H."

Results of 149th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to F. Peel.

Hon. Mention: Gertrude Pitt, "Una," "M. R. A.," W. M. Offord, Margaret R. Watson, B. Gibbs, Blanche Darwell, Alan G. Burrow, "J. A. B.," B. Richardson, B. de Longueville, M. Scott Morris, Elizabeth Robins, Irene Doxford, "C. A. P.," A. V. Williamson, Mary Crow, F. A. Edinborough.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best short verse introducing the words "Britannia," "Eve," but not as the title of this paper.

Awarded to "G. G."

Hon. Mention: Julia Binfield, B. Gibbs, F. Peel, G. M. Hudson, "Radio," B. Richardson, Isabel M. Smart, Catherine Lawrence, E. G. Robins.

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332 P.7

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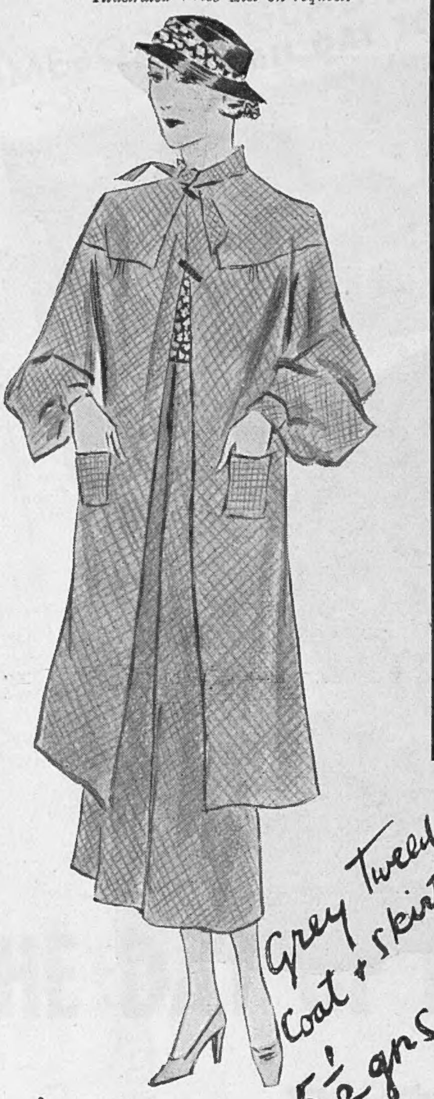

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MAY, 1933

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

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Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE
346, Strand London.
W.C.2

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for..................months commencing with the..........................issue for which I enclose ....

Name ....

Address ....

Date..............................1933

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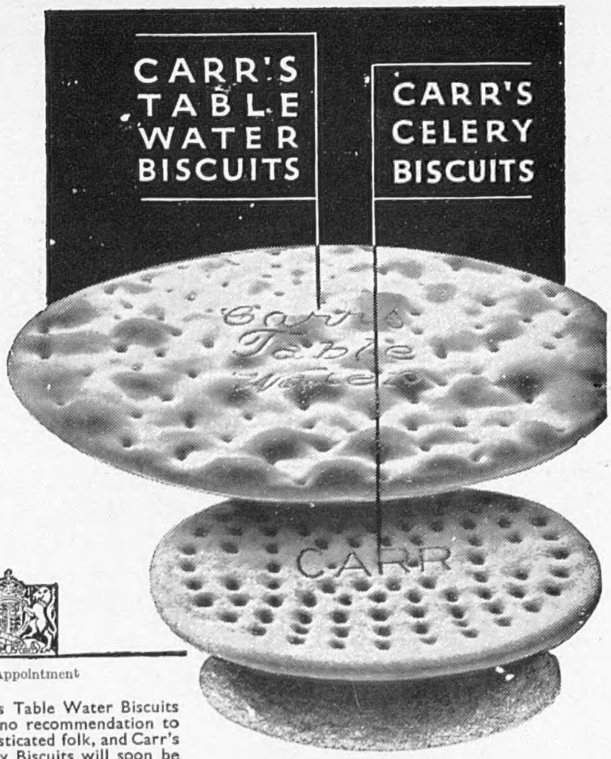

By Appointment

Carr's Table Water Biscuits need no recommendation to sophisticated folk, and Carr's Celery Biscuits will soon be equally renowned. They are made by the firm with over one hundred years' experience in the art of Biscuit making.

On sale in all the leading Stores in the U.S.A. Agents: Julius Wile Sons & Co., 10 Hubert Street, New York.

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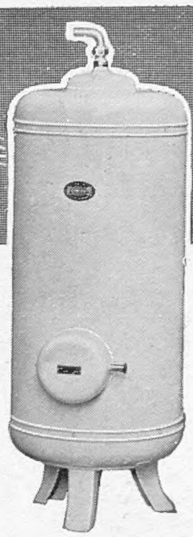
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND

HOT WATER
Without attention



All day and all night, the Ferranti Electric Water Heater will provide copious hot water for bathroom and kitchen. It requires no attention whatever, being entirely automatic. It switches itself on and off as necessary, so that no electricity is wasted.

It gives you the luxury of a 24 hours hot water service at very low cost. May be installed to work in conjunction with the kitchen boiler if desired.

In Summer, electric water heating is a real boon. You can dispense with the coal fire boiler altogether and still have abundant hot water always.

Ferranti
ELECTRIC
WATER HEATER

Write for Booklet F.H.6, illustrating sizes from 1½ to 60 gallons.

F.H21

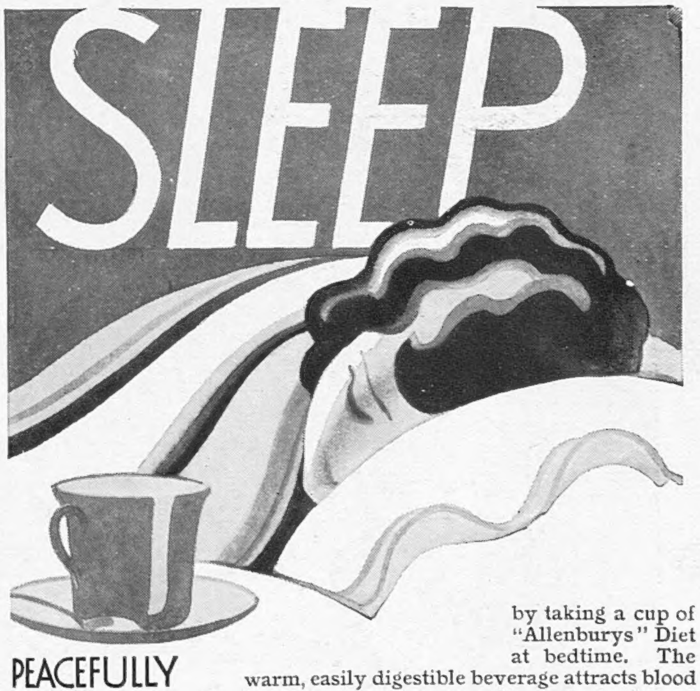
FERRANTI LTD., HOLLINWOOD, LANCS. *London Office*: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

FAR TOO ATTRACTIVE TO BE A WALLFLOWER

A Beautiful skin is more attractive than classic features. Make your complexion as lovely as it can be by the daily use of Icilma Vanishing Cream. Icilma acts as a real tonic to the skin, keeping it white and free from blemishes, and forms a perfect base for powder. Start using Icilma to-day.

Icilma
VANISHING CREAM
6d 1/3 9d

Cold Cream, 6d & 1/3
Flesh-Tinted Cream, 6d, 1/- & 1/9



PEACEFULLY ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

by taking a cup of "Allenburys" Diet at bedtime. The warm, easily digestible beverage attracts blood to the digestive organs, relieves the brain and soothes the nerves. It also gives comfort to the stomach by neutralising acidity.

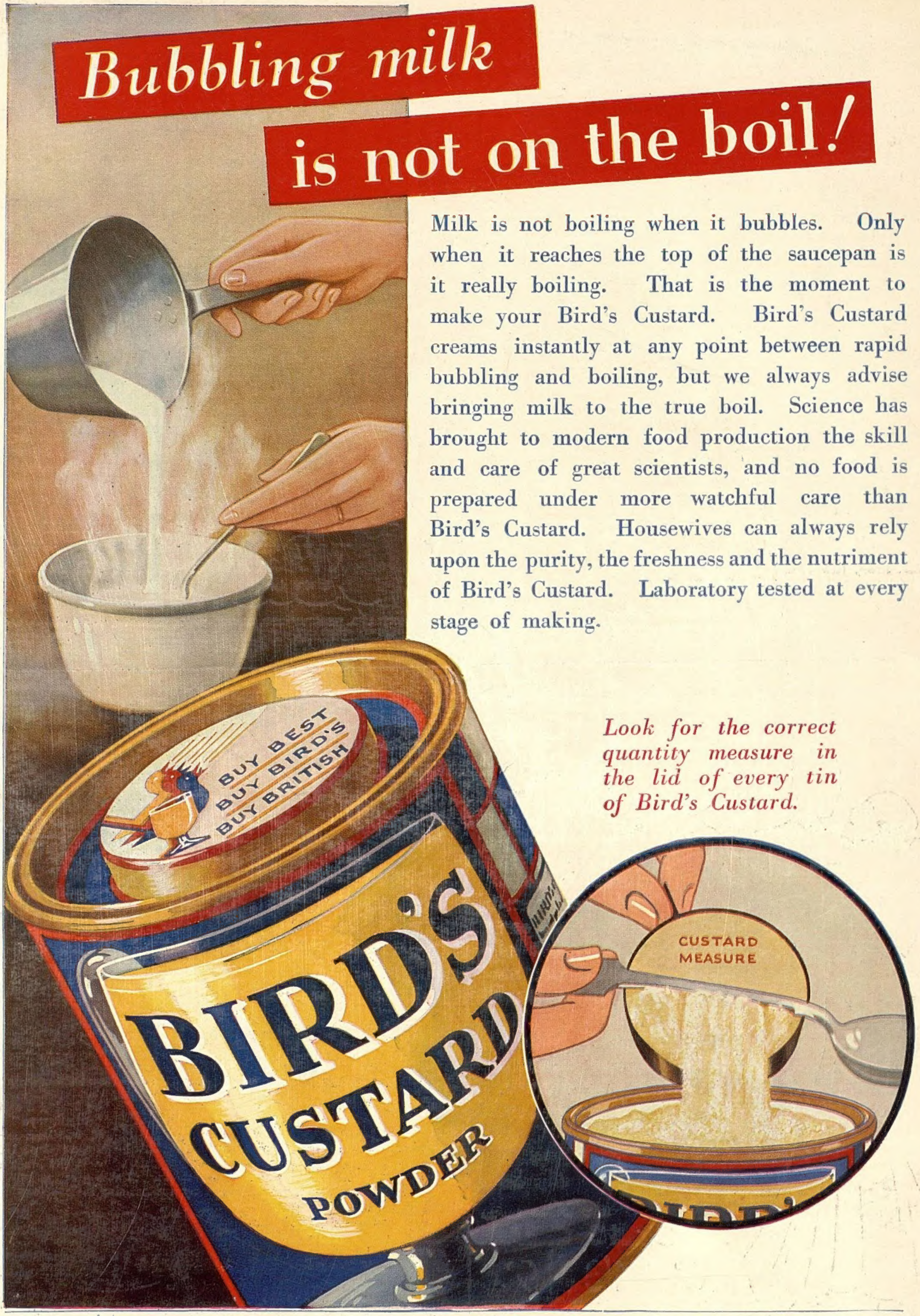
'Allenburys' DIET

In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6, of all chemists.

Send 3d. in stamps for a trial sample to

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

Bubbling milk is not on the boil!



Milk is not boiling when it bubbles. Only when it reaches the top of the saucepan is it really boiling. That is the moment to make your Bird's Custard. Bird's Custard creams instantly at any point between rapid bubbling and boiling, but we always advise bringing milk to the true boil. Science has brought to modern food production the skill and care of great scientists, and no food is prepared under more watchful care than Bird's Custard. Housewives can always rely upon the purity, the freshness and the nutriment of Bird's Custard. Laboratory tested at every stage of making.

Look for the correct quantity measure in the lid of every tin of Bird's Custard.

BIRD'S OF BIRMINGHAM. MAKERS OF PURE CUSTARD